CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

“Will make symbiote and Lovecraft fans go mad with glee.”
– AdventuresInPoorTaste.com

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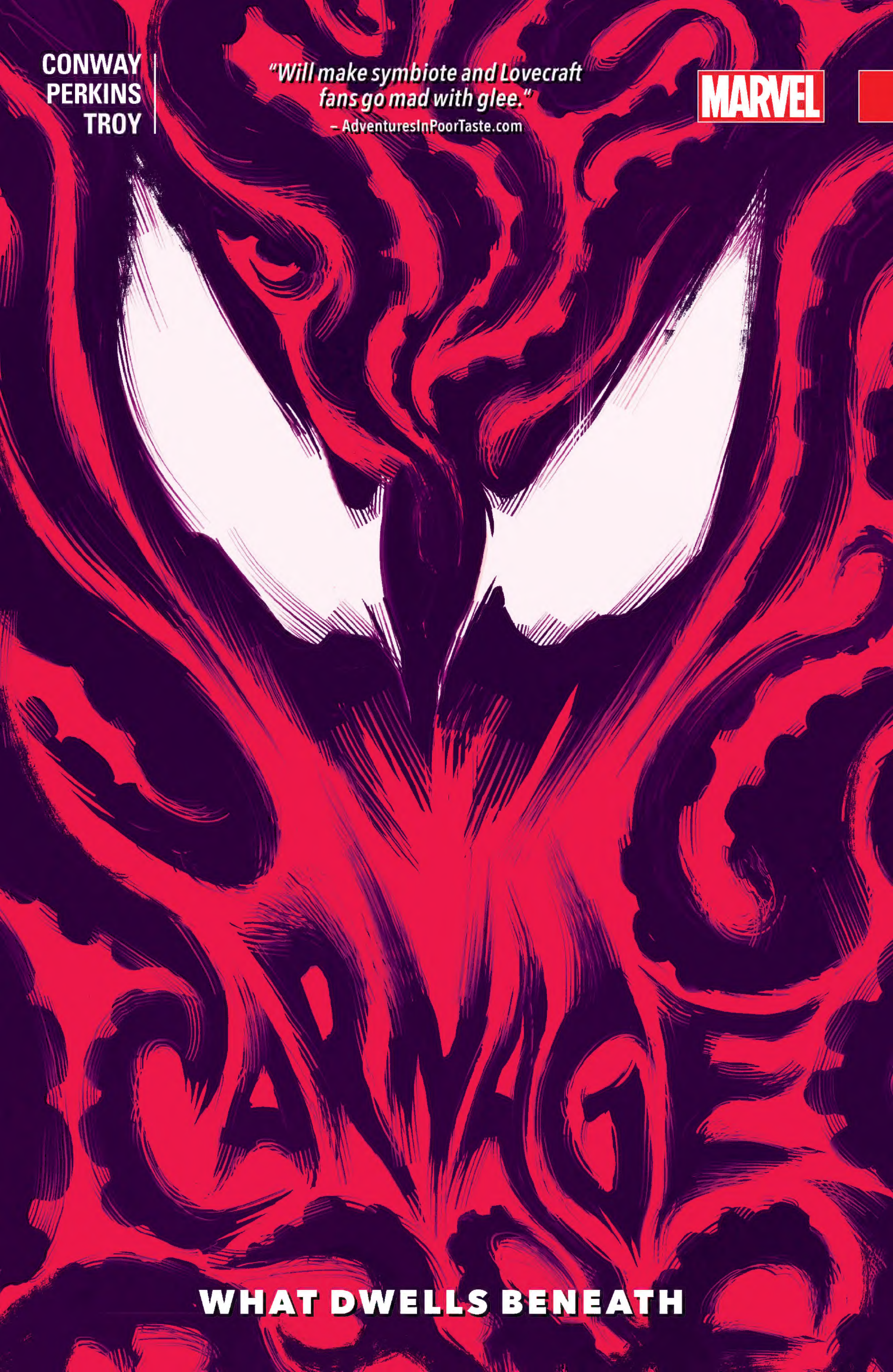

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH

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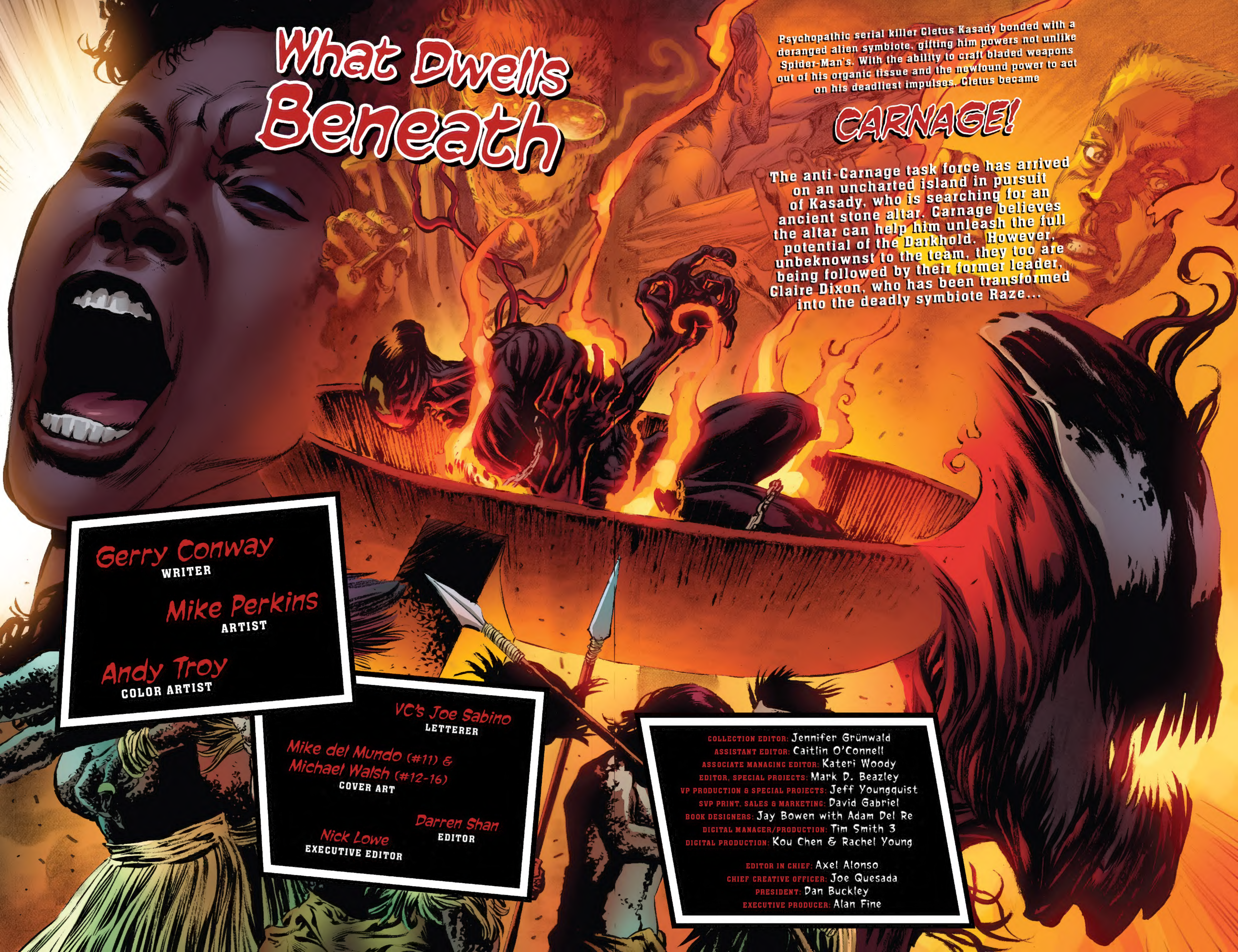

What Dwells Beneath

Psychopathic serial killer Cletus Kasady bonded with a deranged alien symbiote, gifting him powers not unlike Spider-Man's. With the ability to craft bladed weapons out of his organic tissue and the newfound power to act on his deadliest impulses, Cletus became

CARNAGE!

The anti-Carnage task force has arrived on an uncharted island in pursuit of Kasady, who is searching for an ancient stone altar. Carnage believes the altar can help him unleash the full potential of the Darkhold. However, unbeknownst to the team, they too are being followed by their former leader, Claire Dixon, who has been transformed into the deadly symbiote Raze...

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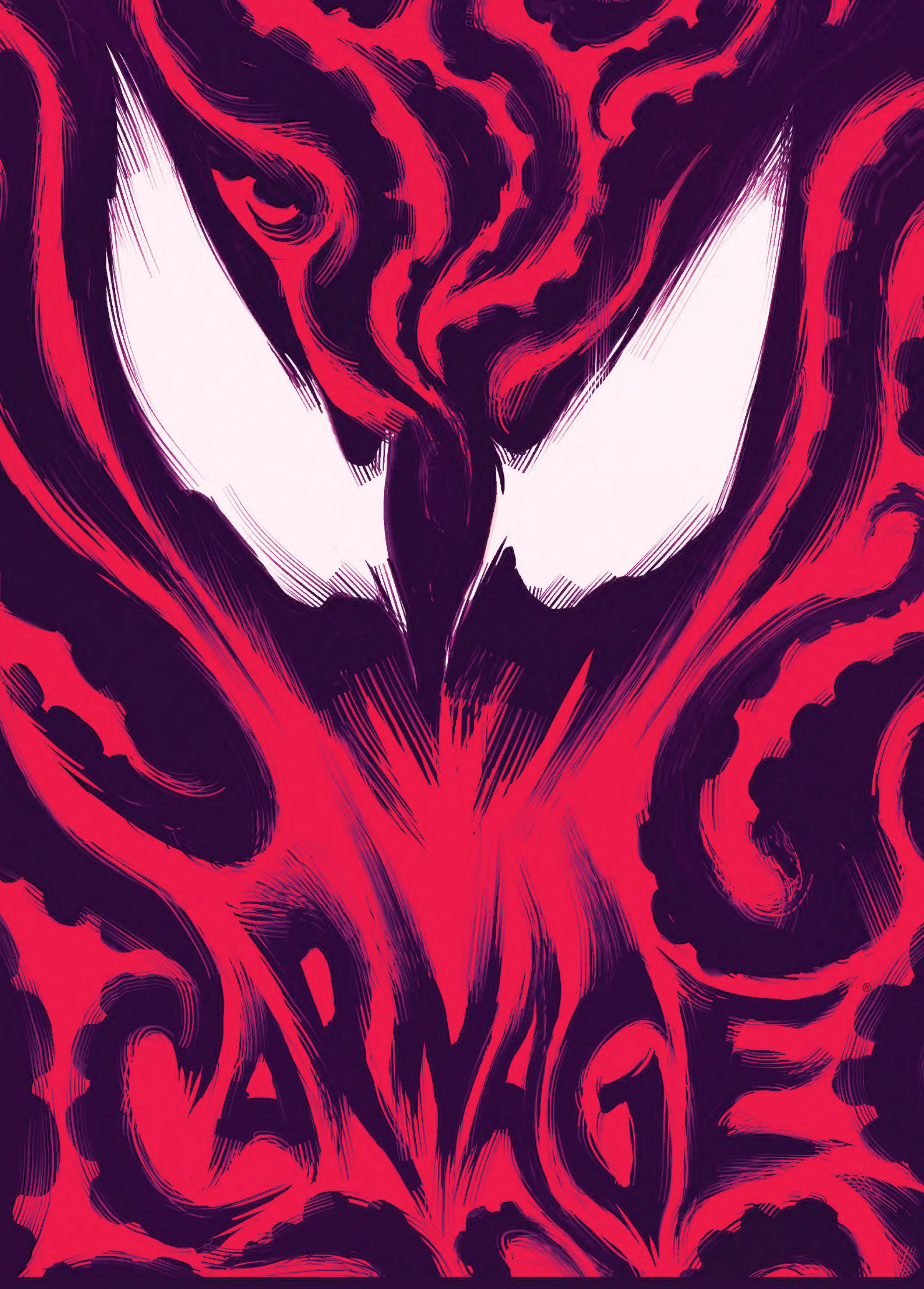

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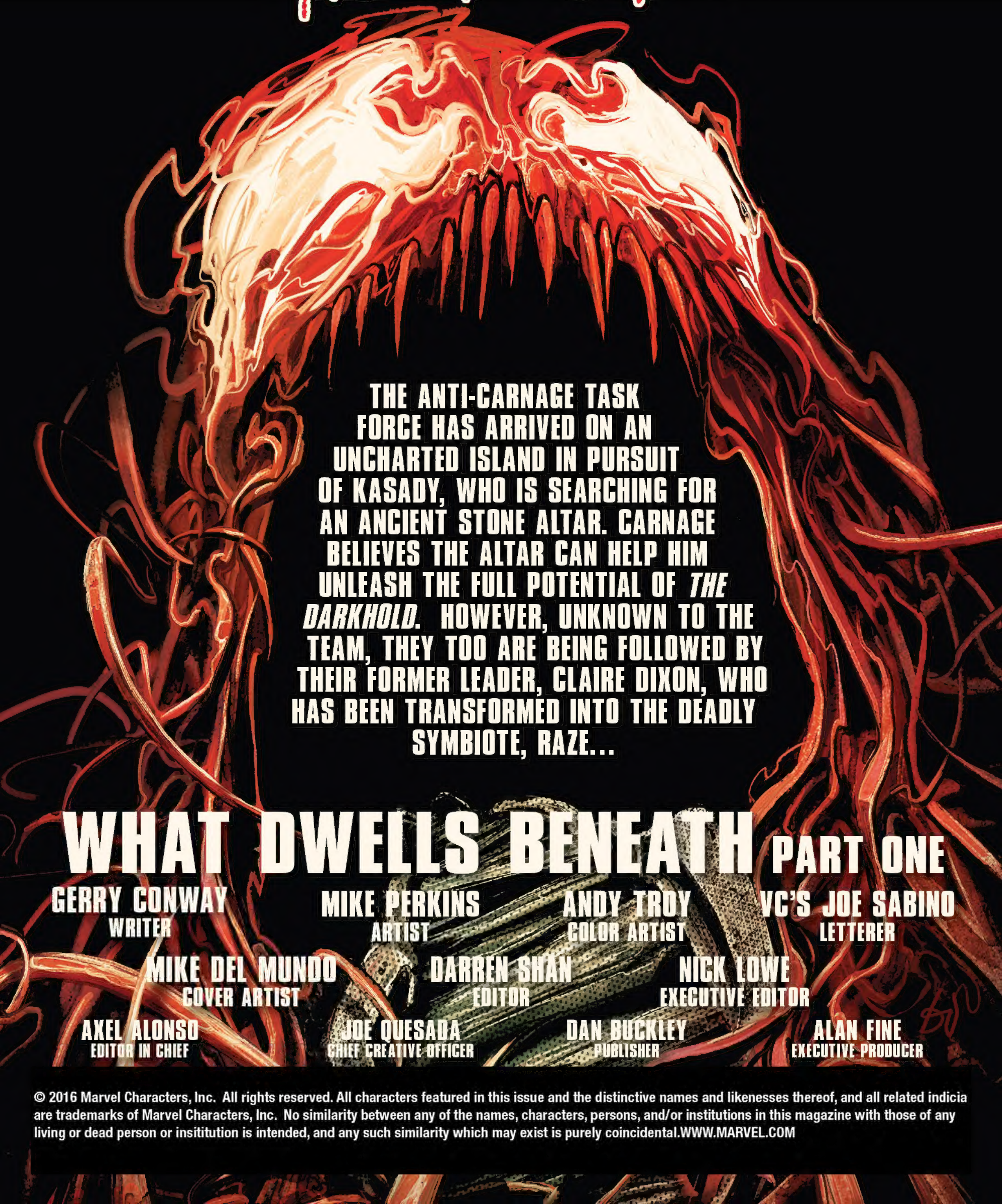
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

011

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE



THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE HAS ARRIVED ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN PURSUIT OF KASADY, WHO IS SEARCHING FOR AN ANCIENT STONE ALTAR. CARNAGE BELIEVES THE ALTAR CAN HELP HIM UNLEASH THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*. HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO THE TEAM, THEY TOO ARE BEING FOLLOWED BY THEIR FORMER LEADER, CLAIRE DIXON, WHO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE, RAZE...

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART ONE

GERRY CONWAY WRITER
MIKE PERKINS ARTIST
ANDY TROY COLOR ARTIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
MIKE DEL MUNDO COVER ARTIST
DARREN SHAN EDITOR
NICK LOWE EXECUTIVE EDITOR
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DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

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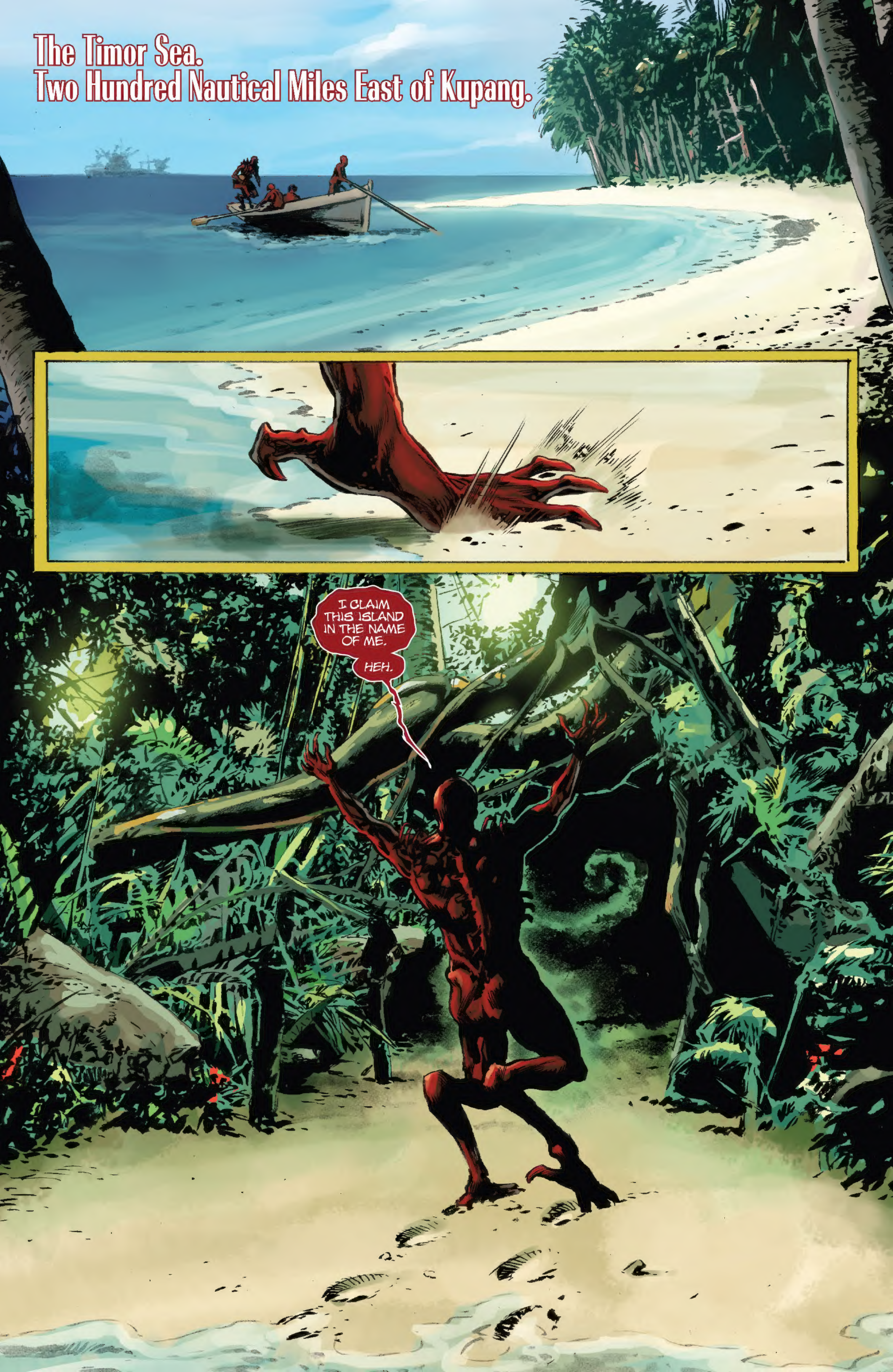
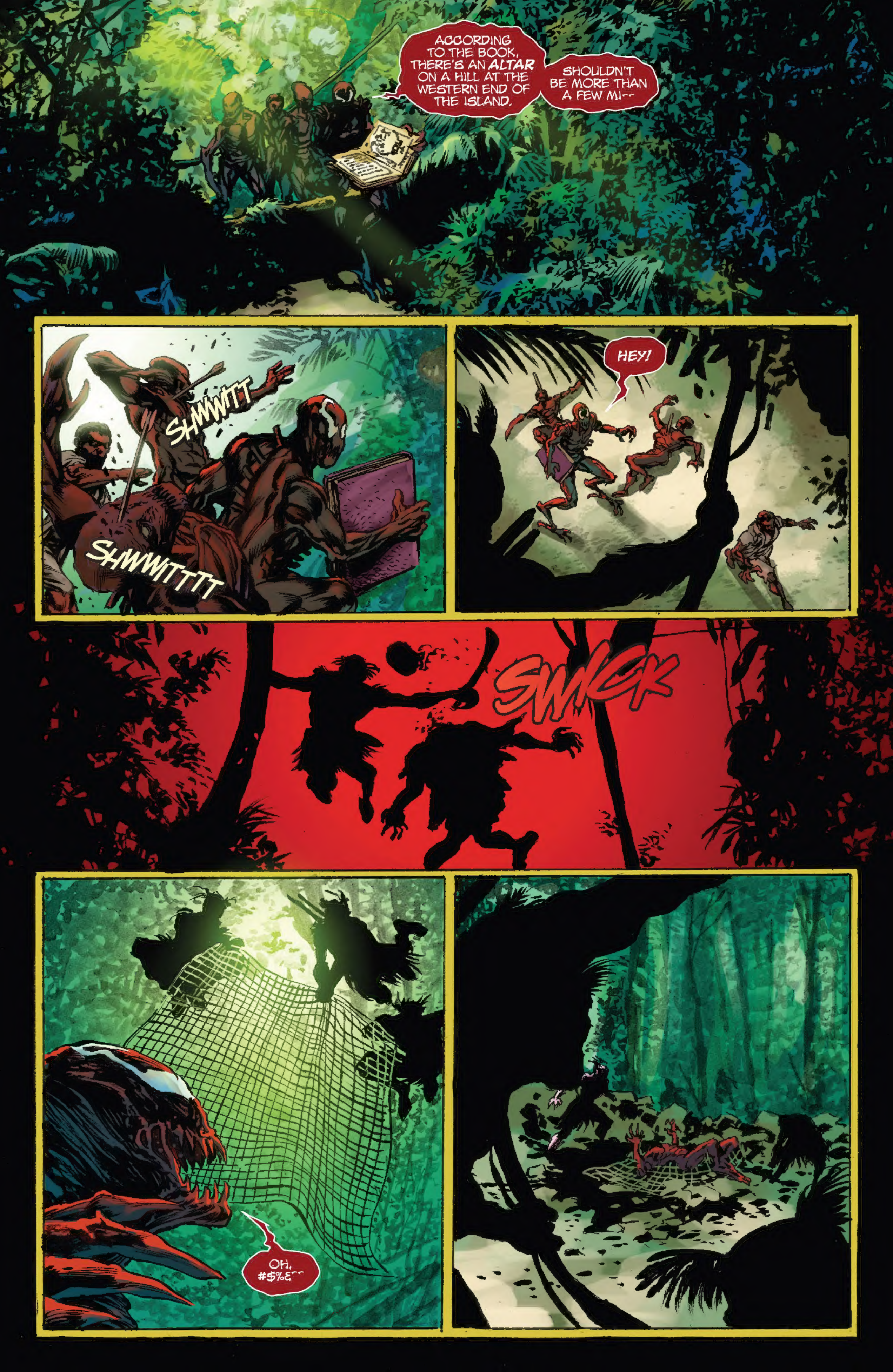
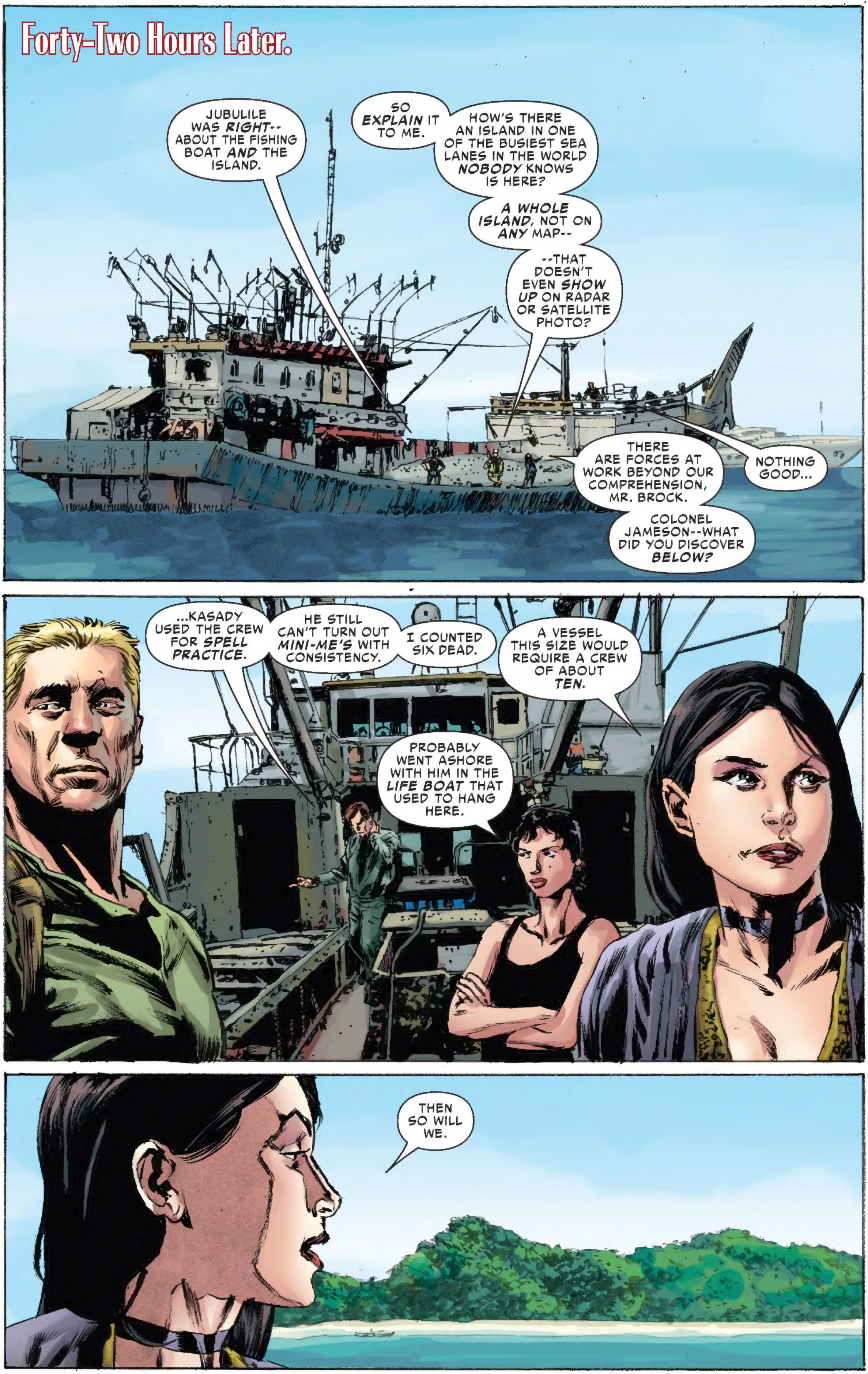
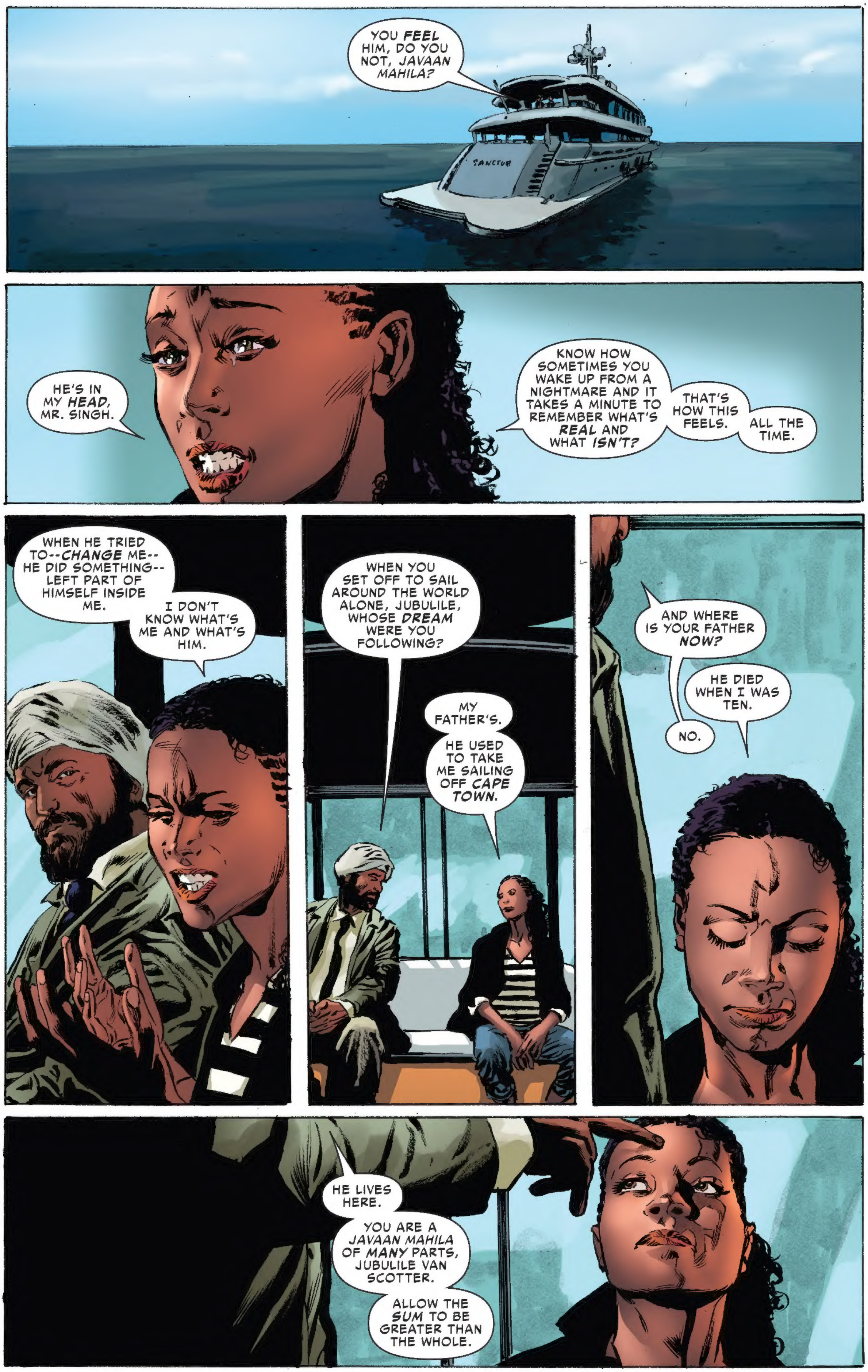
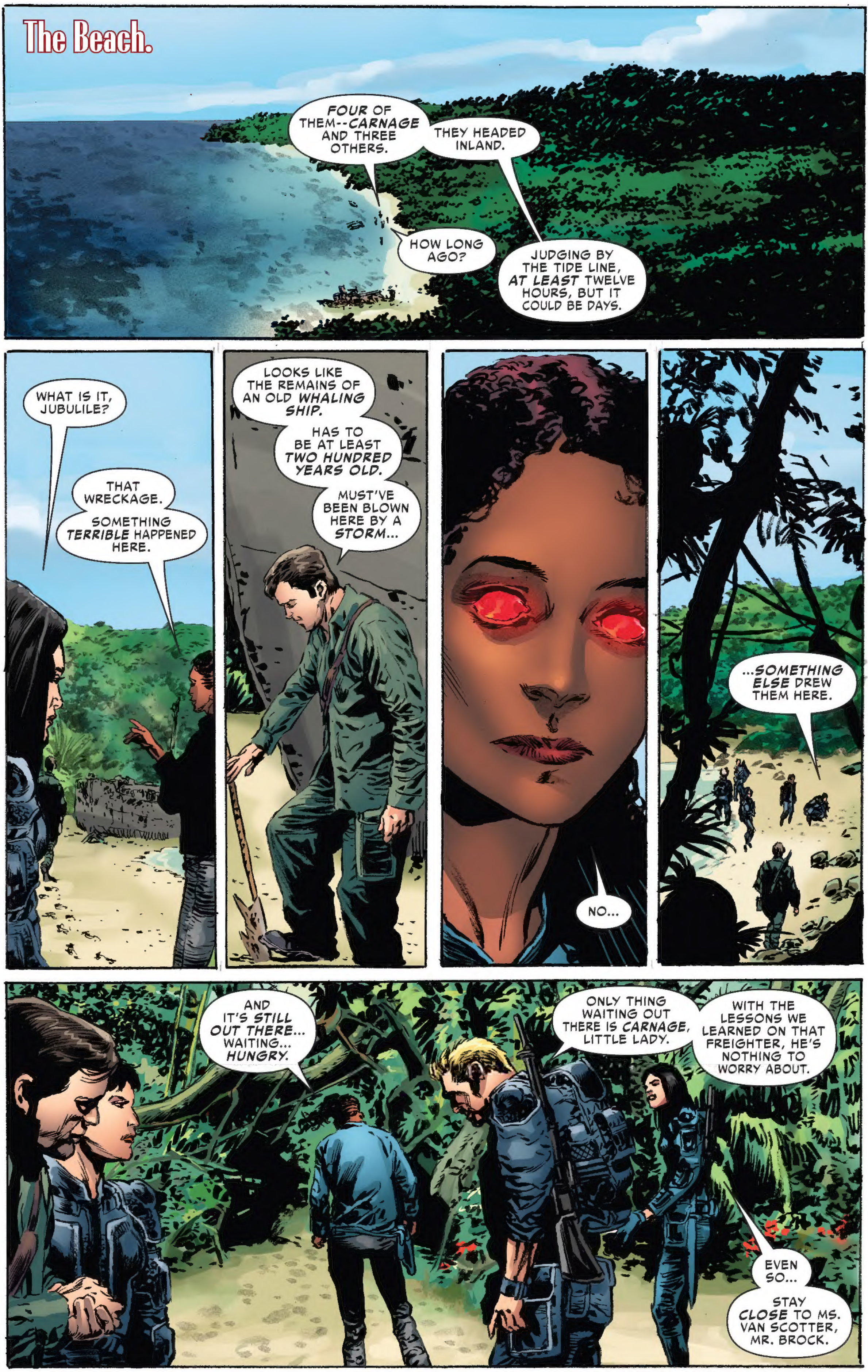
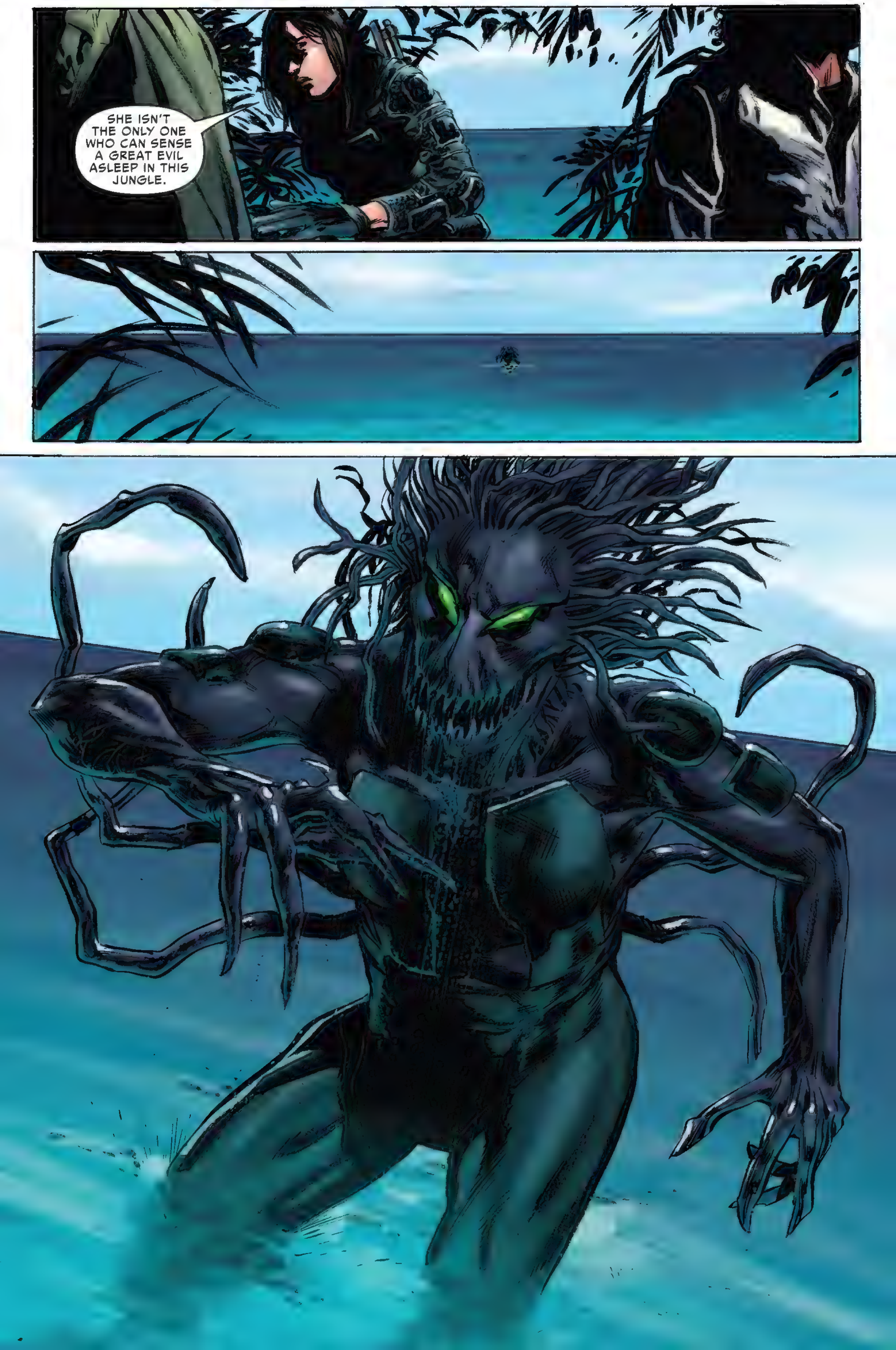

The Timor Sea.
Two Hundred Nautical Miles East of Kupang.
I CLAIM THIS ISLAND IN THE NAME OF ME.
HEH.

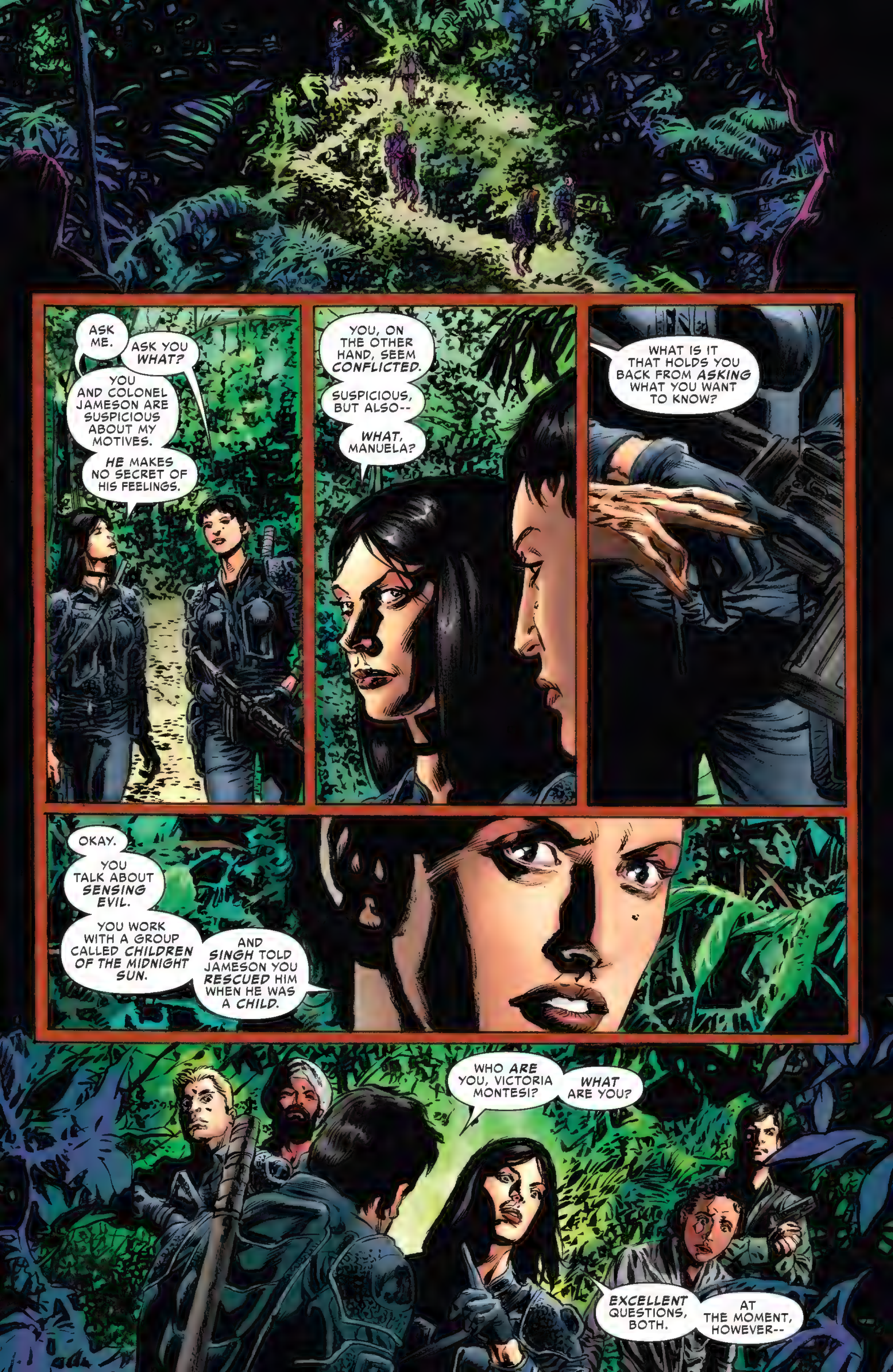

ACCORDING TO THE BOOK, THERE'S AN **ALTAR** ON A HILL AT THE WESTERN END OF THE ISLAND.
SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MI--
SHWWITT
SHWWITTTT
HEY!
SWICK
OH, #$%&--

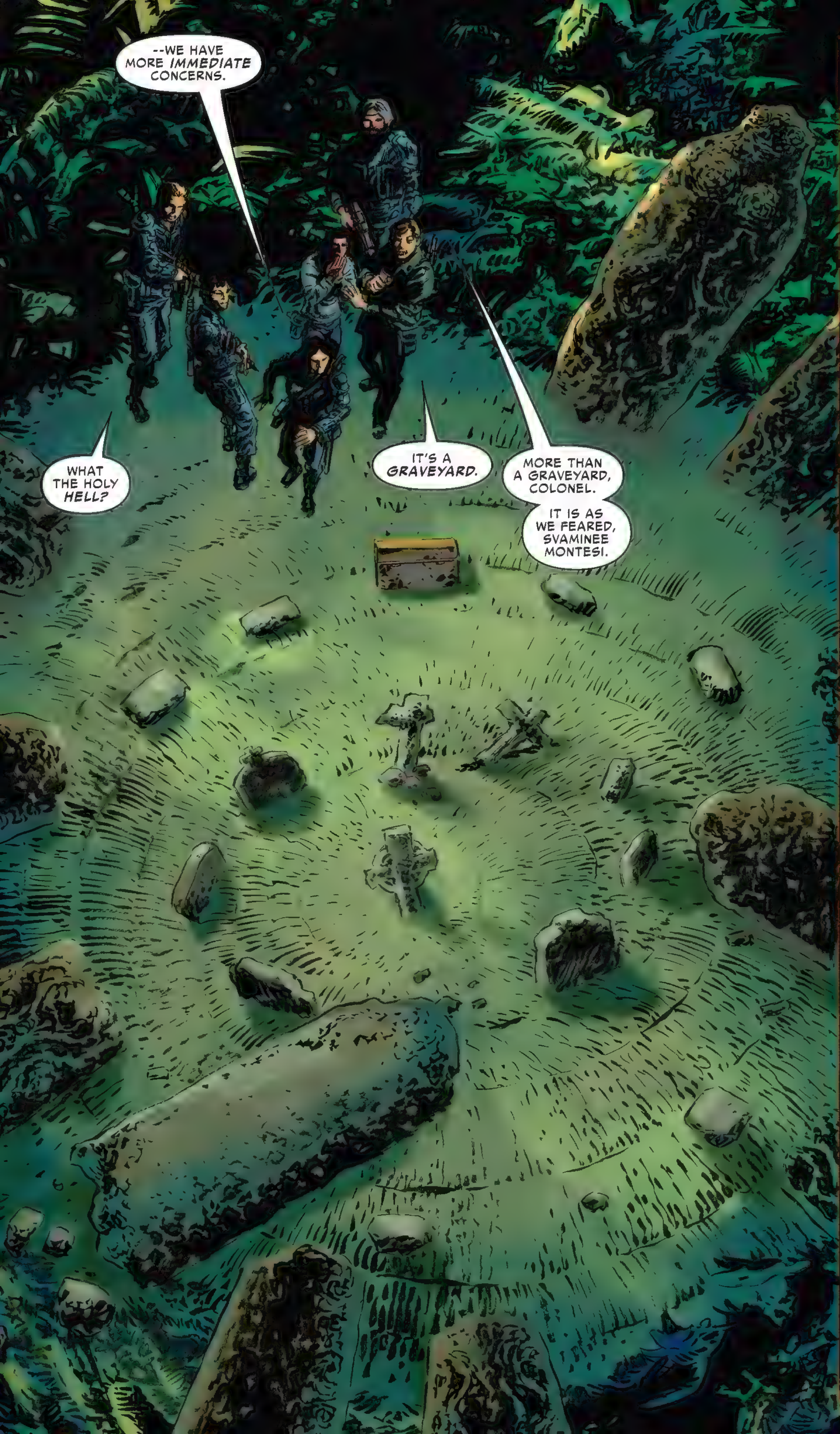

Forty-Two Hours Later.
JUBULILE WAS *RIGHT*-- ABOUT THE FISHING BOAT *AND* THE ISLAND.
SO *EXPLAIN* IT TO ME.
HOW'S THERE AN ISLAND IN ONE OF THE BUSIEST SEA LANES IN THE WORLD *NOBODY* KNOWS IS HERE?
A WHOLE ISLAND, NOT ON *ANY* MAP--
--THAT DOESN'T EVEN *SHOW UP* ON RADAR OR SATELLITE PHOTO?
NOTHING GOOD...
THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION, MR. BROCK.
COLONEL JAMESON--WHAT DID YOU DISCOVER *BELOW?*
...KASADY USED THE CREW FOR *SPELL PRACTICE.*
HE STILL CAN'T TURN OUT *MINI-ME'S* WITH CONSISTENCY.
I COUNTED SIX DEAD.
A VESSEL THIS SIZE WOULD REQUIRE A CREW OF ABOUT *TEN.*
PROBABLY WENT ASHORE WITH HIM IN THE *LIFE BOAT* THAT USED TO HANG HERE.
THEN SO WILL WE.

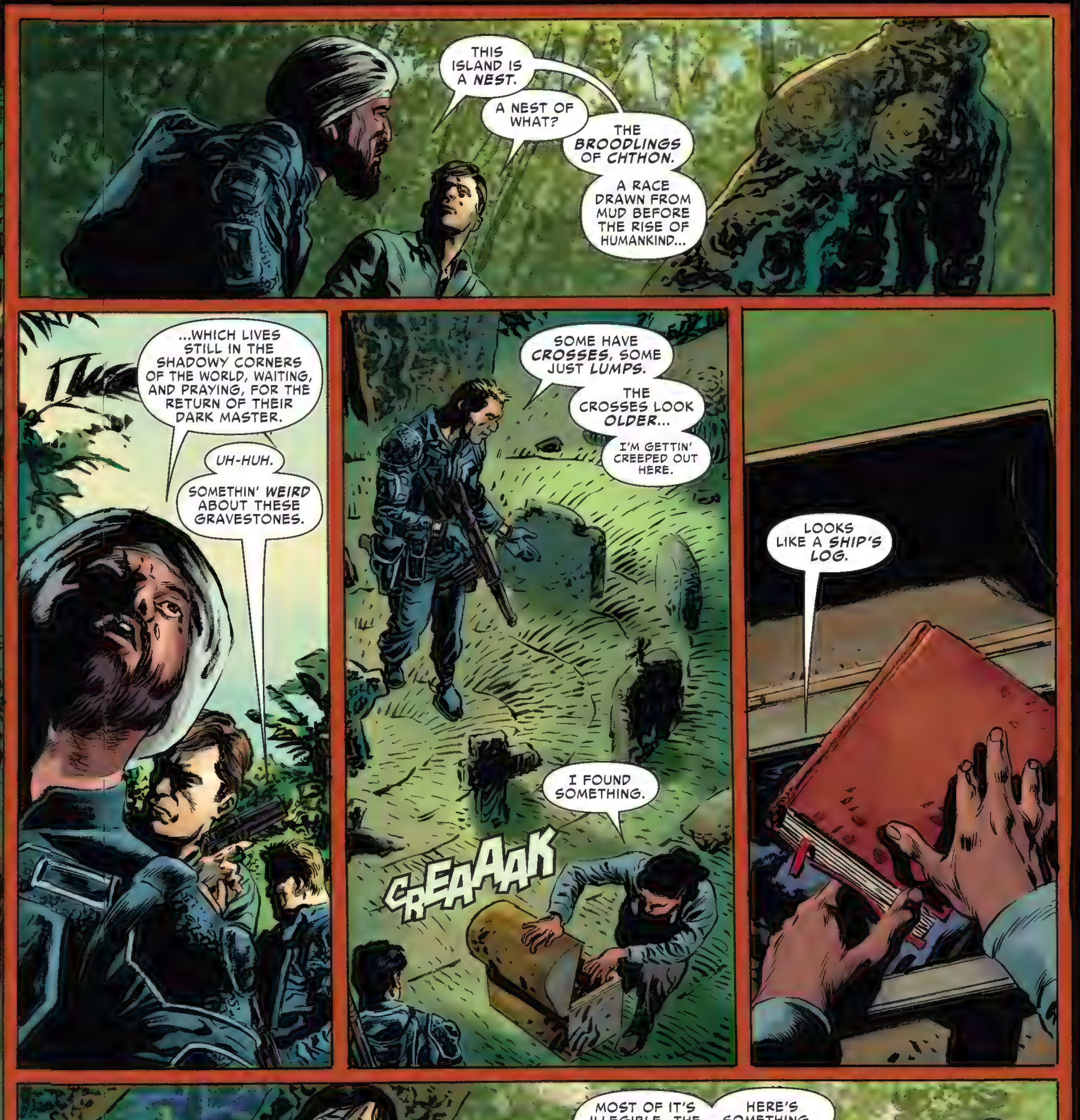

YOU *FEEL* HIM, DO YOU NOT, JAVAAN MAHILA?
HE'S IN MY *HEAD,* MR. SINGH.
KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU WAKE UP FROM A NIGHTMARE AND IT TAKES A MINUTE TO REMEMBER WHAT'S *REAL* AND WHAT *ISN'T?*
THAT'S HOW THIS FEELS.
ALL THE TIME.
WHEN HE TRIED TO--*CHANGE* ME--HE DID SOMETHING--LEFT PART OF HIMSELF INSIDE ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ME AND WHAT'S HIM.
WHEN YOU SET OFF TO SAIL AROUND THE WORLD ALONE, JUBULILE, WHOSE *DREAM* WERE YOU FOLLOWING?
MY FATHER'S.
HE USED TO TAKE ME SAILING OFF *CAPE TOWN.*
AND WHERE IS YOUR FATHER *NOW?*
HE DIED WHEN I WAS TEN.
NO.
HE LIVES HERE.
YOU ARE A *JAVAAN MAHILA* OF *MANY* PARTS, JUBULILE VAN SCOTTER.
ALLOW THE *SUM* TO BE GREATER THAN THE WHOLE.

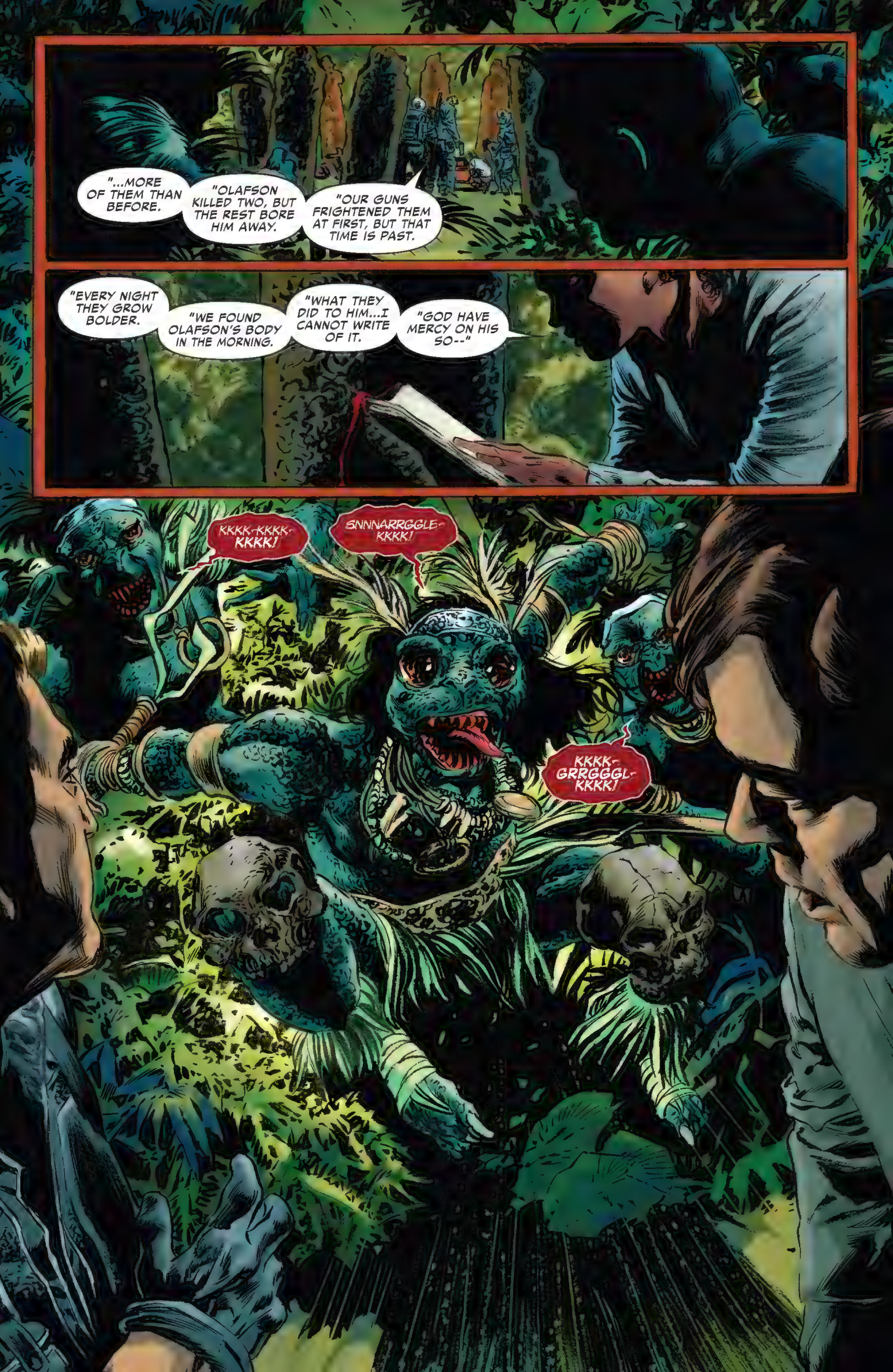

The Beach.
FOUR OF THEM--CARNAGE AND THREE OTHERS.
THEY HEADED INLAND.
HOW LONG AGO?
JUDGING BY THE TIDE LINE, AT LEAST TWELVE HOURS, BUT IT COULD BE DAYS.
WHAT IS IT, JUBULILE?
THAT WRECKAGE.
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED HERE.
LOOKS LIKE THE REMAINS OF AN OLD WHALING SHIP.
HAS TO BE AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
MUST'VE BEEN BLOWN HERE BY A STORM...
NO...
...SOMETHING ELSE DREW THEM HERE.
AND IT'S STILL OUT THERE... WAITING... HUNGRY.
ONLY THING WAITING OUT THERE IS CARNAGE, LITTLE LADY.
WITH THE LESSONS WE LEARNED ON THAT FREIGHTER, HE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
EVEN SO...
STAY CLOSE TO MS. VAN SCOTTER, MR. BROCK.

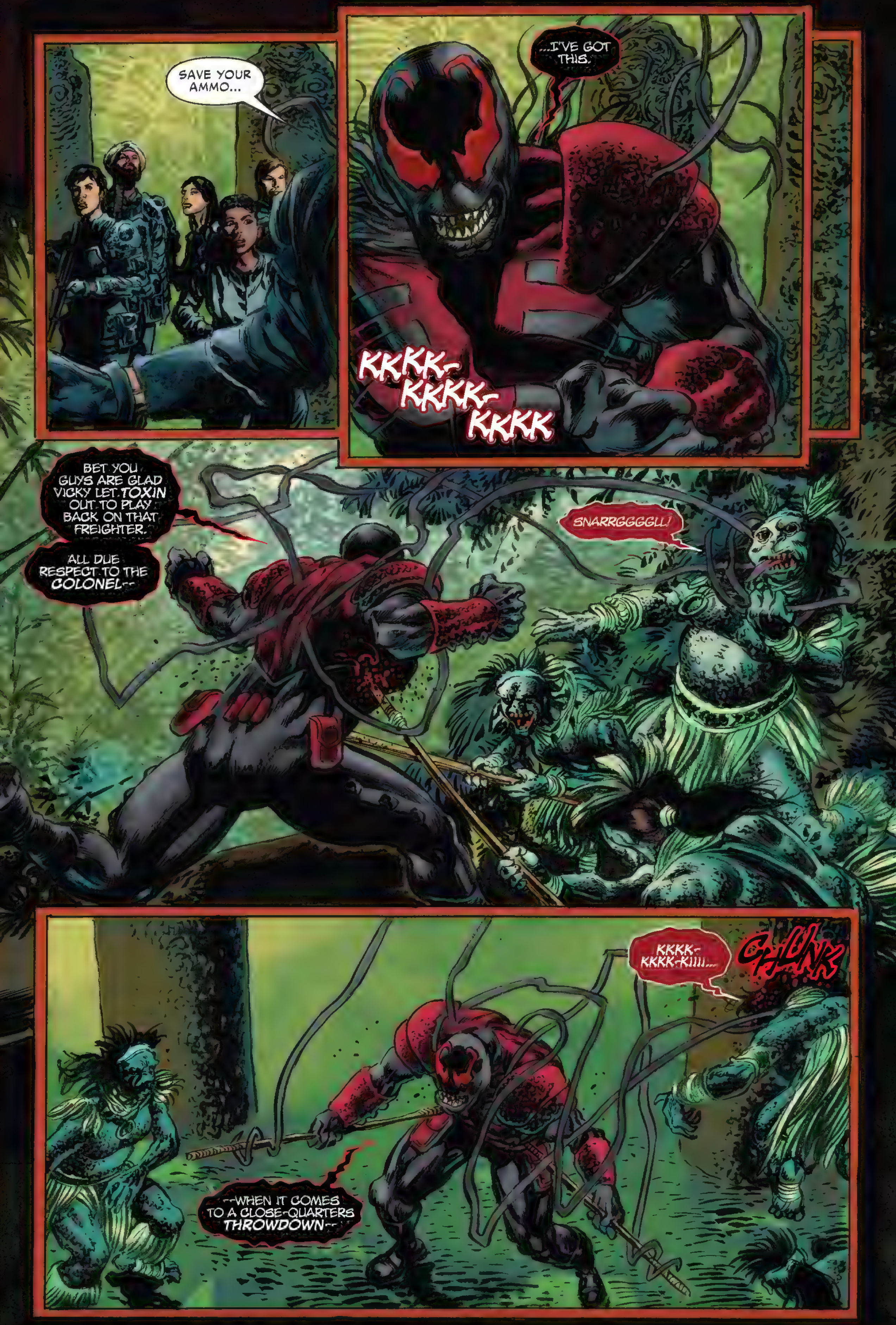

SHE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SENSE A GREAT EVIL ASLEEP IN THIS JUNGLE.

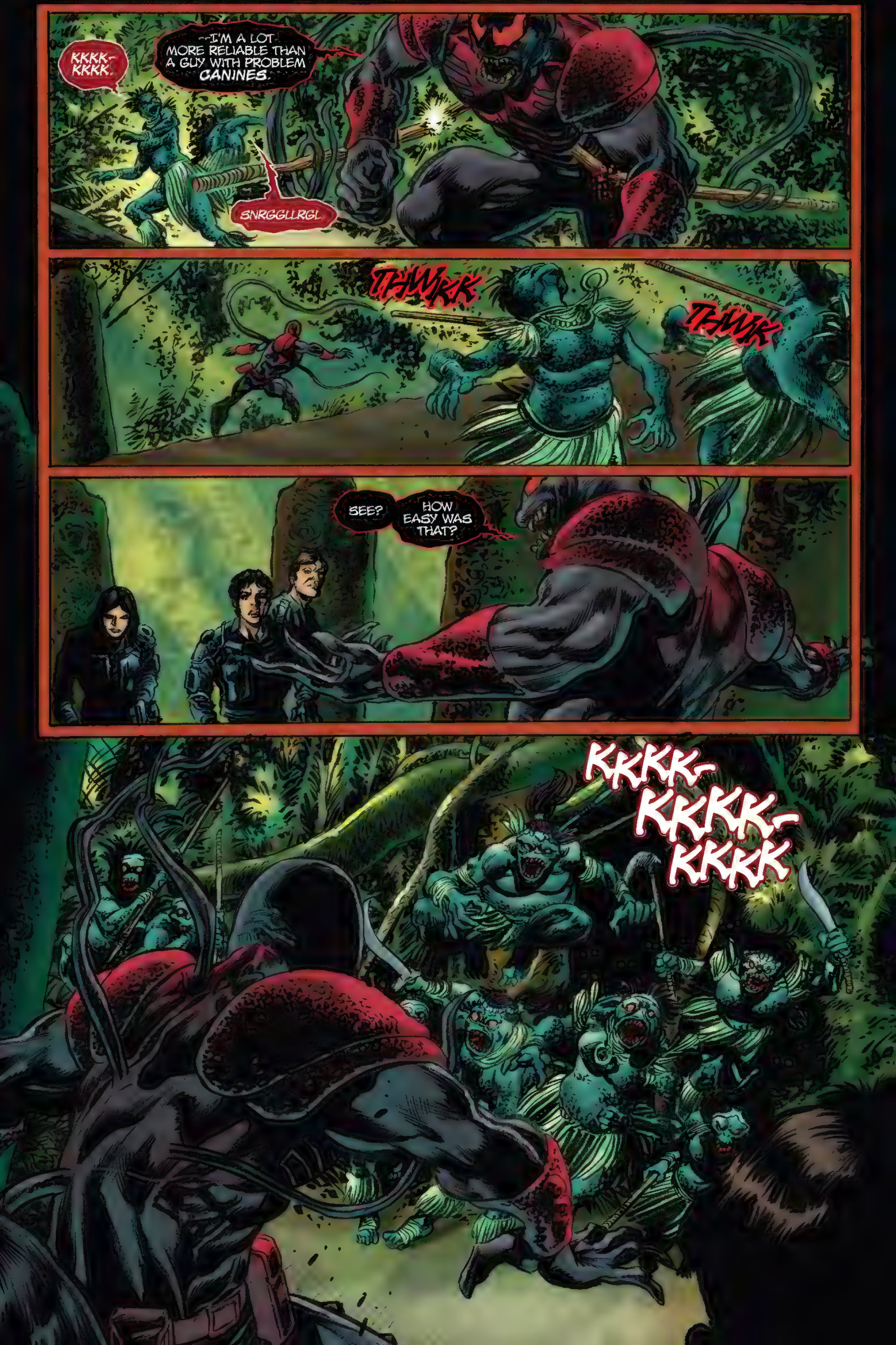

ASK ME.
ASK YOU WHAT?
YOU AND COLONEL JAMESON ARE SUSPICIOUS ABOUT MY MOTIVES.
HE MAKES NO SECRET OF HIS FEELINGS.
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, SEEM CONFLICTED.
SUSPICIOUS, BUT ALSO--
WHAT, MANUELA?
WHAT IS IT THAT HOLDS YOU BACK FROM ASKING WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW?
OKAY.
YOU TALK ABOUT SENSING EVIL.
YOU WORK WITH A GROUP CALLED CHILDREN OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
AND SINGH TOLD JAMESON YOU RESCUED HIM WHEN HE WAS A CHILD.
WHO ARE YOU, VICTORIA MONTESI?
WHAT ARE YOU?
EXCELLENT QUESTIONS, BOTH.
AT THE MOMENT, HOWEVER--

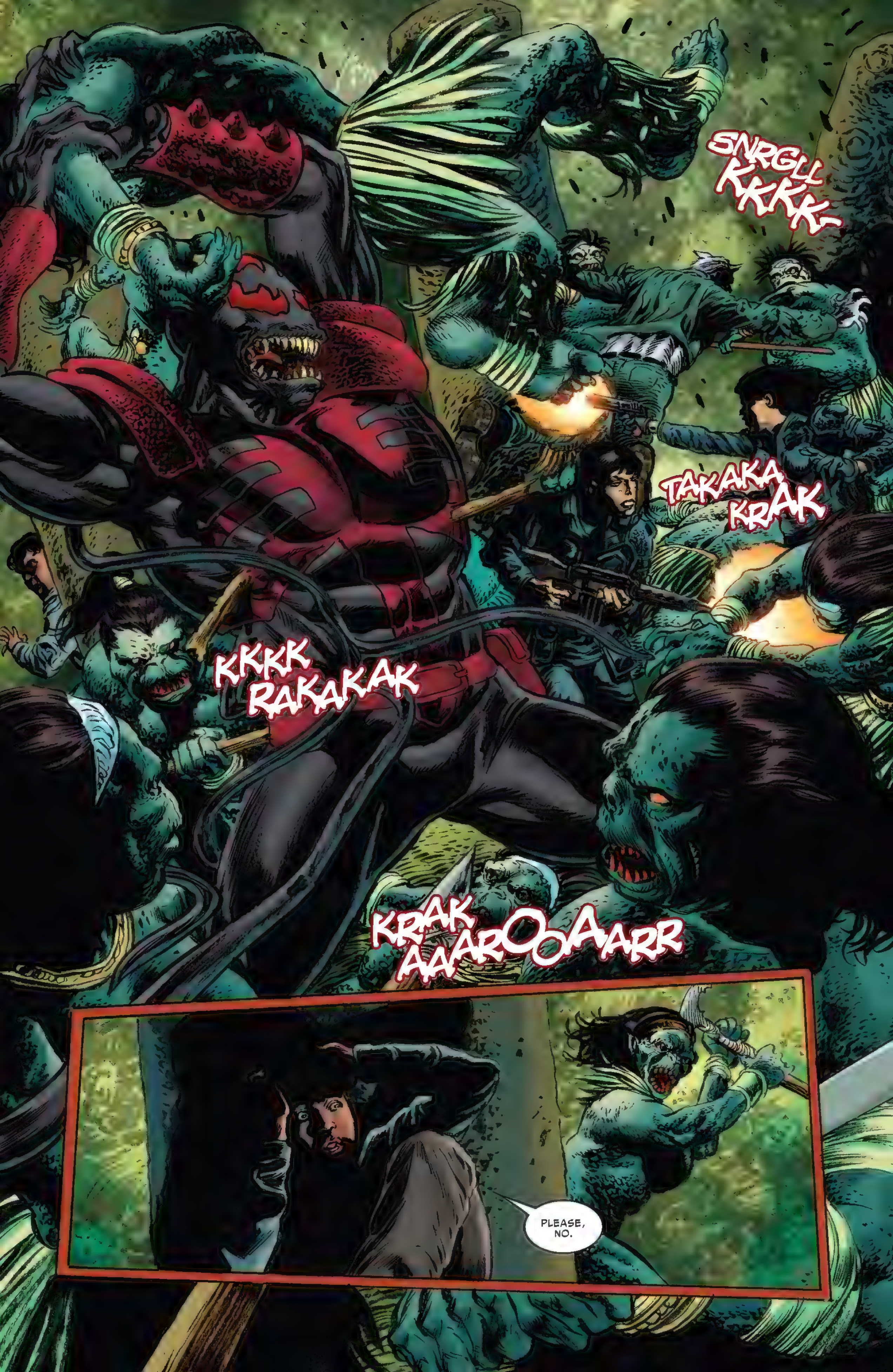

--WE HAVE MORE *IMMEDIATE* CONCERNS.
WHAT THE HOLY *HELL?*
IT'S A *GRAVEYARD.*
MORE THAN A GRAVEYARD, COLONEL.
IT IS AS WE FEARED, SVAMINEE MONTESI.

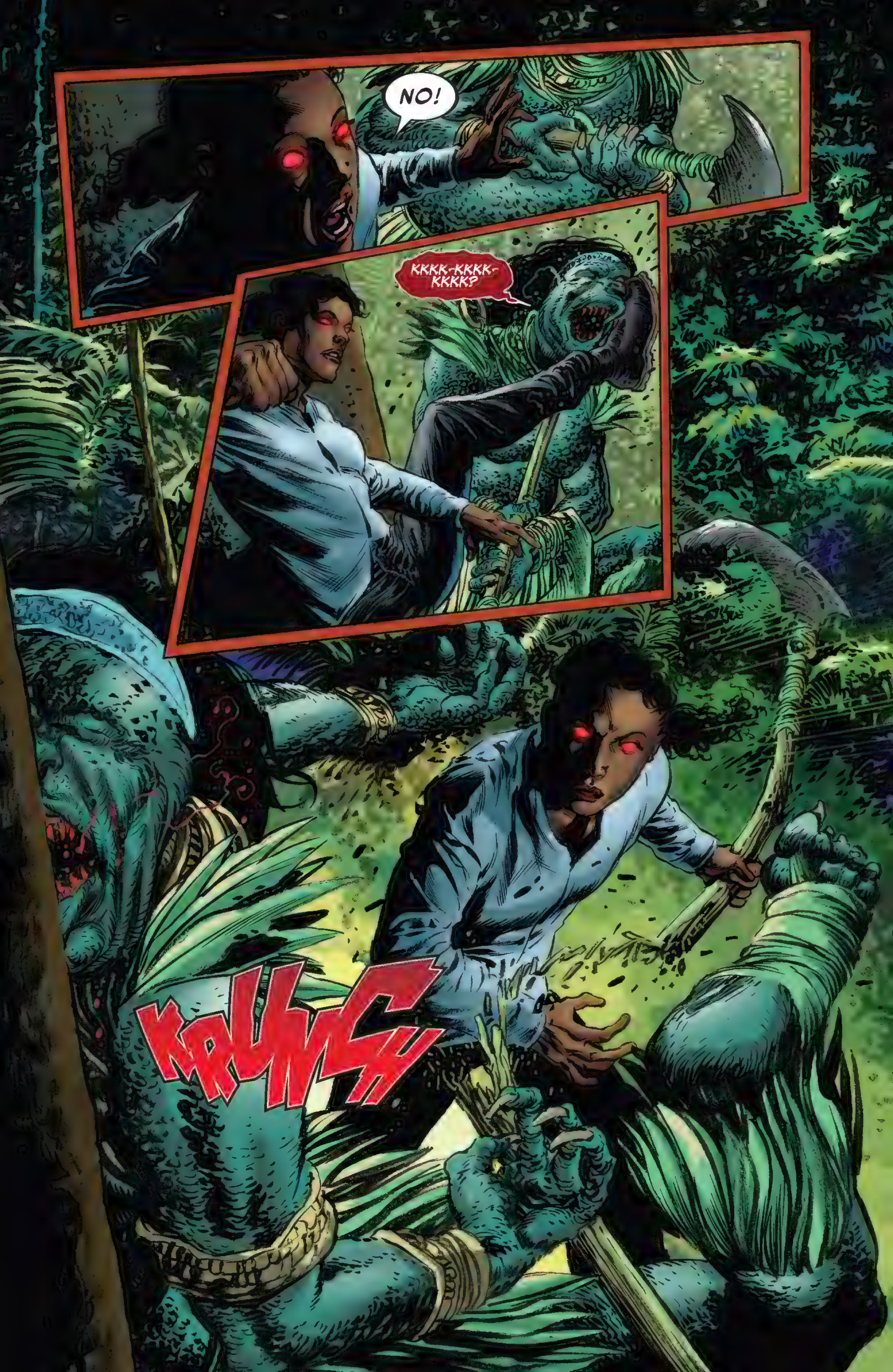

THIS ISLAND IS A *NEST.*
A NEST OF WHAT?
THE *BROODLINGS OF CHTHON.*
A RACE DRAWN FROM MUD BEFORE THE RISE OF HUMANKIND...
...WHICH LIVES STILL IN THE SHADOWY CORNERS OF THE WORLD, WAITING, AND PRAYING, FOR THE RETURN OF THEIR DARK MASTER.
UH-HUH.
SOMETHIN' *WEIRD* ABOUT THESE GRAVESTONES.
SOME HAVE *CROSSES,* SOME JUST *LUMPS.*
THE CROSSES LOOK *OLDER...*
I'M GETTIN' CREEPED OUT HERE.
I FOUND SOMETHING.
CREAAAK
LOOKS LIKE A *SHIP'S LOG.*
MOST OF IT'S ILLEGIBLE, THE PAPER'S ROTTED AWAY.
HERE'S SOMETHING...
"JUNE 9, 1821... THEY CAME AGAIN LAST NIGHT...

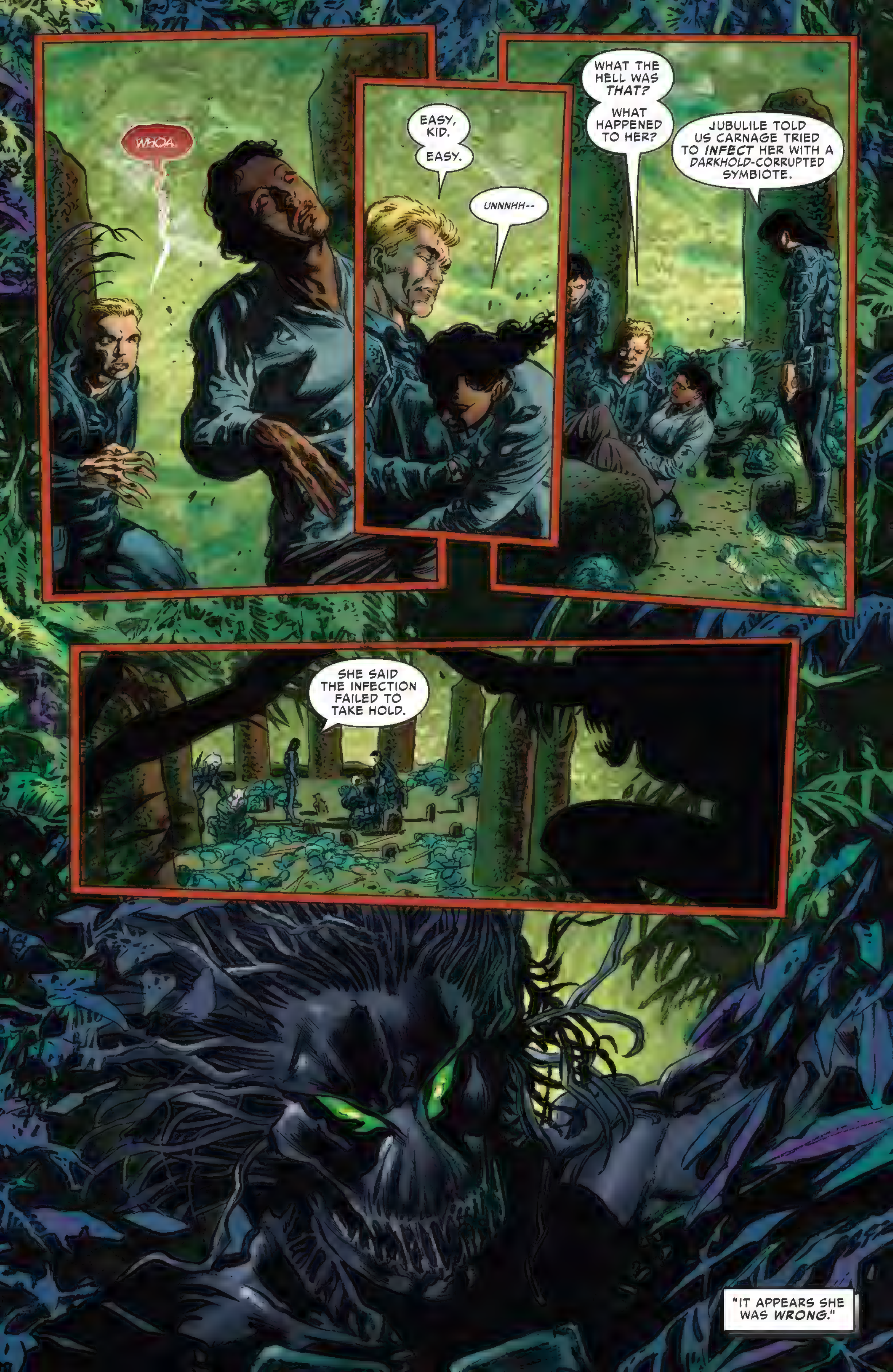

"...MORE OF THEM THAN BEFORE.
"OLAFSON KILLED TWO, BUT THE REST BORE HIM AWAY.
"OUR GUNS FRIGHTENED THEM AT FIRST, BUT THAT TIME IS PAST.
"EVERY NIGHT THEY GROW BOLDER.
"WE FOUND OLAFSON'S BODY IN THE MORNING.
"WHAT THEY DID TO HIM...I CANNOT WRITE OF IT.
"GOD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SO--"
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK!
SNNNARRGGLE-KKKK!
KKKK-GRRGGGL-KKKK!

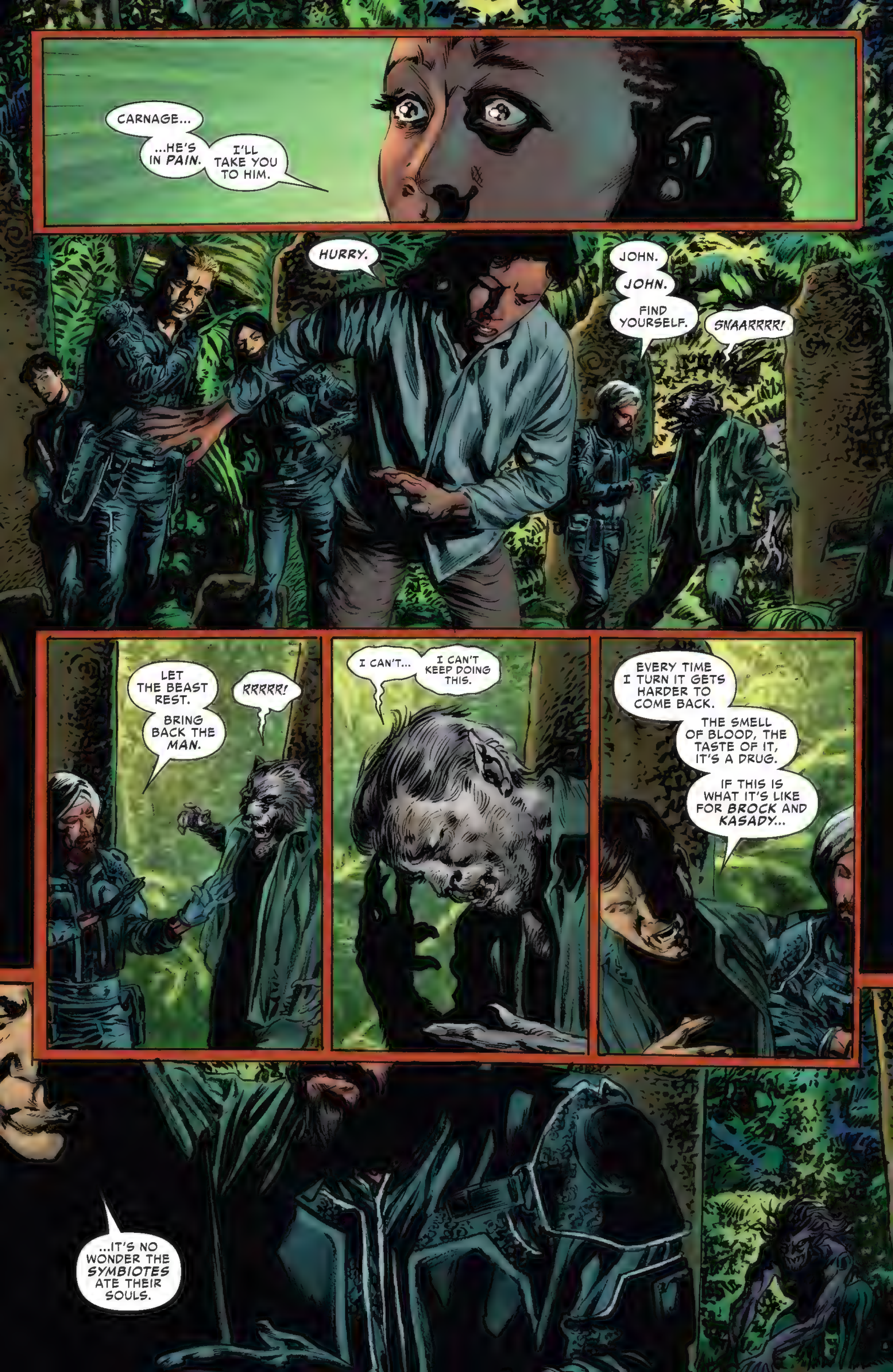

SAVE YOUR AMMO...
...I'VE GOT THIS.
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK
BET YOU GUYS ARE GLAD VICKY LET TOXIN OUT TO PLAY BACK ON THAT FREIGHTER.
ALL DUE RESPECT TO THE COLONEL--
SNARRGGGGLL!
KKKK-KKKK-KIIII...
CHUNK
--WHEN IT COMES TO A CLOSE-QUARTERS THROWDOWN--

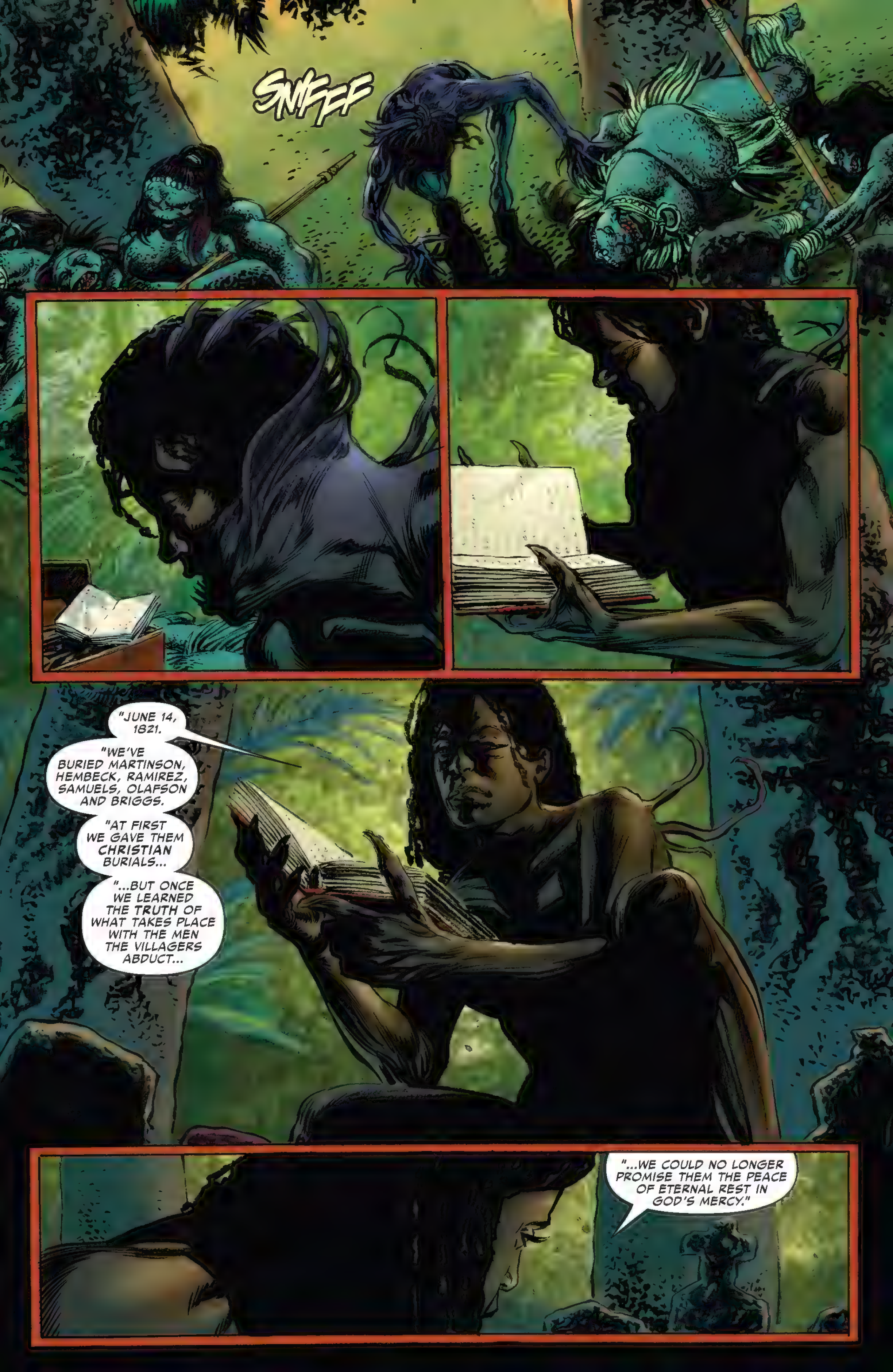

KKKK-KKKK!
--I'M A LOT MORE RELIABLE THAN A GUY WITH PROBLEM CANINES.
SNRGGLLRGL
THWKK
THWK
SEE?
HOW EASY WAS THAT?
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK

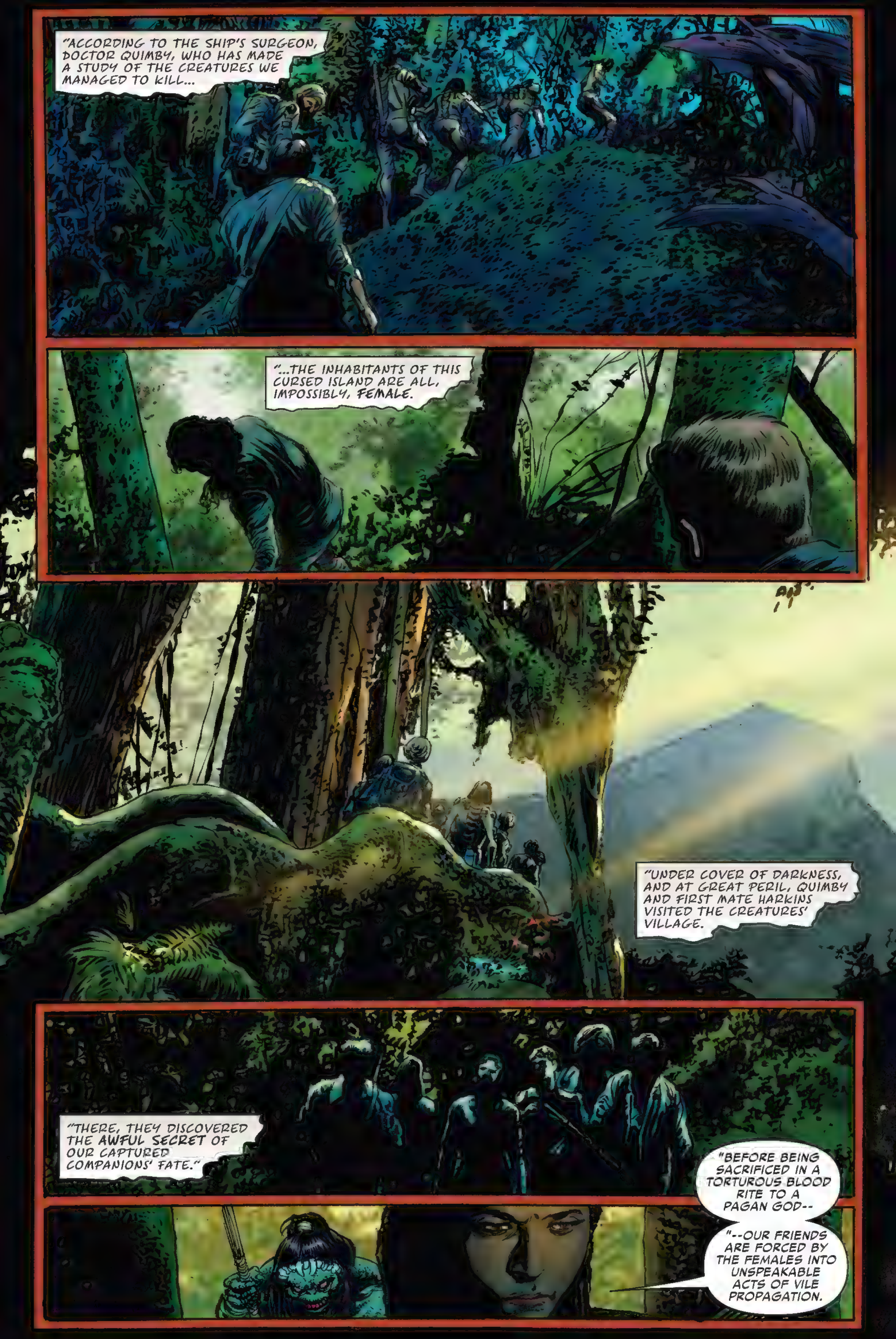

SNRGLL KKKK-
TAKAKA KRAK
KKKK RAKAKAK
KRAK AAAROOAARR
PLEASE, NO.

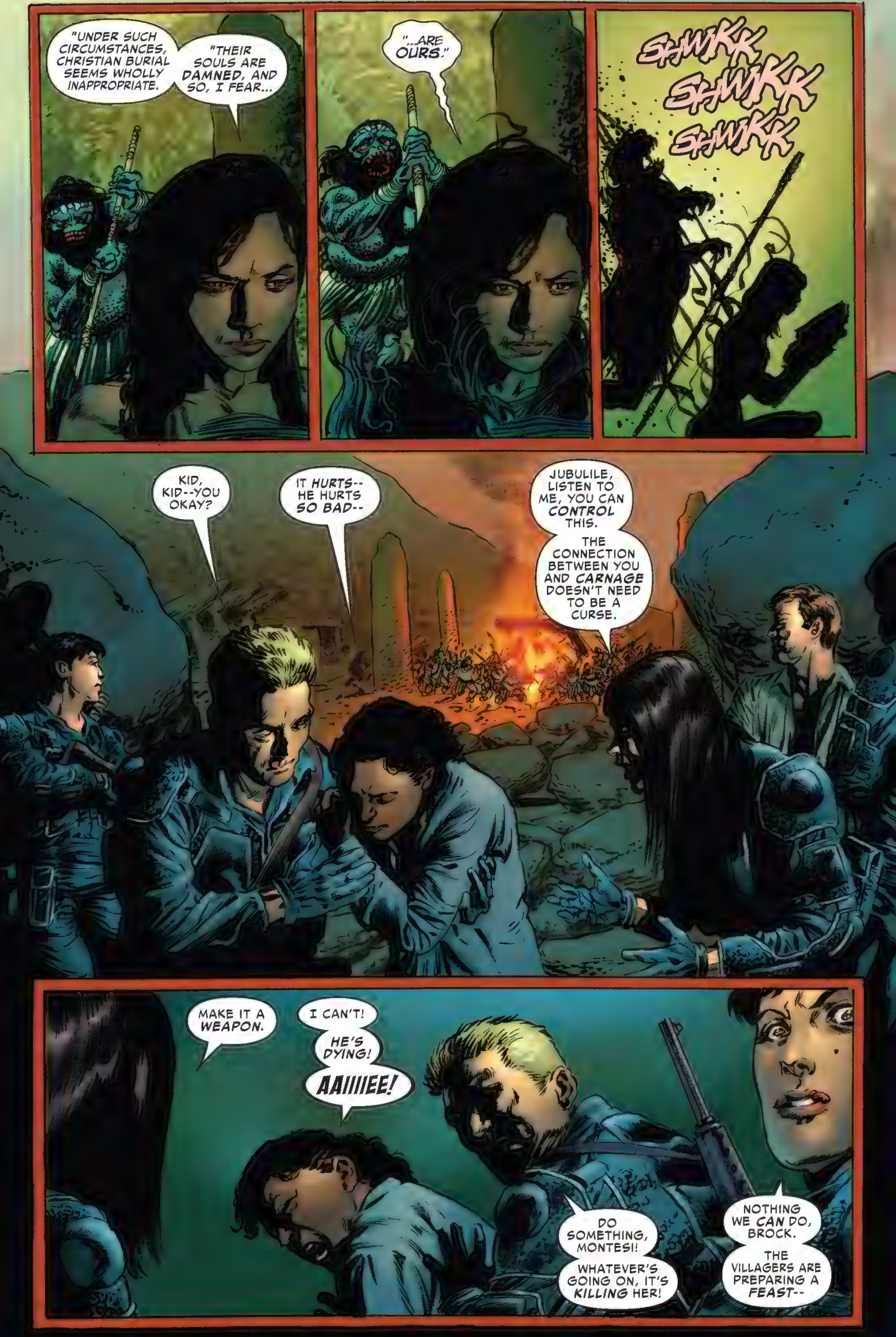

NO!
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK?
KRUNCH

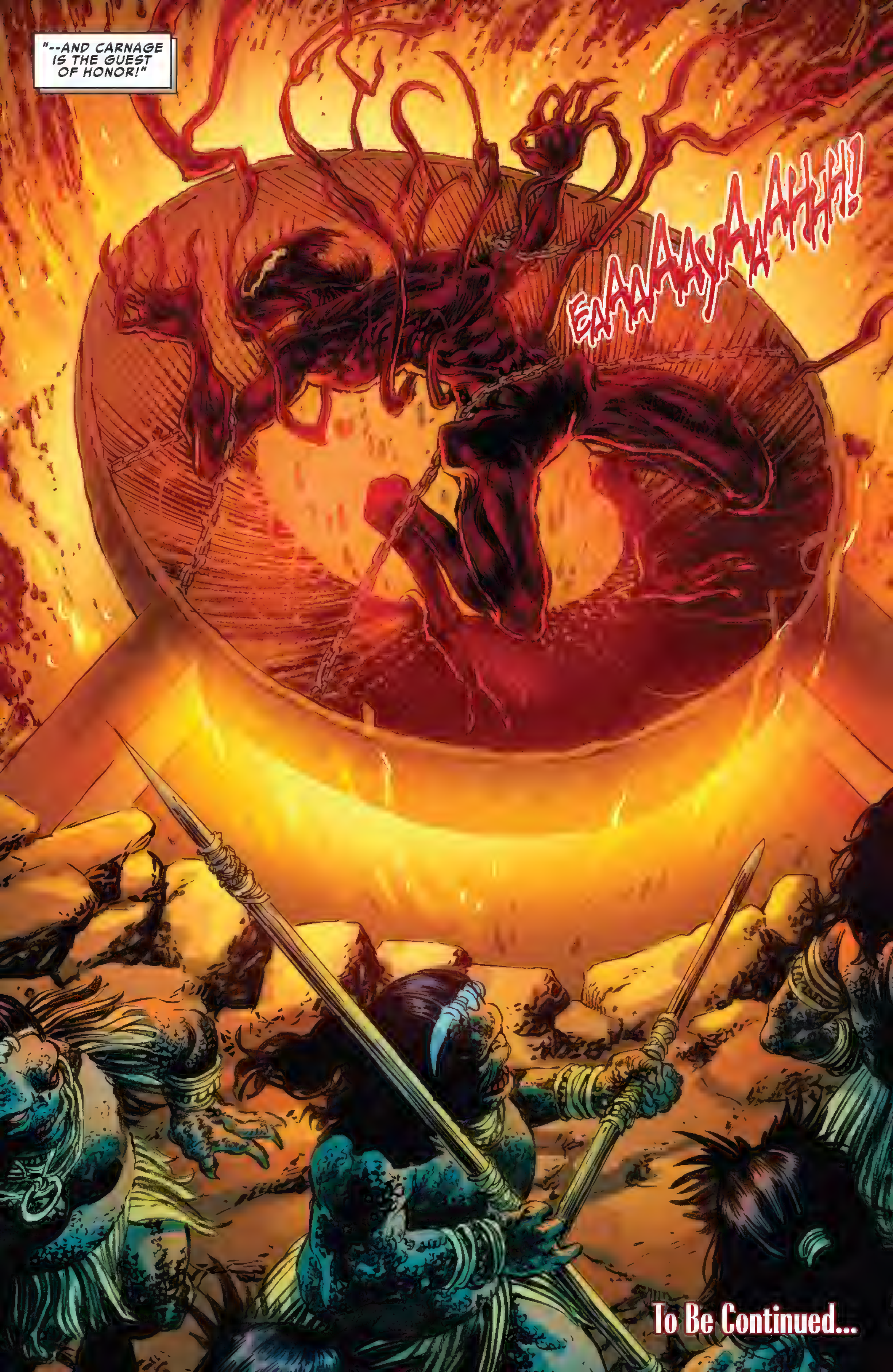

WHOA.
EASY, KID.
EASY.
UNNNHH--
WHAT THE HELL WAS *THAT?*
WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
JUBULILE TOLD US CARNAGE TRIED TO *INFECT* HER WITH A *DARKHOLD*-CORRUPTED SYMBIOTE.
SHE SAID THE INFECTION FAILED TO TAKE HOLD.
"IT APPEARS SHE WAS *WRONG.*"


CARNAGE...
...HE'S IN PAIN.
I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.
HURRY.
JOHN.
JOHN.
FIND YOURSELF.
SNAARRRR!
LET THE BEAST REST.
BRING BACK THE MAN.
RRRRR!
I CAN'T...
I CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS.
EVERY TIME I TURN IT GETS HARDER TO COME BACK.
THE SMELL OF BLOOD, THE TASTE OF IT, IT'S A DRUG.
IF THIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR BROCK AND KASADY...
...IT'S NO WONDER THE SYMBIOTES ATE THEIR SOULS.


SNIFFF
"JUNE 14, 1821.
"WE'VE BURIED MARTINSON, HEMBECK, RAMIREZ, SAMUELS, OLAFSON AND BRIGGS.
"AT FIRST WE GAVE THEM CHRISTIAN BURIALS...
"...BUT ONCE WE LEARNED THE TRUTH OF WHAT TAKES PLACE WITH THE MEN THE VILLAGERS ABDUCT...
"...WE COULD NO LONGER PROMISE THEM THE PEACE OF ETERNAL REST IN GOD'S MERCY."


"ACCORDING TO THE SHIP'S SURGEON, DOCTOR QUIMBY, WHO HAS MADE A STUDY OF THE CREATURES WE MANAGED TO KILL...
"...THE INHABITANTS OF THIS CURSED ISLAND ARE ALL, IMPOSSIBLY, FEMALE.
"UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, AND AT GREAT PERIL, QUIMBY AND FIRST MATE HARKINS VISITED THE CREATURES' VILLAGE.
"THERE, THEY DISCOVERED THE AWFUL SECRET OF OUR CAPTURED COMPANIONS' FATE."
"BEFORE BEING SACRIFICED IN A TORTUROUS BLOOD RITE TO A PAGAN GOD--
"--OUR FRIENDS ARE FORCED BY THE FEMALES INTO UNSPEAKABLE ACTS OF VILE PROPAGATION.


"UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, CHRISTIAN BURIAL SEEMS WHOLLY INAPPROPRIATE.
"THEIR SOULS ARE *DAMNED*, AND SO, I FEAR...
"...ARE *OURS*."
SHWKK SHWKK SHWKK
KID, KID--YOU OKAY?
IT *HURTS*-- HE HURTS *SO BAD*--
JUBULILE, LISTEN TO ME, YOU CAN *CONTROL* THIS.
THE CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU AND *CARNAGE* DOESN'T NEED TO BE A CURSE.
MAKE IT A *WEAPON*.
I CAN'T!
HE'S DYING!
AAIIIIEE!
DO SOMETHING, MONTESI!
WHATEVER'S GOING ON, IT'S *KILLING* HER!
NOTHING WE *CAN* DO, BROCK.
THE VILLAGERS ARE PREPARING A *FEAST*--


"--AND CARNAGE IS THE GUEST OF HONOR!"
EAAAAYAAAHHH!?
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #12

CARNAGE®
MARVEL
012
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

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WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART TWO

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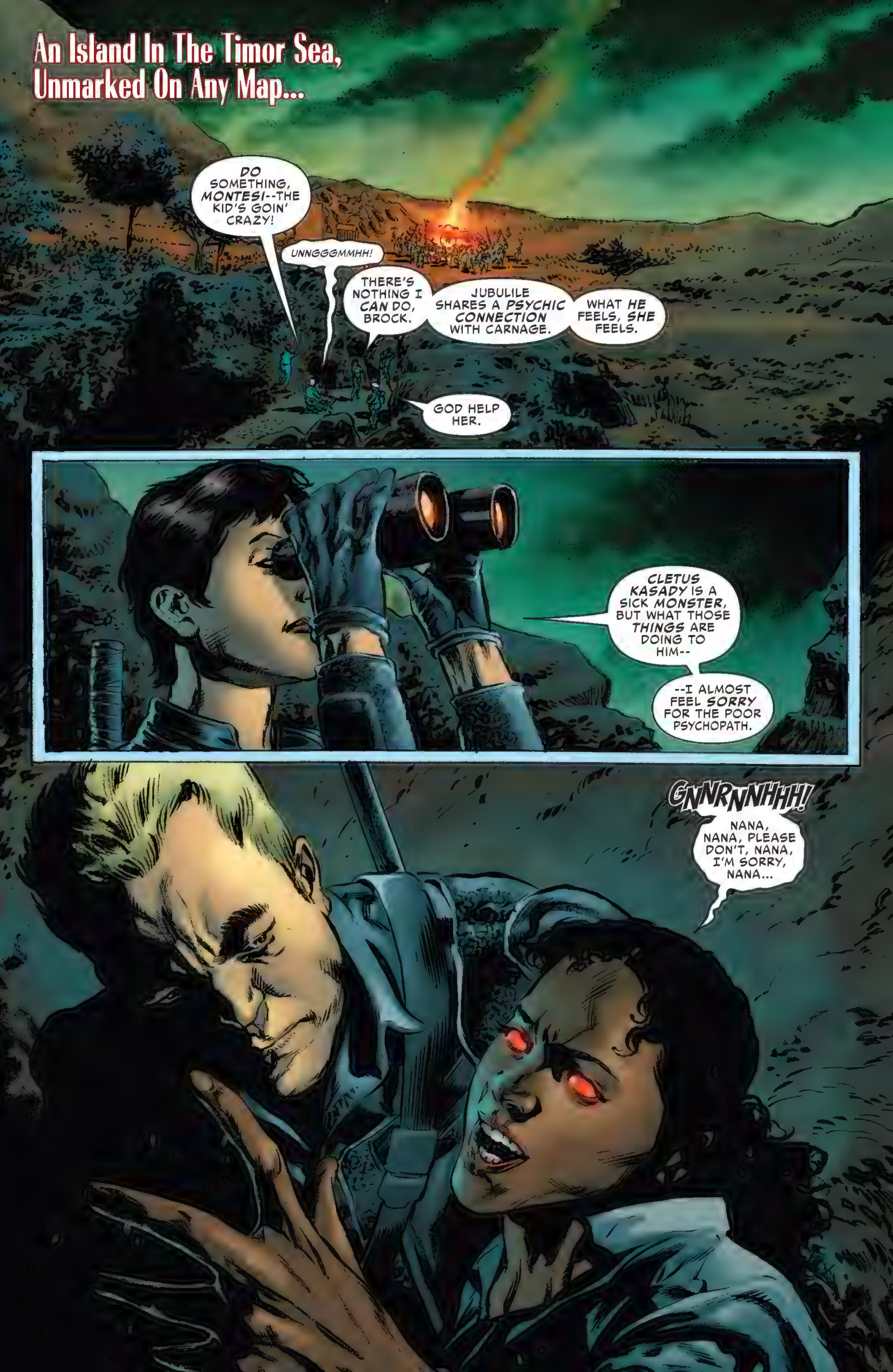
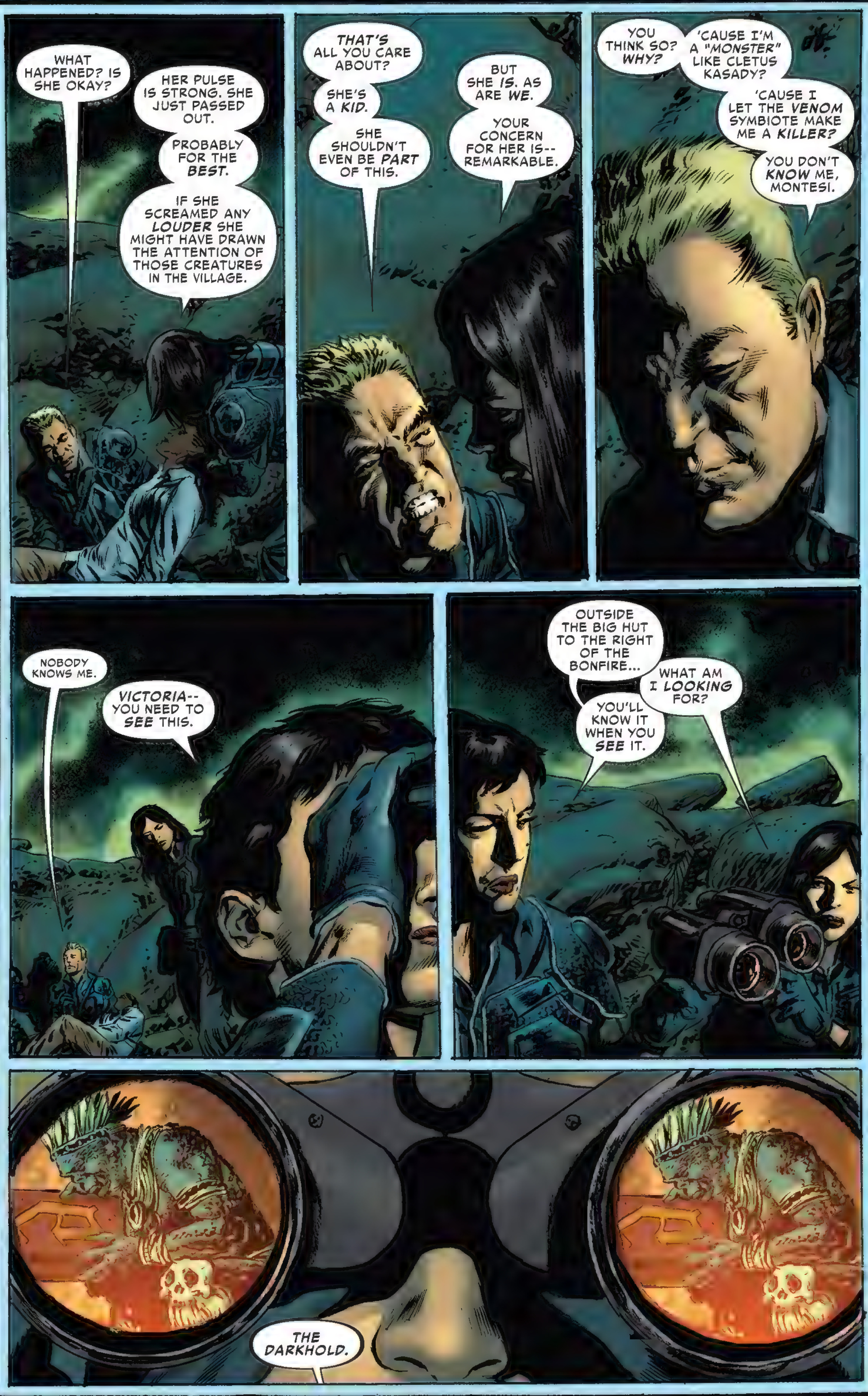
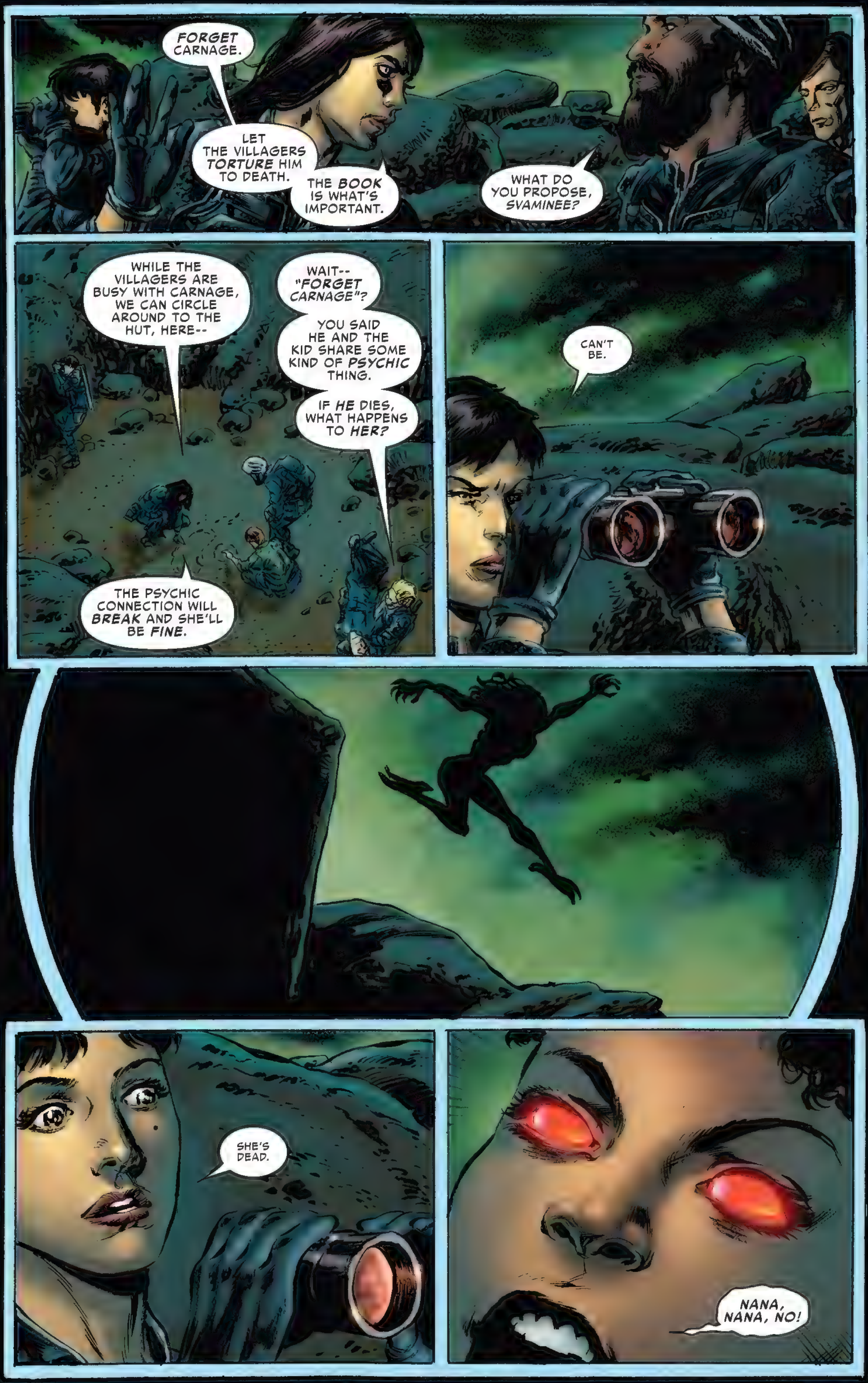
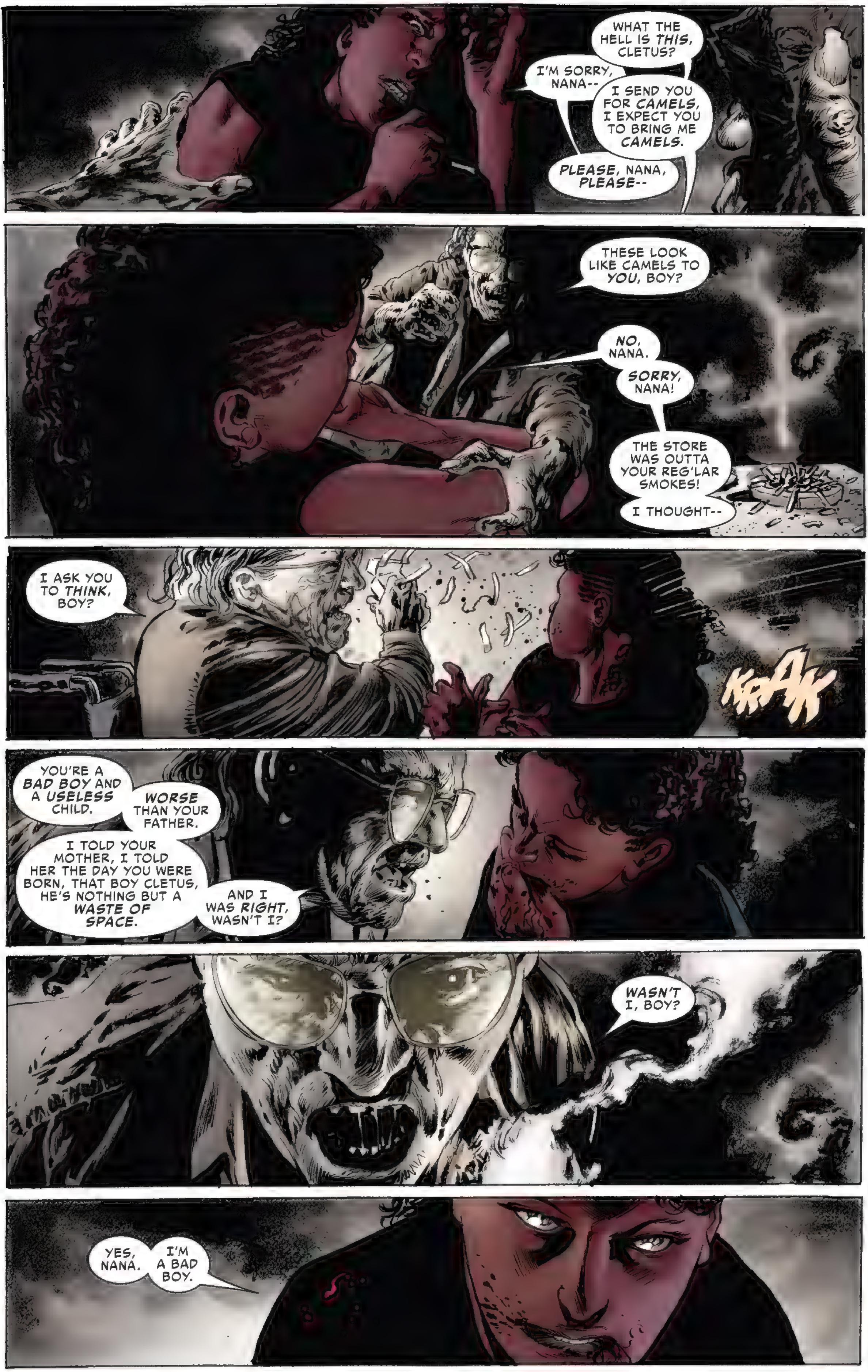
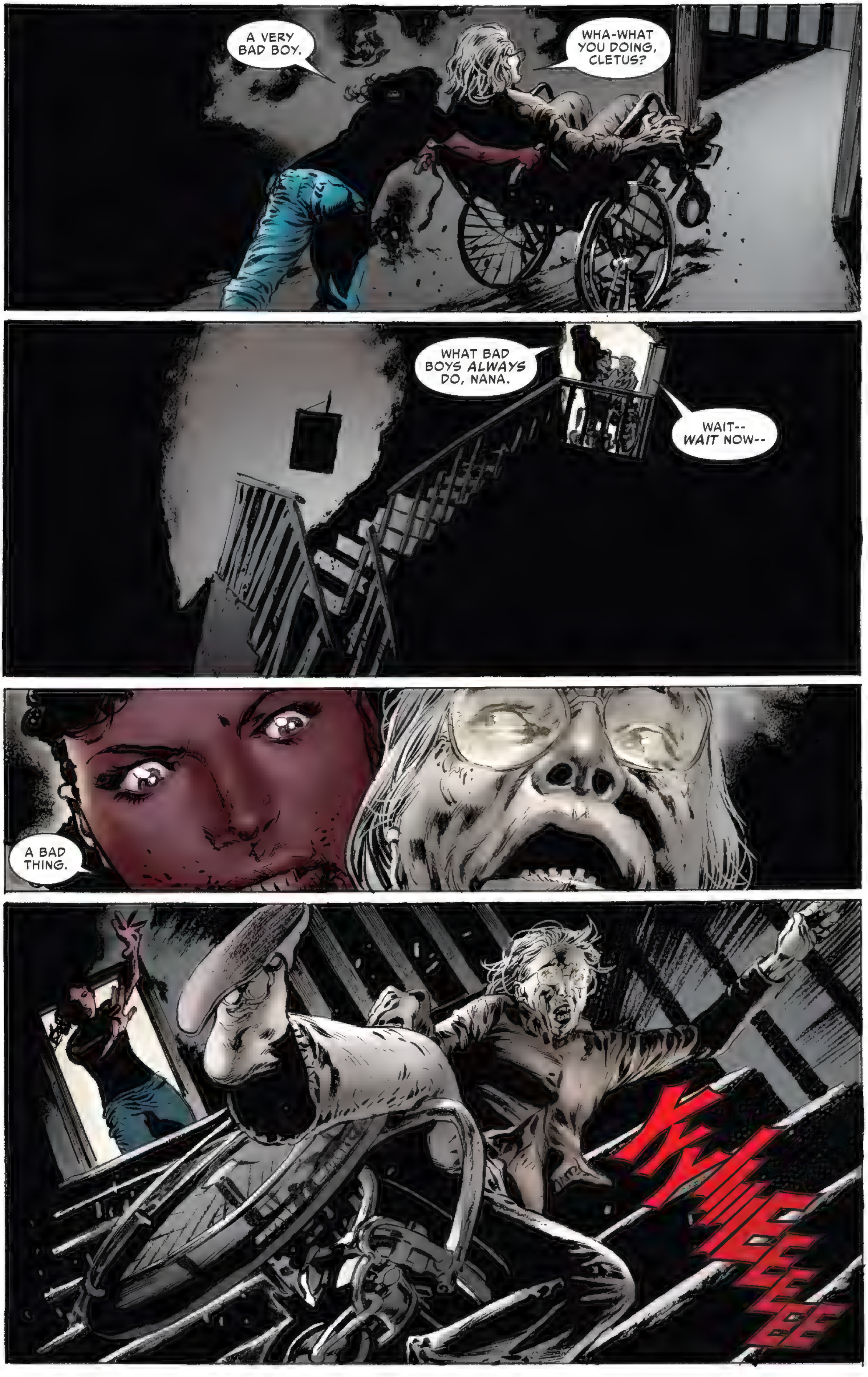

An Island In The Timor Sea, Unmarked On Any Map...
DO SOMETHING, MONTESI--THE KID'S GOIN' CRAZY!
UNNGGGMMHH!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, BROCK.
JUBULILE SHARES A PSYCHIC CONNECTION WITH CARNAGE.
WHAT HE FEELS, SHE FEELS.
GOD HELP HER.
CLETUS KASADY IS A SICK MONSTER, BUT WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE DOING TO HIM--
--I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR PSYCHOPATH.
GNNRNNHHH!
NANA, NANA, PLEASE DON'T, NANA, I'M SORRY, NANA...

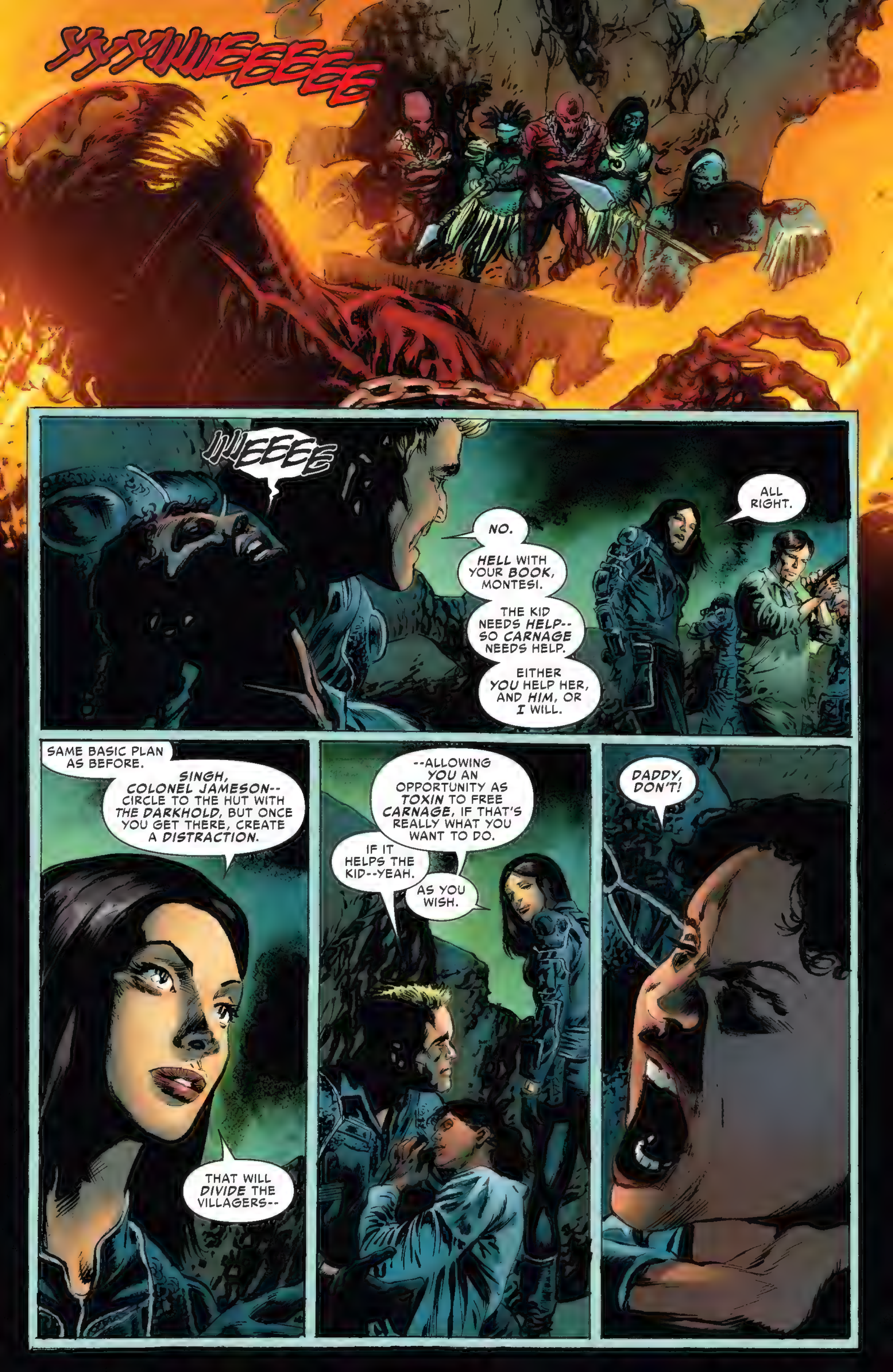
IIEEEAARRGGHHH

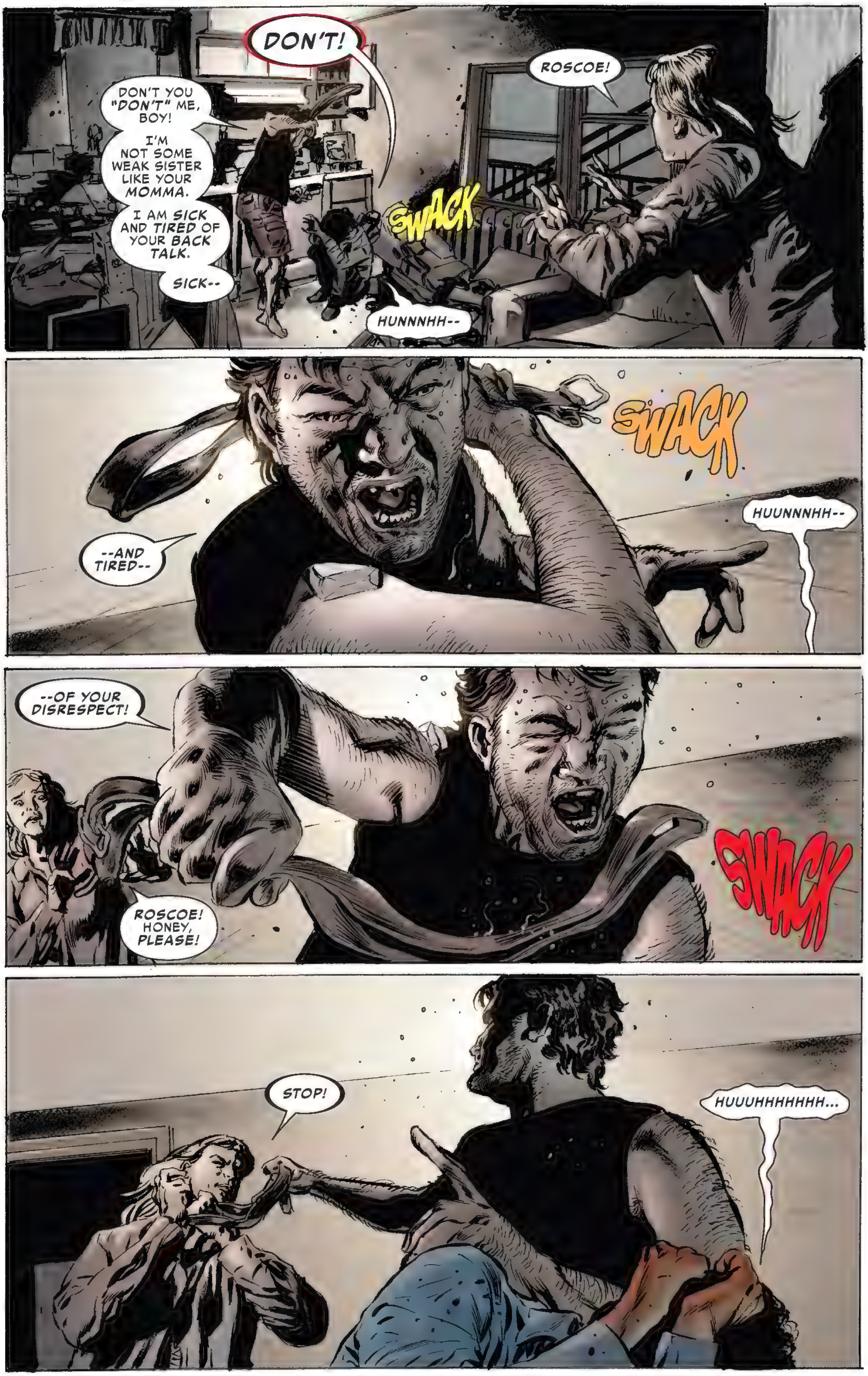

WHAT HAPPENED? IS SHE OKAY?
HER PULSE IS STRONG. SHE JUST PASSED OUT.
PROBABLY FOR THE *BEST.*
IF SHE SCREAMED ANY *LOUDER* SHE MIGHT HAVE DRAWN THE ATTENTION OF THOSE CREATURES IN THE VILLAGE.
THAT'S ALL YOU CARE ABOUT?
SHE'S A *KID.*
SHE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE *PART* OF THIS.
BUT SHE *IS.* AS ARE *WE.*
YOUR CONCERN FOR HER IS-- REMARKABLE.
YOU THINK SO? *WHY?*
'CAUSE I'M A "*MONSTER*" LIKE CLETUS KASADY?
'CAUSE I LET THE *VENOM* SYMBIOTE MAKE ME A *KILLER?*
YOU DON'T *KNOW* ME, MONTESI.
NOBODY KNOWS ME.
VICTORIA-- YOU NEED TO *SEE* THIS.
OUTSIDE THE BIG HUT TO THE RIGHT OF THE BONFIRE...
WHAT AM I *LOOKING* FOR?
YOU'LL KNOW IT WHEN YOU *SEE* IT.
THE DARKHOLD.

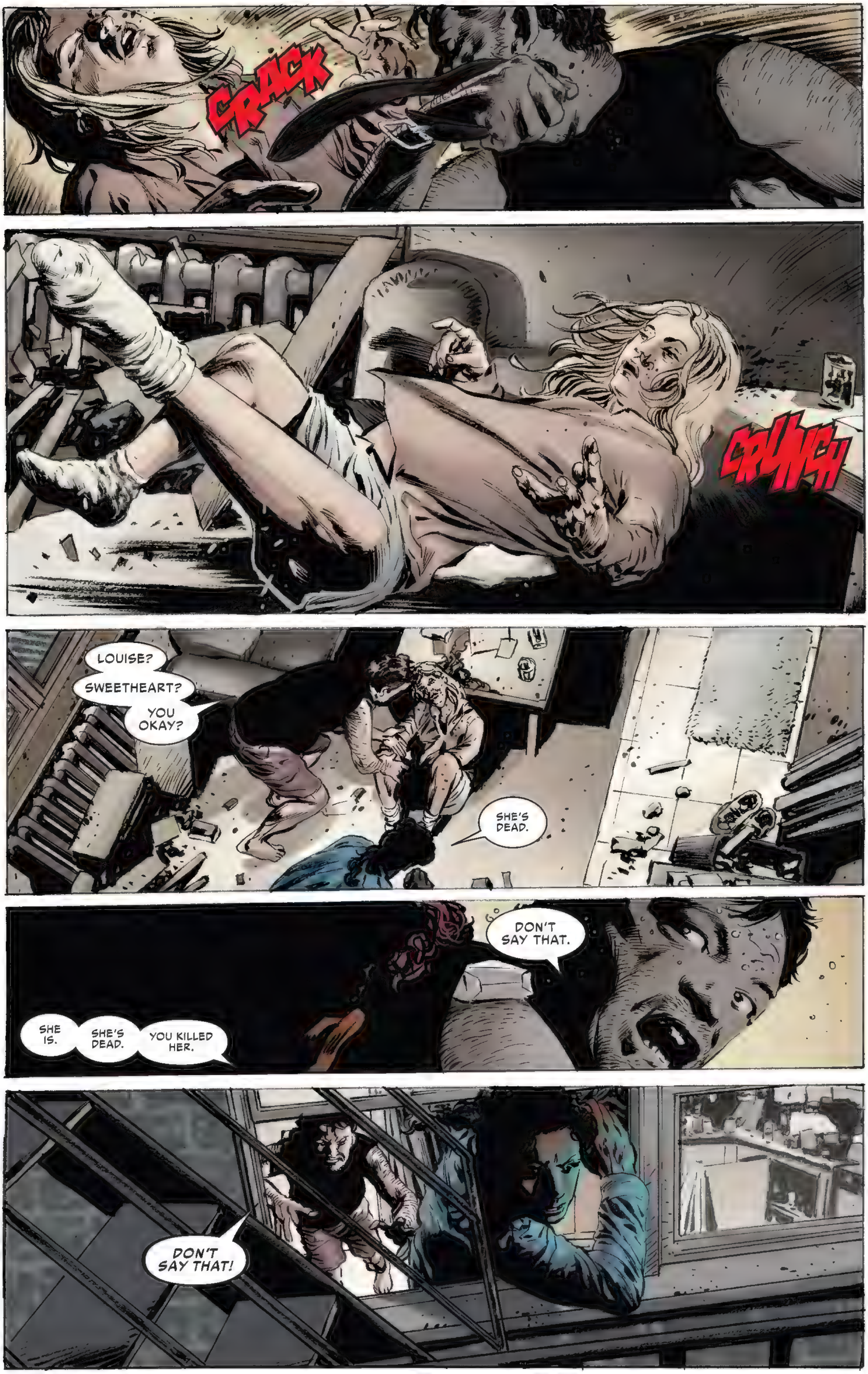

FORGET CARNAGE.
LET THE VILLAGERS TORTURE HIM TO DEATH.
THE BOOK IS WHAT'S IMPORTANT.
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, SVAMINEE?
WHILE THE VILLAGERS ARE BUSY WITH CARNAGE, WE CAN CIRCLE AROUND TO THE HUT, HERE--
WAIT-- "FORGET CARNAGE"?
YOU SAID HE AND THE KID SHARE SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC THING.
IF HE DIES, WHAT HAPPENS TO HER?
THE PSYCHIC CONNECTION WILL BREAK AND SHE'LL BE FINE.
CAN'T BE.
SHE'S DEAD.
NANA, NANA, NO!

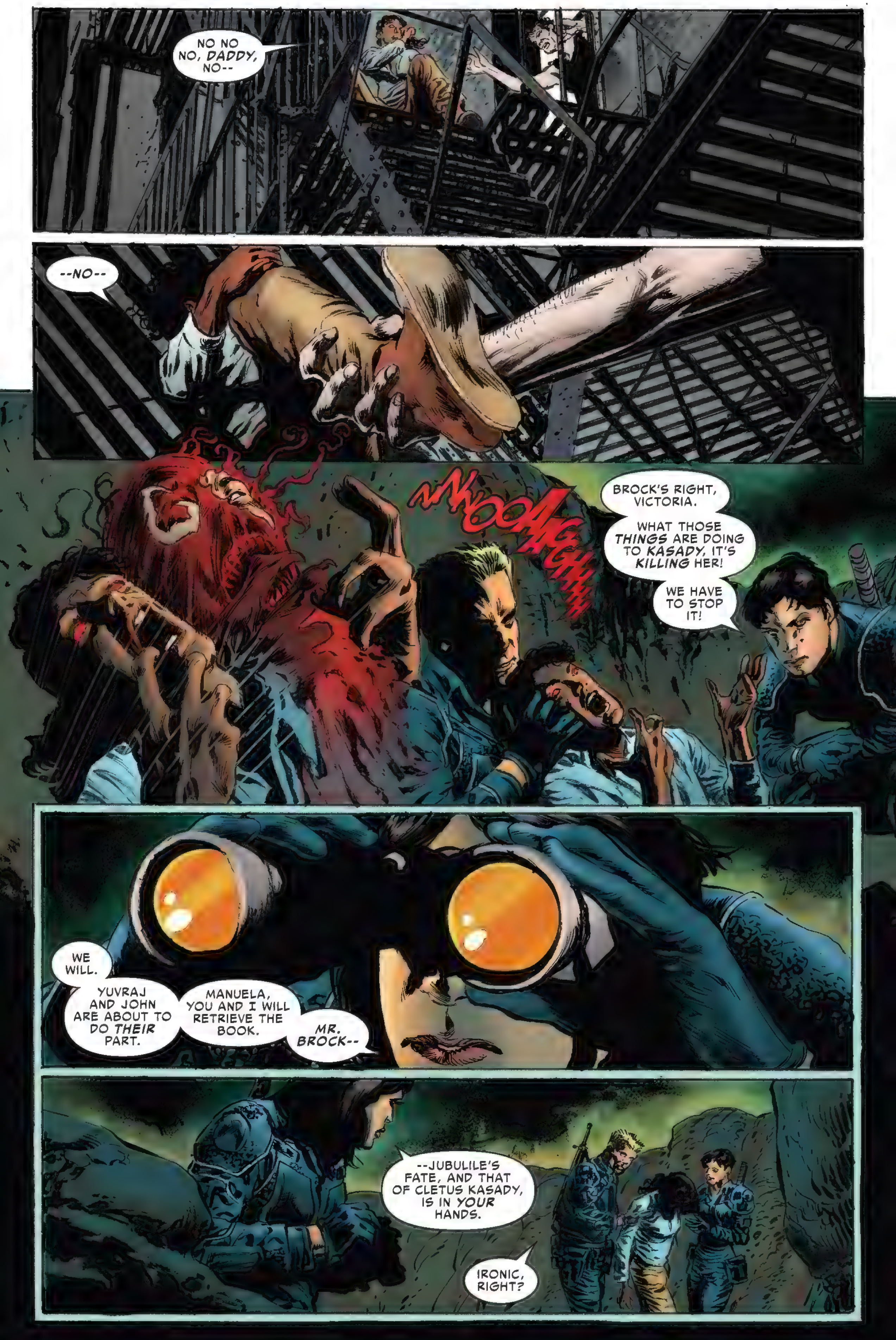

WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS*, CLETUS?
I'M SORRY, NANA--
I SEND YOU FOR *CAMELS*, I EXPECT YOU TO BRING ME *CAMELS*.
PLEASE, NANA, *PLEASE*--
THESE LOOK LIKE CAMELS TO *YOU*, BOY?
NO, NANA.
SORRY, NANA!
THE STORE WAS OUTTA YOUR REG'LAR SMOKES!
I THOUGHT--
I ASK YOU TO *THINK*, BOY?
KRAAK
YOU'RE A *BAD BOY* AND A *USELESS* CHILD.
WORSE THAN YOUR FATHER.
I TOLD YOUR MOTHER, I TOLD HER THE DAY YOU WERE BORN, THAT BOY CLETUS, HE'S NOTHING BUT A *WASTE OF SPACE*.
AND I WAS *RIGHT*, WASN'T I?
WASN'T I, BOY?
YES, NANA.
I'M A BAD BOY.

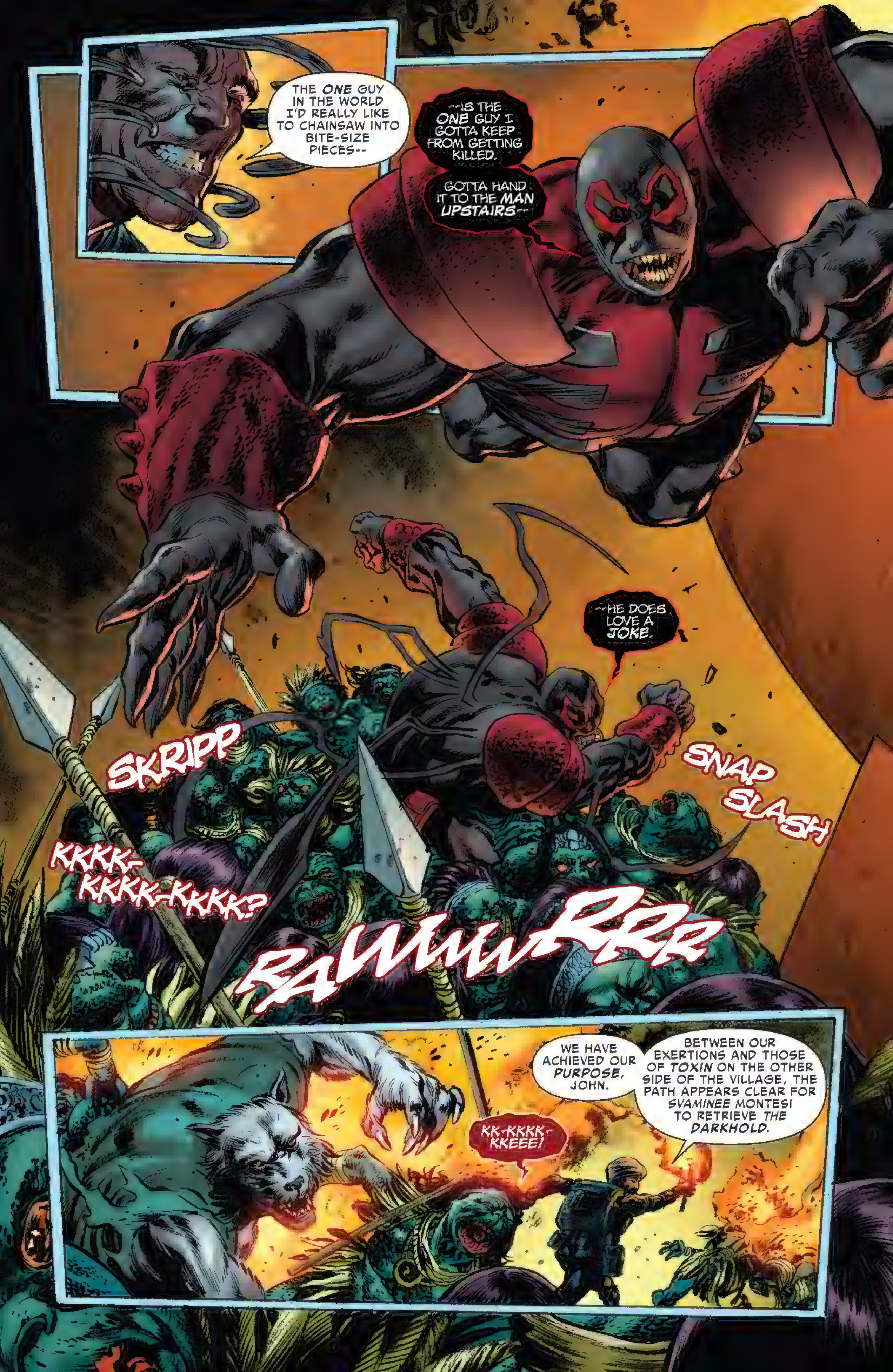

A VERY BAD BOY.
WHA-WHAT YOU DOING, CLETUS?
WHAT BAD BOYS *ALWAYS* DO, NANA.
WAIT-- *WAIT* NOW--
A BAD THING.
KYIIEEEEEE

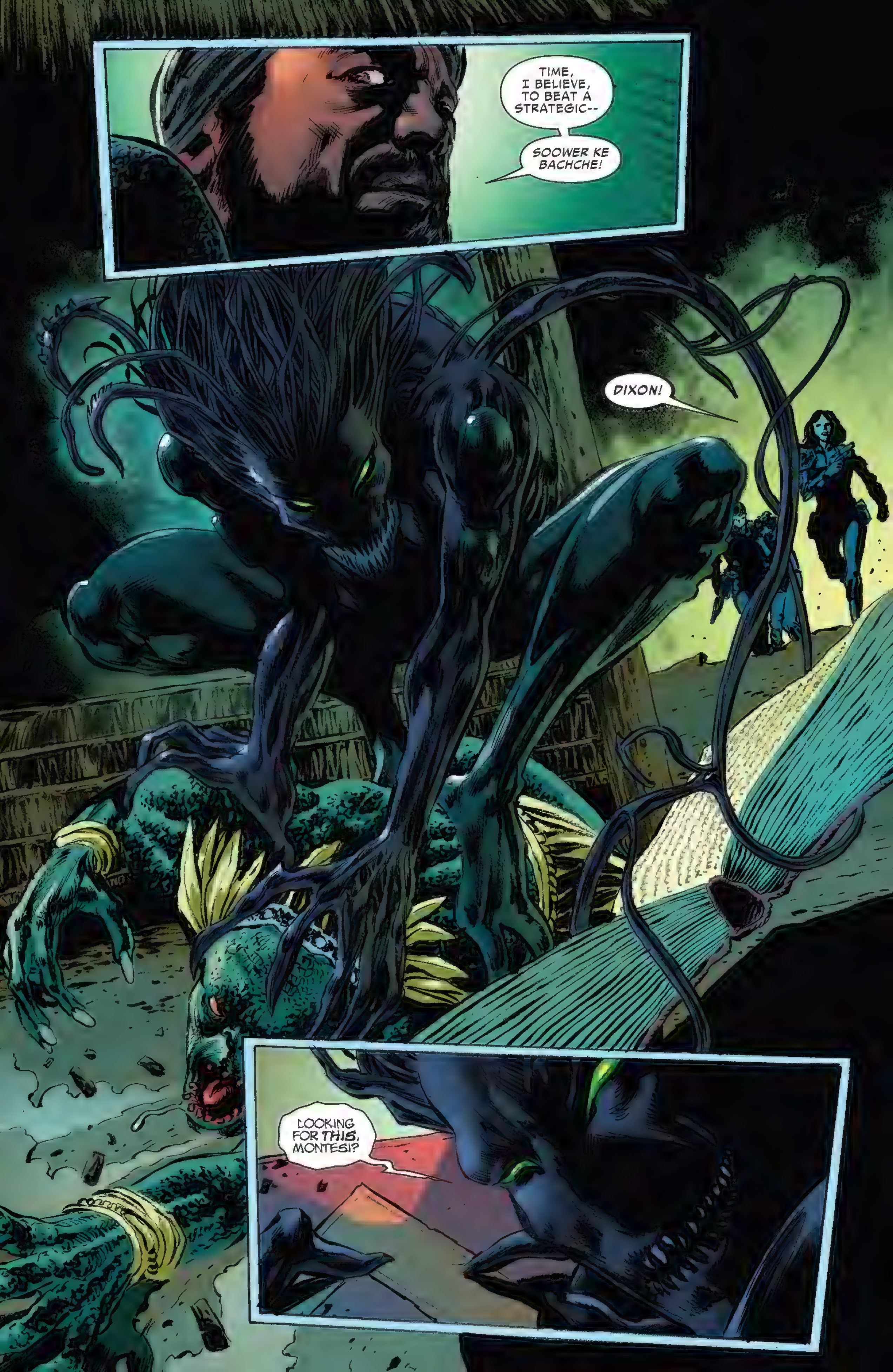

YYYIIIEEEEEE
IIIEEEEE
NO.
HELL WITH YOUR BOOK, MONTESI.
THE KID NEEDS HELP-- SO CARNAGE NEEDS HELP.
EITHER YOU HELP HER, AND HIM, OR I WILL.
ALL RIGHT.
SAME BASIC PLAN AS BEFORE.
SINGH, COLONEL JAMESON-- CIRCLE TO THE HUT WITH THE DARKHOLD, BUT ONCE YOU GET THERE, CREATE A DISTRACTION.
THAT WILL DIVIDE THE VILLAGERS--
--ALLOWING YOU AN OPPORTUNITY AS TOXIN TO FREE CARNAGE, IF THAT'S REALLY WHAT YOU WANT TO DO.
IF IT HELPS THE KID--YEAH.
AS YOU WISH.
DADDY, DON'T!

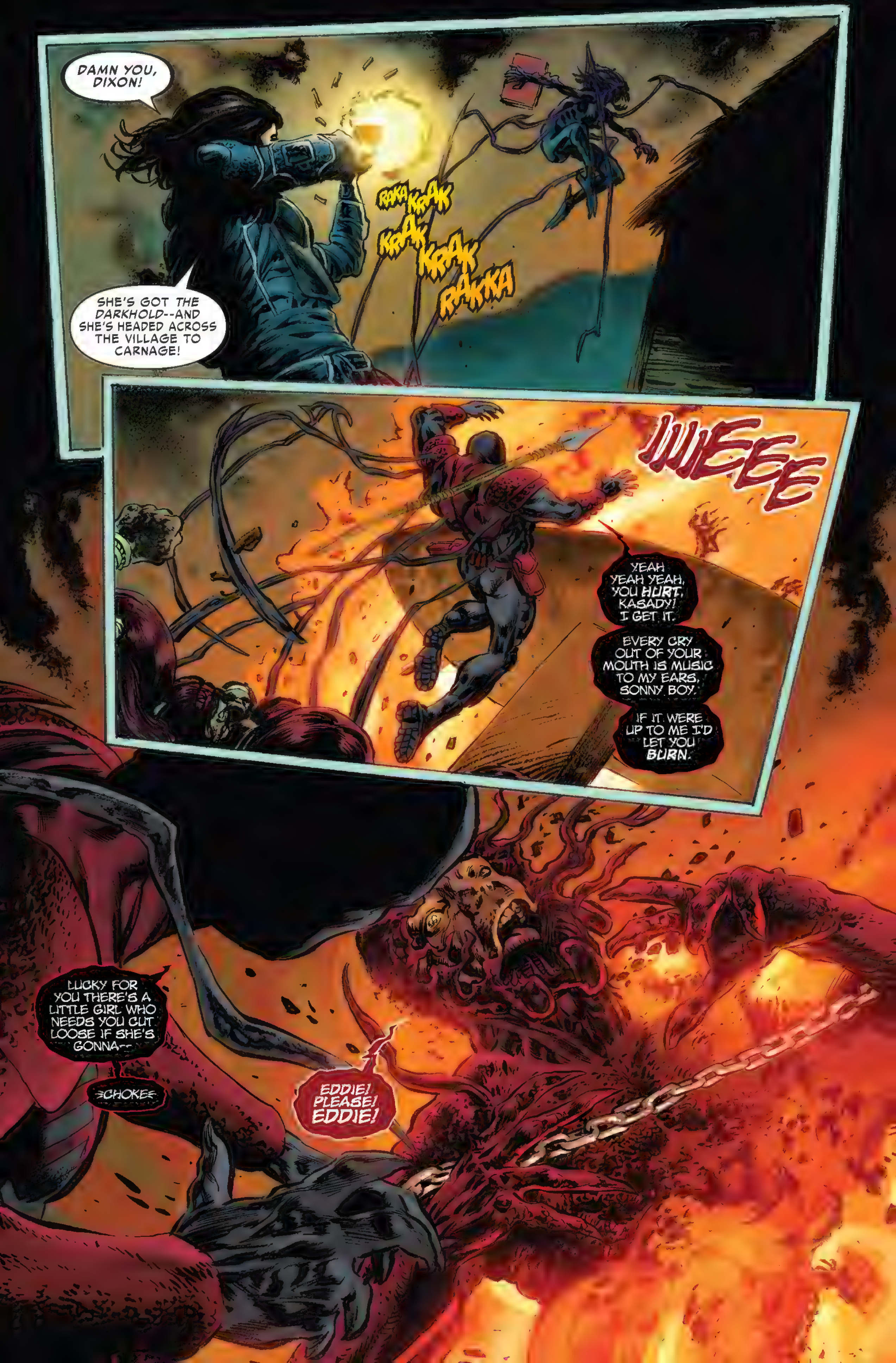

DON'T!
DON'T YOU "DON'T" ME, BOY!
I'M NOT SOME WEAK SISTER LIKE YOUR MOMMA.
I AM SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR BACK TALK.
SICK--
ROSCOE!
SWACK
HUNNNHH--
SWACK
--AND TIRED--
HUUNNNHH--
--OF YOUR DISRESPECT!
ROSCOE! HONEY, PLEASE!
SWACK
STOP!
HUUUHHHHHHH...

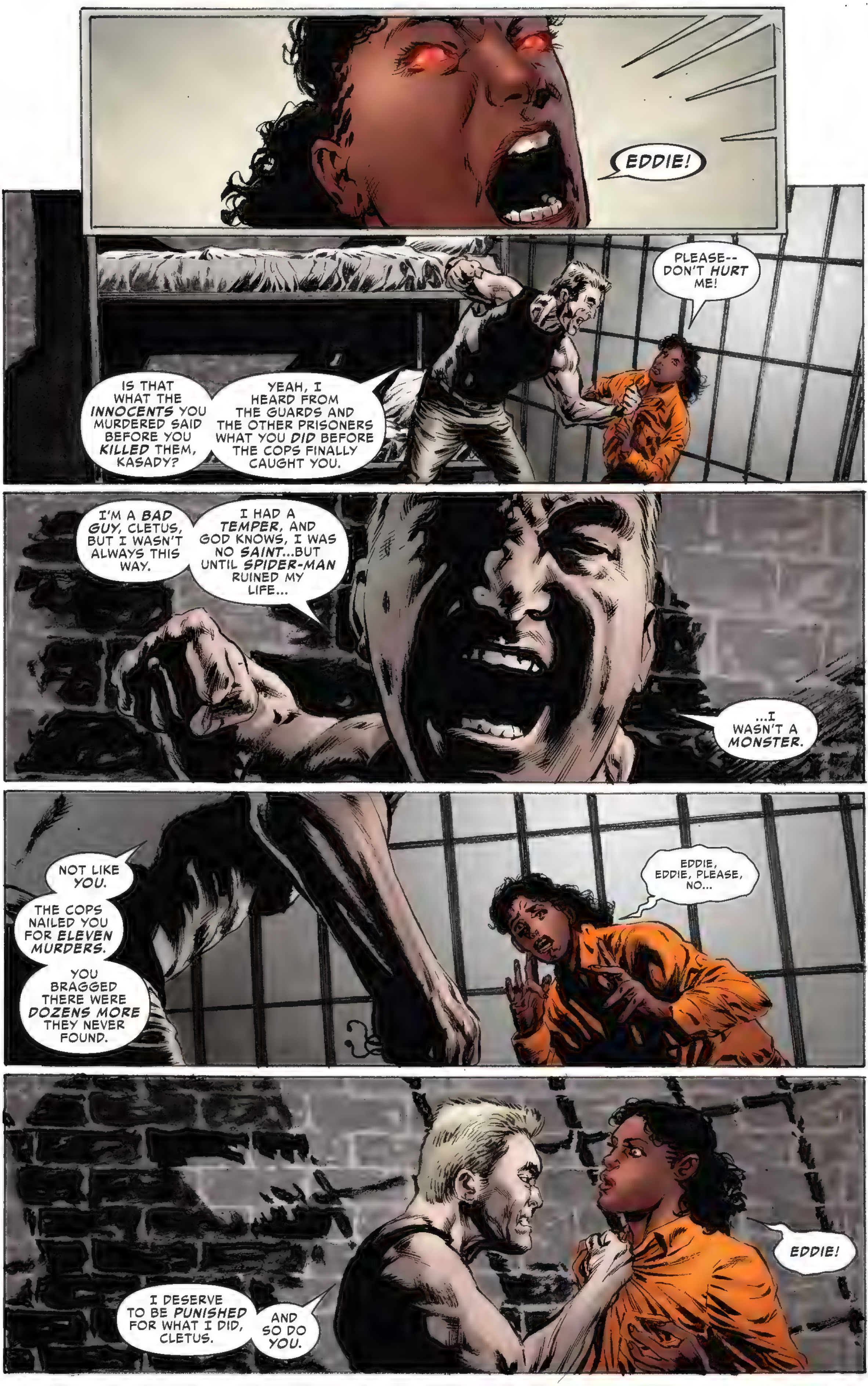

CRACK
CRUNCH
LOUISE?
SWEETHEART?
YOU OKAY?
SHE'S DEAD.
DON'T SAY THAT.
SHE IS.
SHE'S DEAD.
YOU KILLED HER.
DON'T SAY THAT!

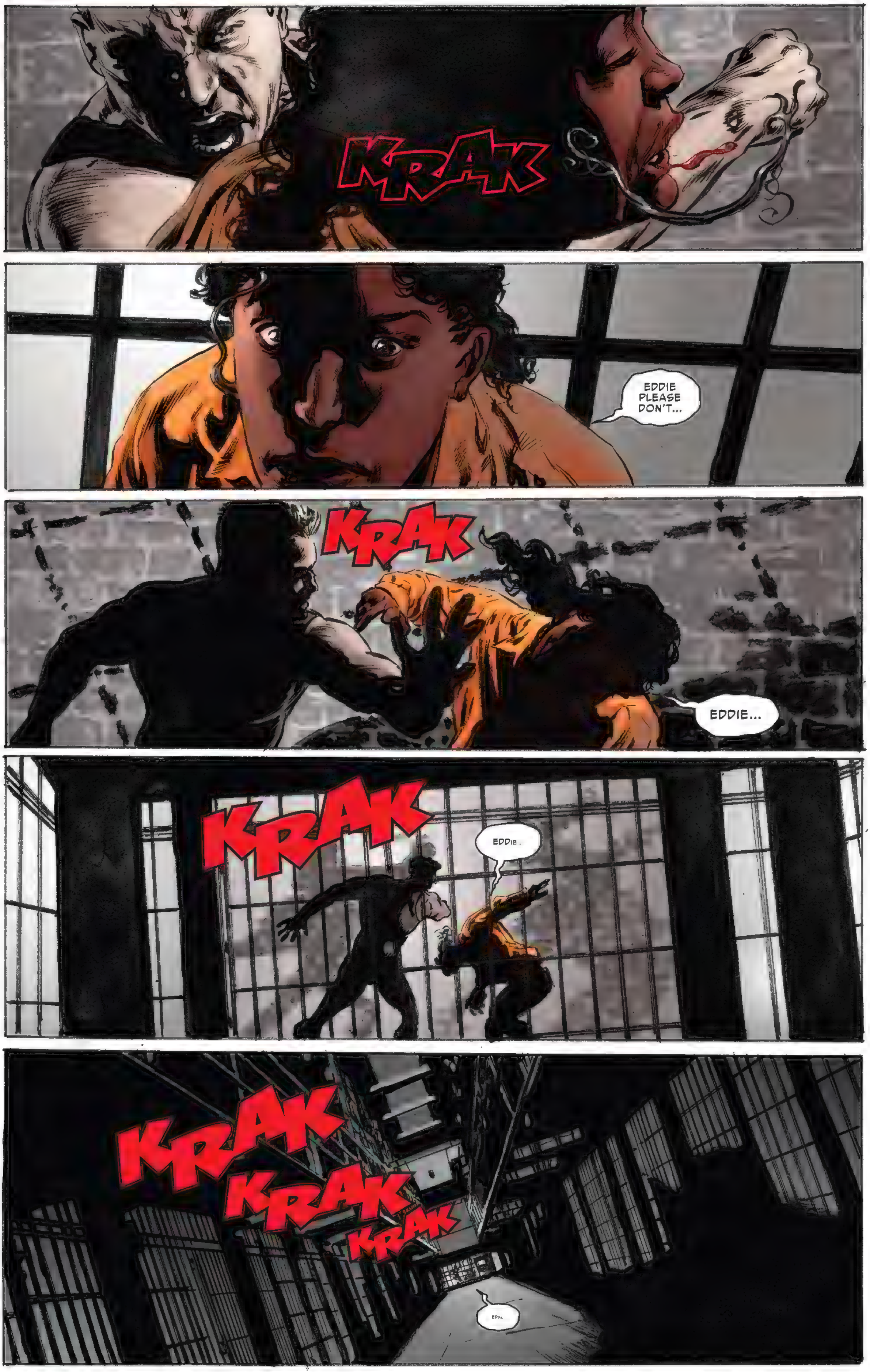

NO NO NO, DADDY, NO--
--NO--
NNNOOAAGHH
BROCK'S RIGHT, VICTORIA.
WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE DOING TO KASADY, IT'S KILLING HER!
WE HAVE TO STOP IT!
WE WILL.
YUVRAJ AND JOHN ARE ABOUT TO DO THEIR PART.
MANUELA, YOU AND I WILL RETRIEVE THE BOOK.
MR. BROCK--
--JUBULILE'S FATE, AND THAT OF CLETUS KASADY, IS IN YOUR HANDS.
IRONIC, RIGHT?

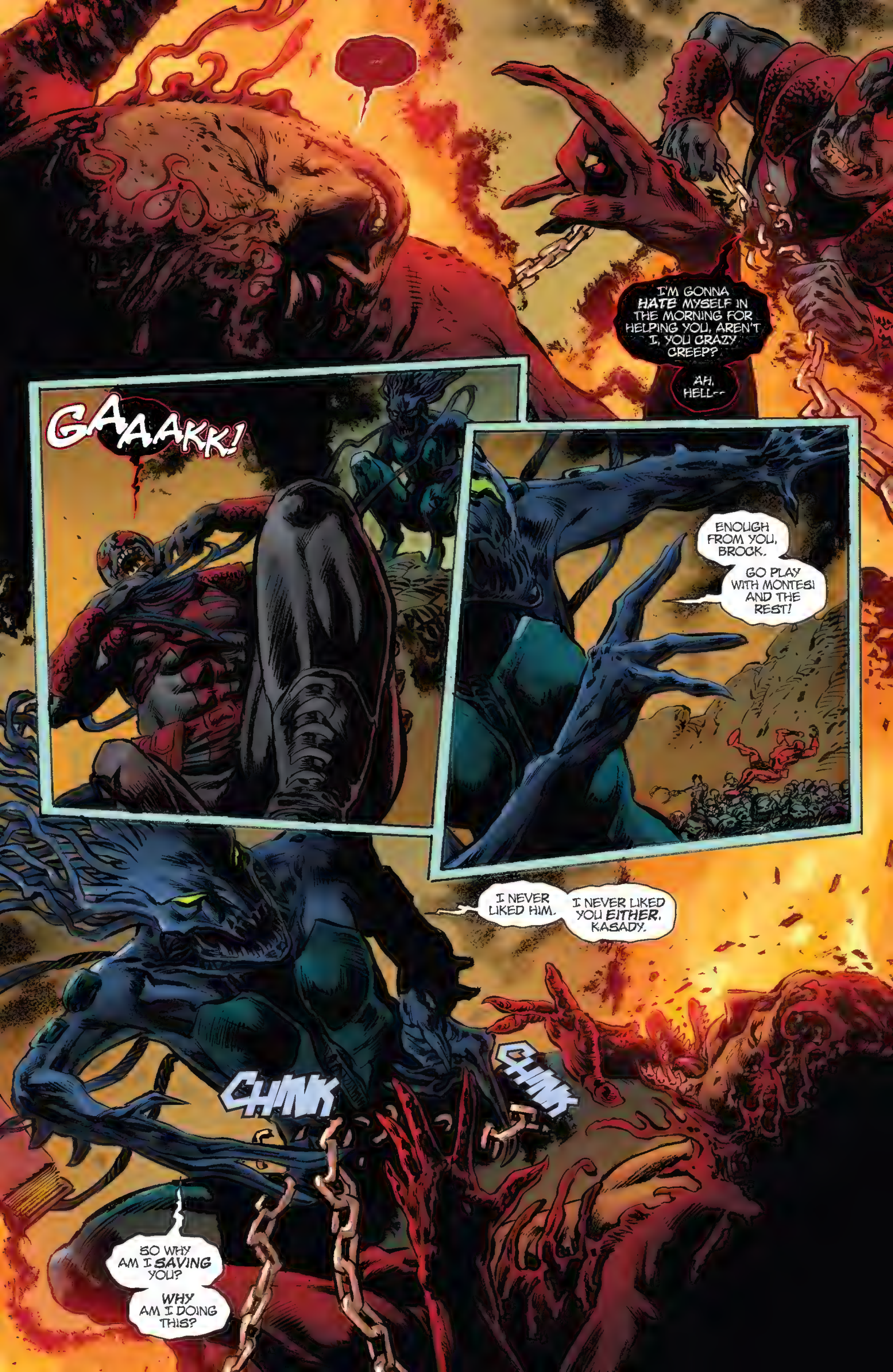

THE *ONE* GUY IN THE WORLD I'D REALLY LIKE TO CHAINSAW INTO BITE-SIZE PIECES--
--IS THE *ONE* GUY I GOTTA KEEP FROM GETTING KILLED.
GOTTA HAND IT TO THE *MAN UPSTAIRS*--
--HE DOES LOVE A *JOKE*.
SKRIPP
SNAP
SLASH
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK?
RAWWWRRR
WE HAVE ACHIEVED OUR *PURPOSE*, JOHN.
BETWEEN OUR EXERTIONS AND THOSE OF *TOXIN* ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE, THE PATH APPEARS CLEAR FOR *SVAMINEE MONTESI* TO RETRIEVE *THE DARKHOLD*.
KK-KKKK-KKEEE!

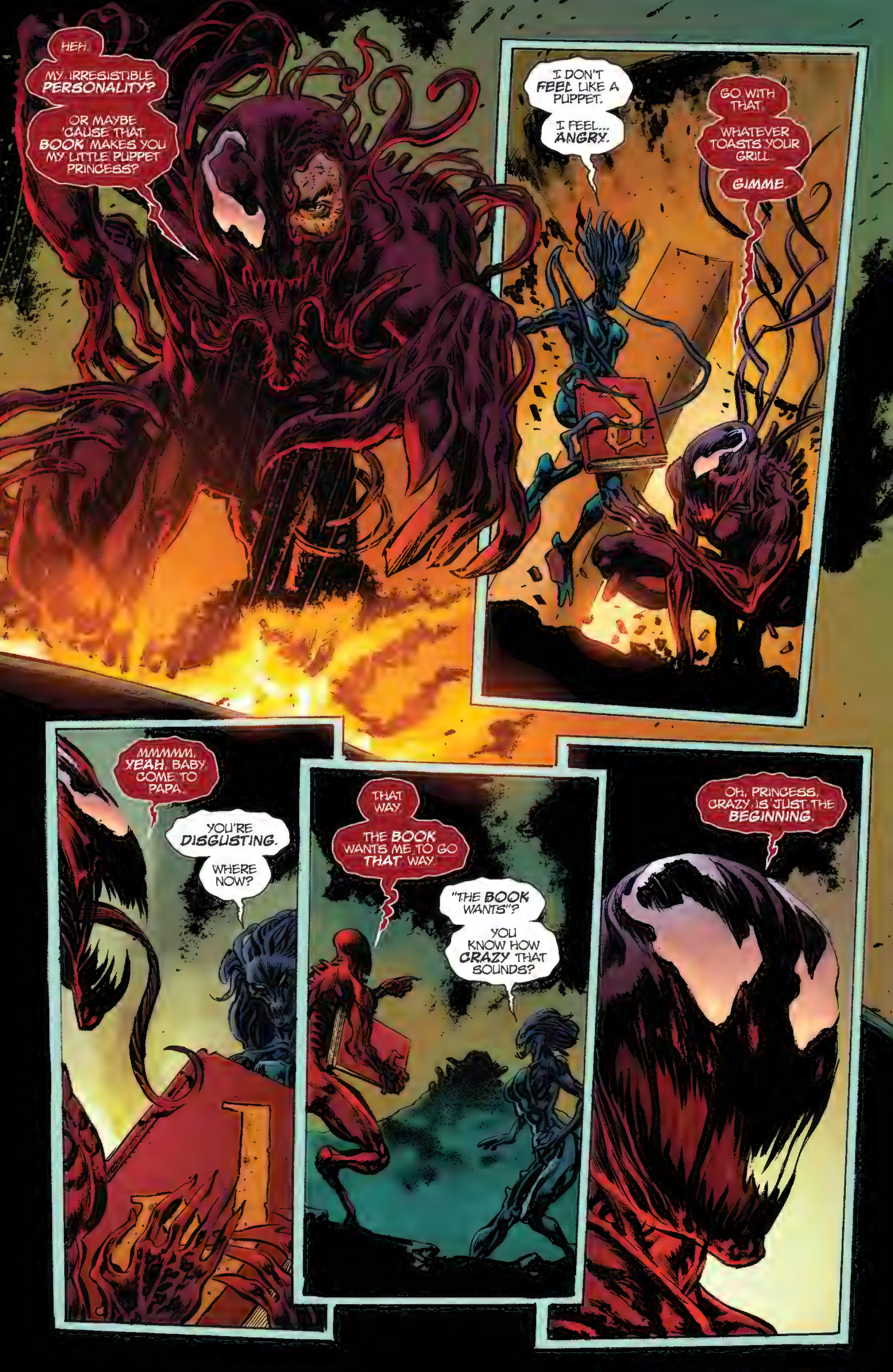

TIME, I BELIEVE, TO BEAT A STRATEGIC--
SOOWER KE BACHCHE!
DIXON!
LOOKING FOR *THIS*, MONTESI?

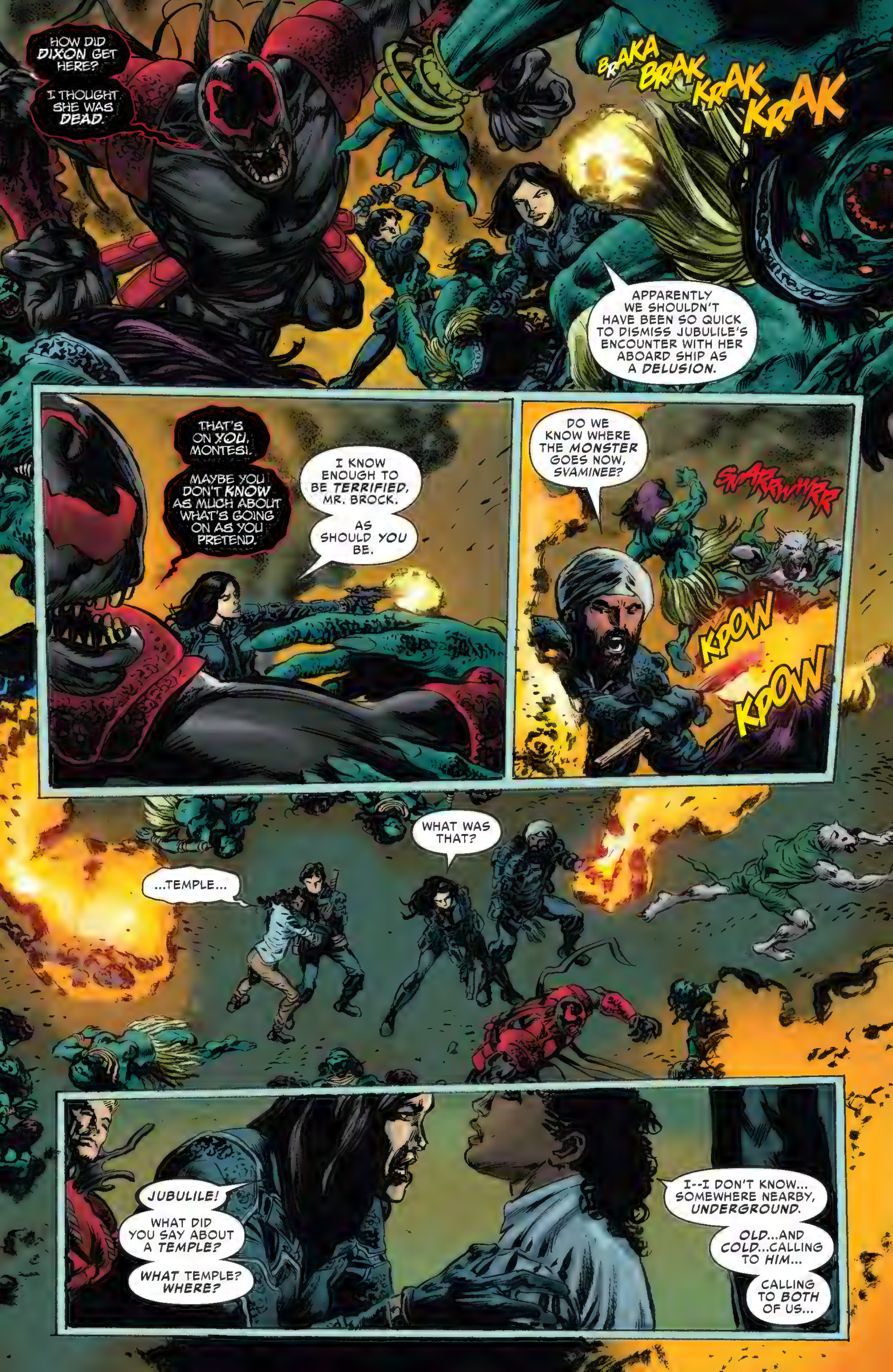

DAMN YOU, DIXON!
RAKA KRAK KRAK KRAK RAKKA
SHE'S GOT THE DARKHOLD--AND SHE'S HEADED ACROSS THE VILLAGE TO CARNAGE!
IIIEEEE
YEAH YEAH YEAH, YOU **HURT**, KASADY! I GET IT.
EVERY CRY OUT OF YOUR MOUTH IS MUSIC TO MY EARS, SONNY BOY.
IF IT WERE UP TO ME I'D LET YOU **BURN**.
LUCKY FOR YOU THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL WHO NEEDS YOU CUT LOOSE IF SHE'S GONNA--
CHOKE
EDDIE! PLEASE! EDDIE!

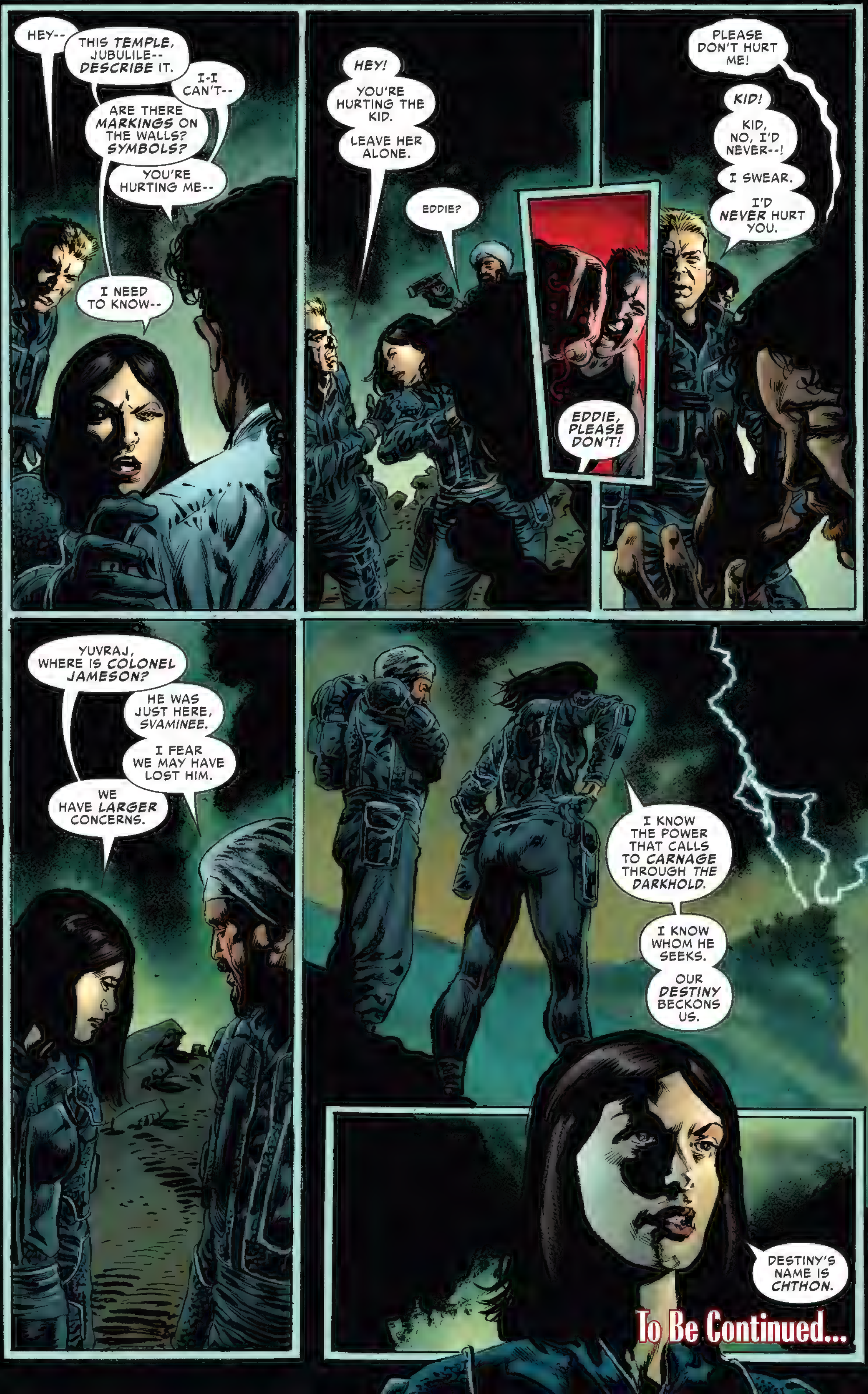

EDDIE!
PLEASE-- DON'T HURT ME!
IS THAT WHAT THE INNOCENTS YOU MURDERED SAID BEFORE YOU KILLED THEM, KASADY?
YEAH, I HEARD FROM THE GUARDS AND THE OTHER PRISONERS WHAT YOU DID BEFORE THE COPS FINALLY CAUGHT YOU.
I'M A BAD GUY, CLETUS, BUT I WASN'T ALWAYS THIS WAY.
I HAD A TEMPER, AND GOD KNOWS, I WAS NO SAINT...BUT UNTIL SPIDER-MAN RUINED MY LIFE...
...I WASN'T A MONSTER.
NOT LIKE YOU.
THE COPS NAILED YOU FOR ELEVEN MURDERS.
YOU BRAGGED THERE WERE DOZENS MORE THEY NEVER FOUND.
EDDIE, EDDIE, PLEASE, NO...
EDDIE!
I DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED FOR WHAT I DID, CLETUS.
AND SO DO YOU.


KRAK
EDDIE PLEASE DON'T...
KRAK
EDDIE...
KRAK
EDDIE.
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
EDDI.


I'M GONNA HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING FOR HELPING YOU, AREN'T I, YOU CRAZY CREEP?
AH, HELL--
GAAAKK!
ENOUGH FROM YOU, BROCK.
GO PLAY WITH MONTESI AND THE REST!
I NEVER LIKED HIM.
I NEVER LIKED YOU EITHER, KASADY.
CHINK
CHINK
SO WHY AM I SAVING YOU?
WHY AM I DOING THIS?


HEH.
MY IRRESISTIBLE PERSONALITY?
OR MAYBE 'CAUSE THAT BOOK MAKES YOU MY LITTLE PUPPET PRINCESS?
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A PUPPET.
I FEEL... ANGRY.
GO WITH THAT.
WHATEVER TOASTS YOUR GRILL.
GIMME.
MMMMM, YEAH, BABY. COME TO PAPA.
YOU'RE DISGUSTING.
WHERE NOW?
THAT WAY.
THE BOOK WANTS ME TO GO THAT WAY.
"THE BOOK WANTS"?
YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT SOUNDS?
OH, PRINCESS, CRAZY IS JUST THE BEGINNING.


HOW DID DIXON GET HERE?
I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD.
BRAKA BRAK KRAK KRAK
APPARENTLY WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO QUICK TO DISMISS JUBULILE'S ENCOUNTER WITH HER ABOARD SHIP AS A DELUSION.
THAT'S ON YOU, MONTESI.
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON AS YOU PRETEND.
I KNOW ENOUGH TO BE TERRIFIED, MR. BROCK.
AS SHOULD YOU BE.
DO WE KNOW WHERE THE MONSTER GOES NOW, SVAMINEE?
SKARRWHRR
KPOW
KPOW
WHAT WAS THAT?
...TEMPLE...
JUBULILE!
WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT A TEMPLE?
WHAT TEMPLE? WHERE?
I--I DON'T KNOW... SOMEWHERE NEARBY, UNDERGROUND.
OLD...AND COLD...CALLING TO HIM...
CALLING TO BOTH OF US...


HEY--
THIS TEMPLE, JUBULILE-- DESCRIBE IT.
I-I CAN'T--
ARE THERE MARKINGS ON THE WALLS? SYMBOLS?
YOU'RE HURTING ME--
I NEED TO KNOW--
HEY!
YOU'RE HURTING THE KID.
LEAVE HER ALONE.
EDDIE?
EDDIE, PLEASE DON'T!
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!
KID!
KID, NO, I'D NEVER--!
I SWEAR.
I'D NEVER HURT YOU.
YUVRAJ, WHERE IS COLONEL JAMESON?
HE WAS JUST HERE, SVAMINEE.
I FEAR WE MAY HAVE LOST HIM.
WE HAVE LARGER CONCERNS.
I KNOW THE POWER THAT CALLS TO CARNAGE THROUGH THE DARKHOLD.
I KNOW WHOM HE SEEKS.
OUR DESTINY BECKONS US.
DESTINY'S NAME IS CHTHON.
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

CARNAGE
MARVEL

DON'T MISS **CARNAGE #13**

CARNAGE
013
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY
MARVEL

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE HAS PURSUED KASADY TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND WITH AN ALTAR WHICH CAN UNLEASH THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*. FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS OF JUBULILE, WHO IS PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO KASADY, THE GROUP VENTURES INTO THE JUNGLE—PURSUED BY THEIR FORMER LEADER, CLAIRE DIXON, WHO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE, RAZE. NOW, RAZE HAS RESCUED KASADY FROM THE DANGEROUS INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND AND THE UNLIKELY PAIR ARE FLEEING TOGETHER...

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART THREE

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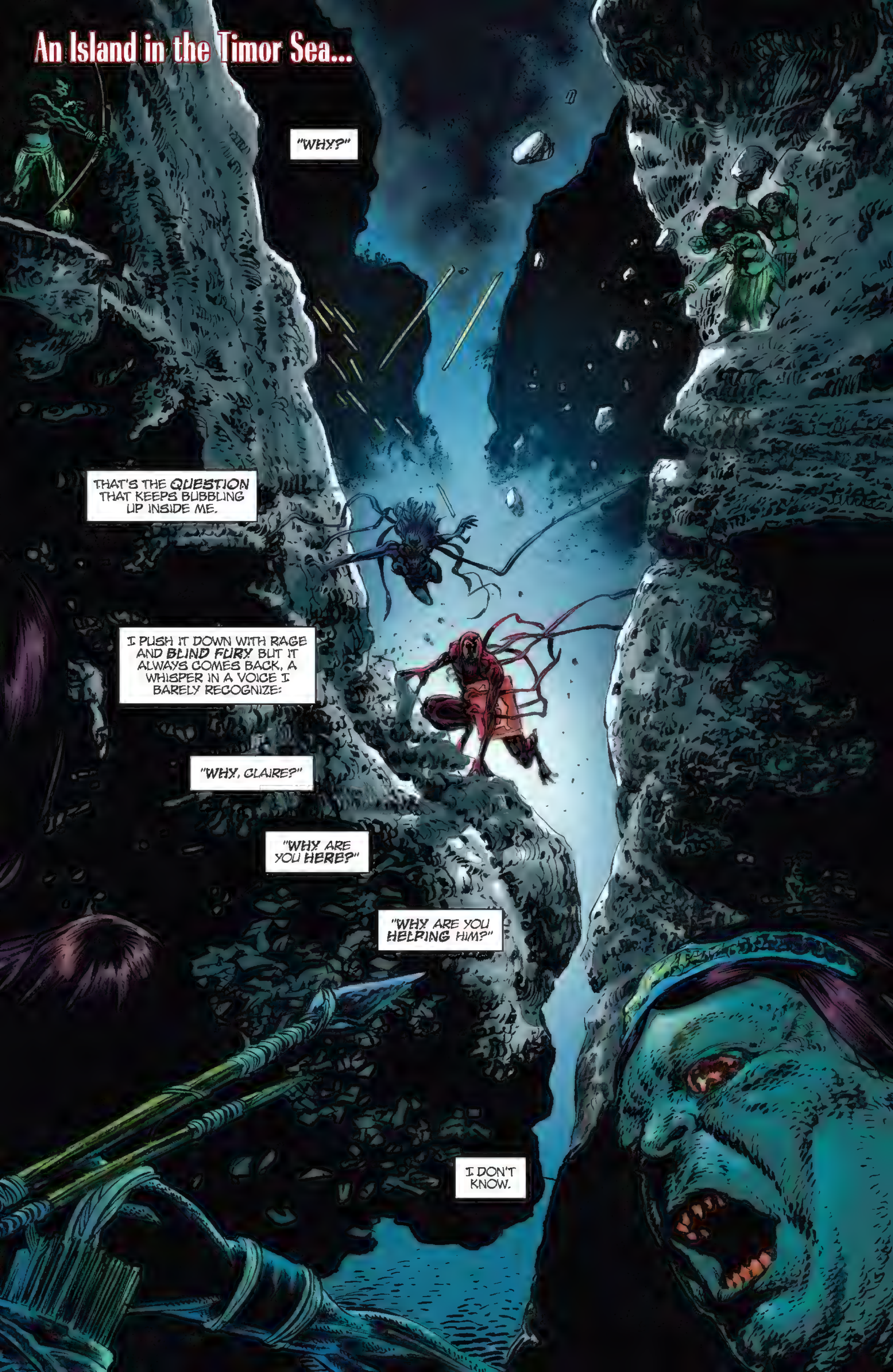
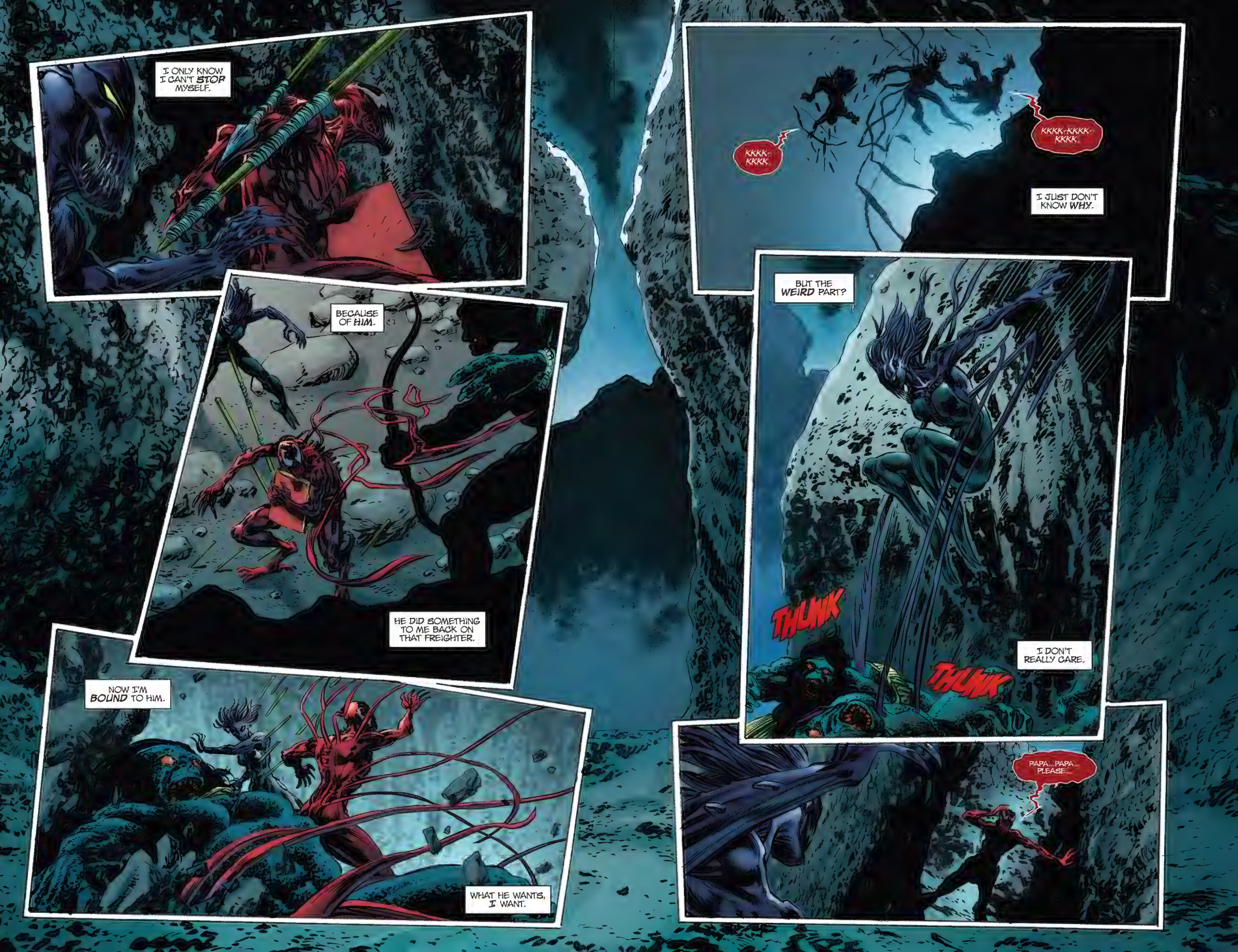
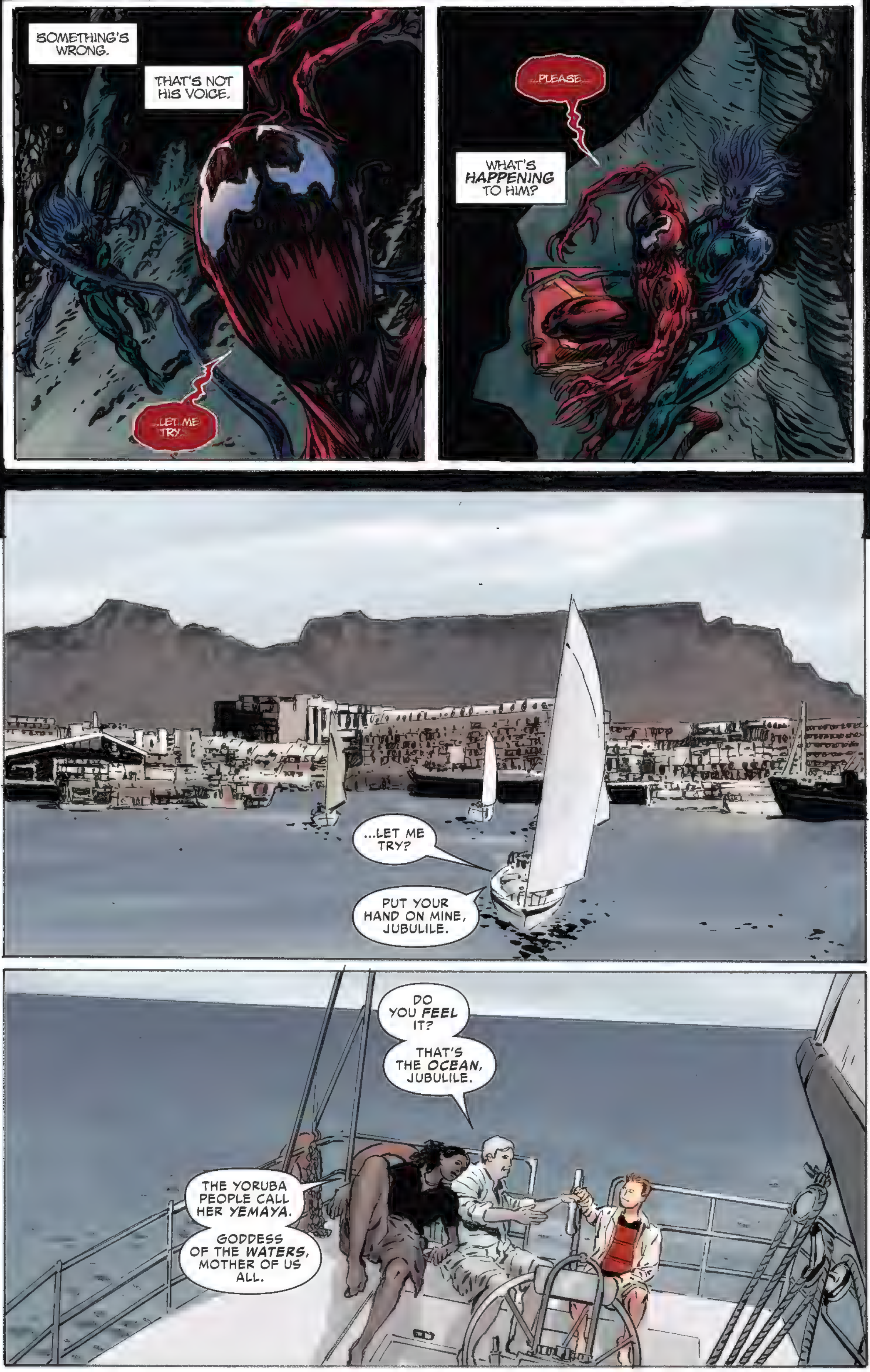
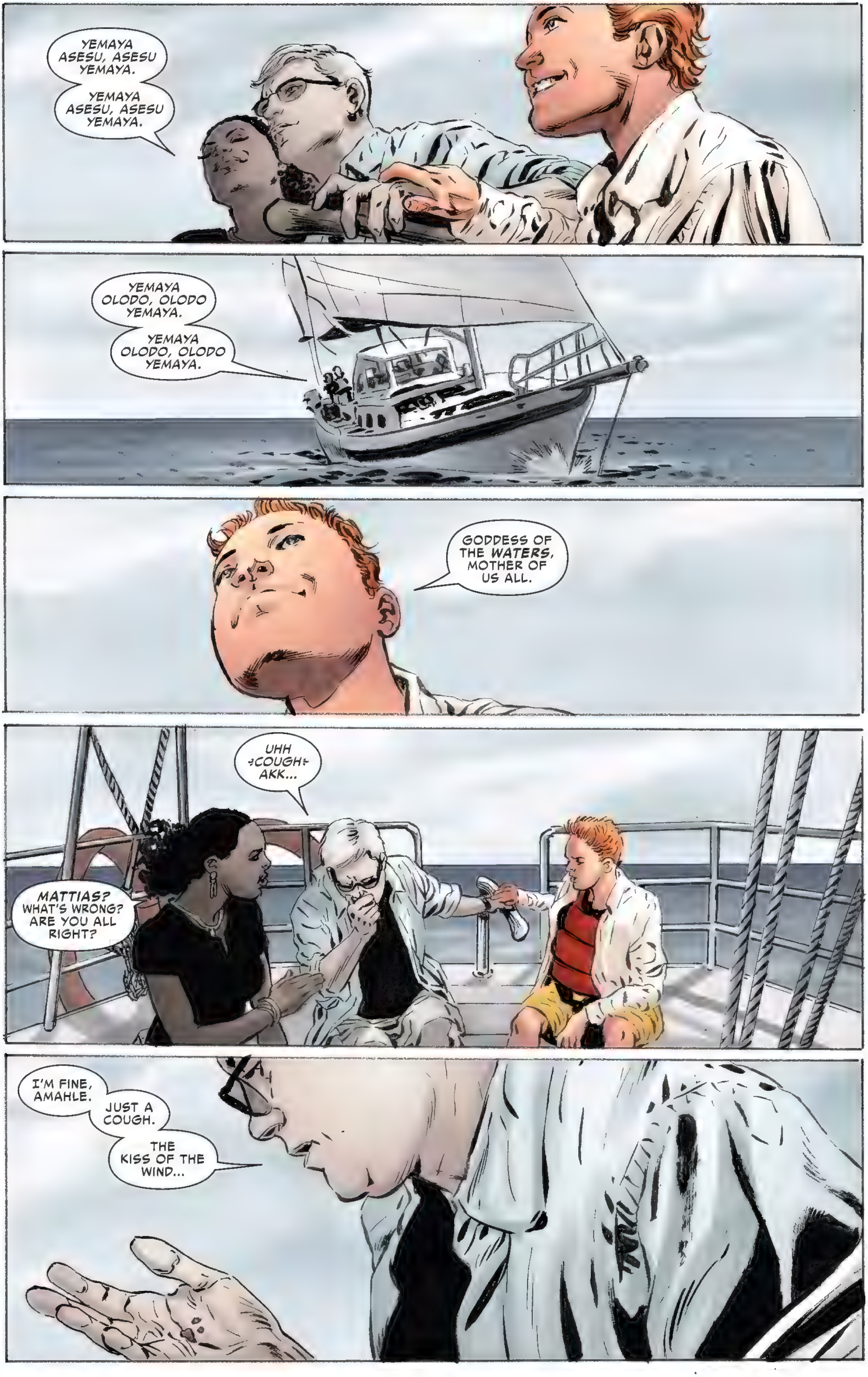
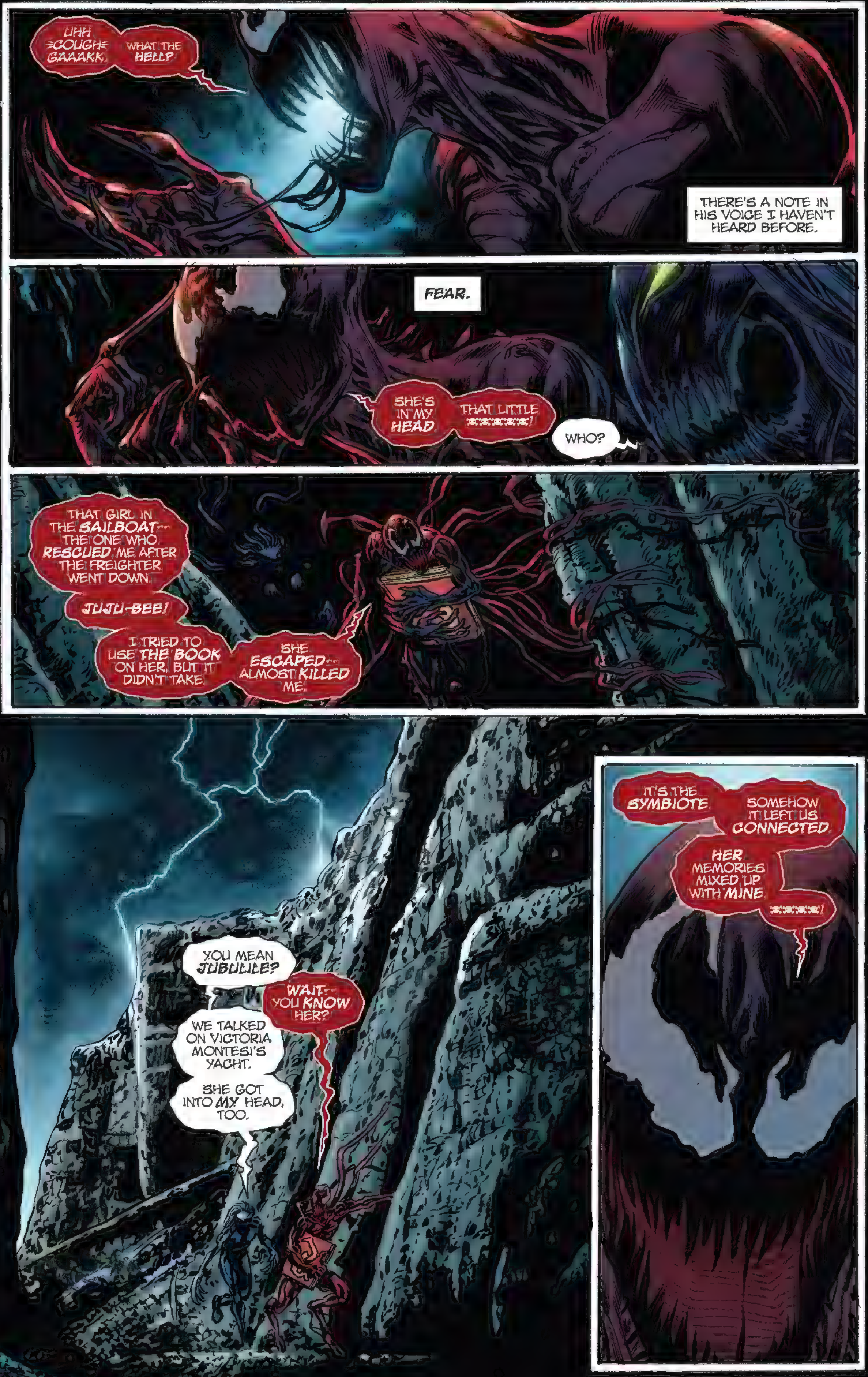
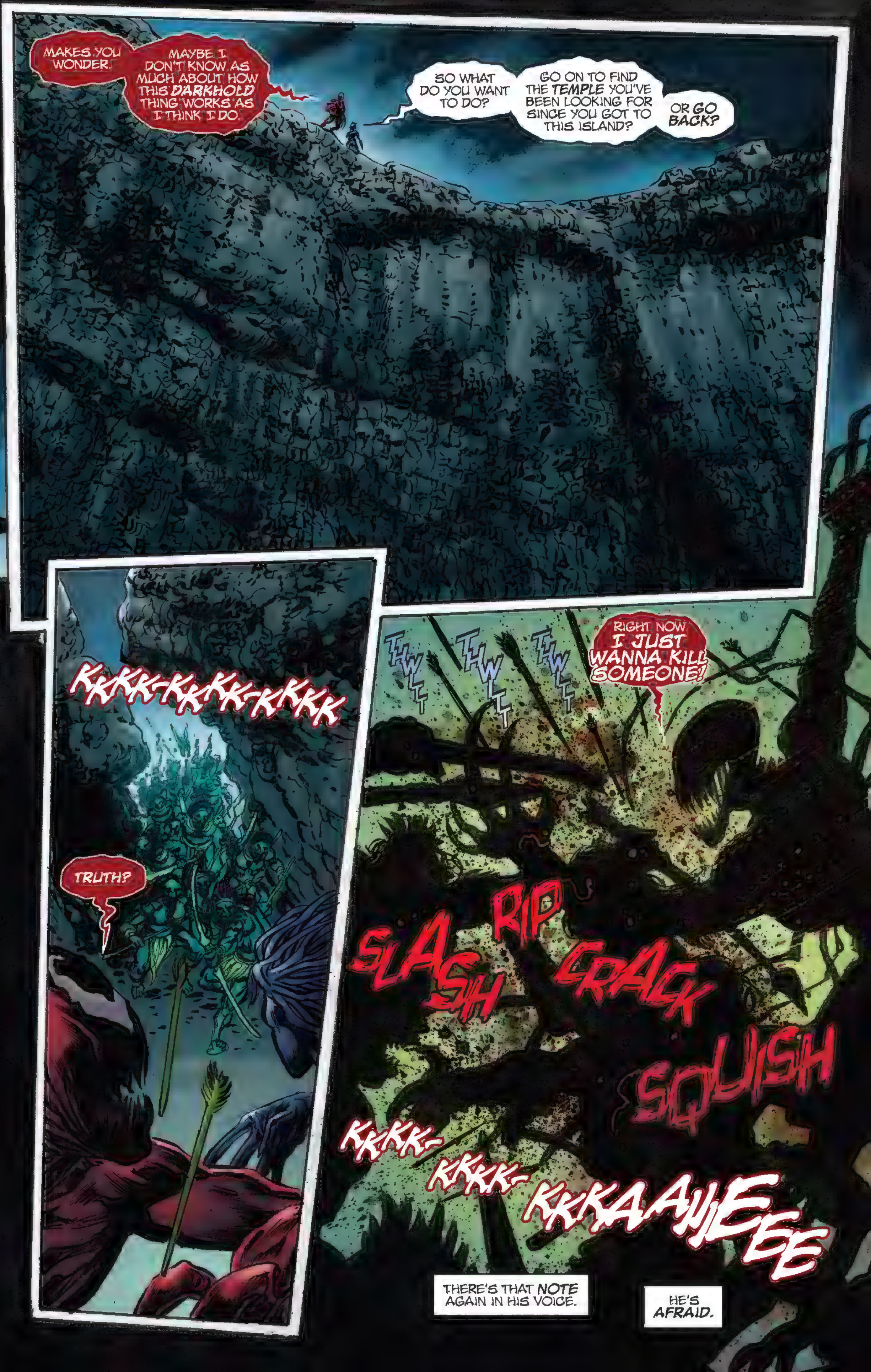

An Island in the Timor Sea...
"WHY?"
THAT'S THE QUESTION THAT KEEPS BUBBLING UP INSIDE ME.
I PUSH IT DOWN WITH RAGE AND BLIND FURY BUT IT ALWAYS COMES BACK, A WHISPER IN A VOICE I BARELY RECOGNIZE:
"WHY, CLAIRE?"
"WHY ARE YOU HERE?"
"WHY ARE YOU HELPING HIM?"
I DON'T KNOW.

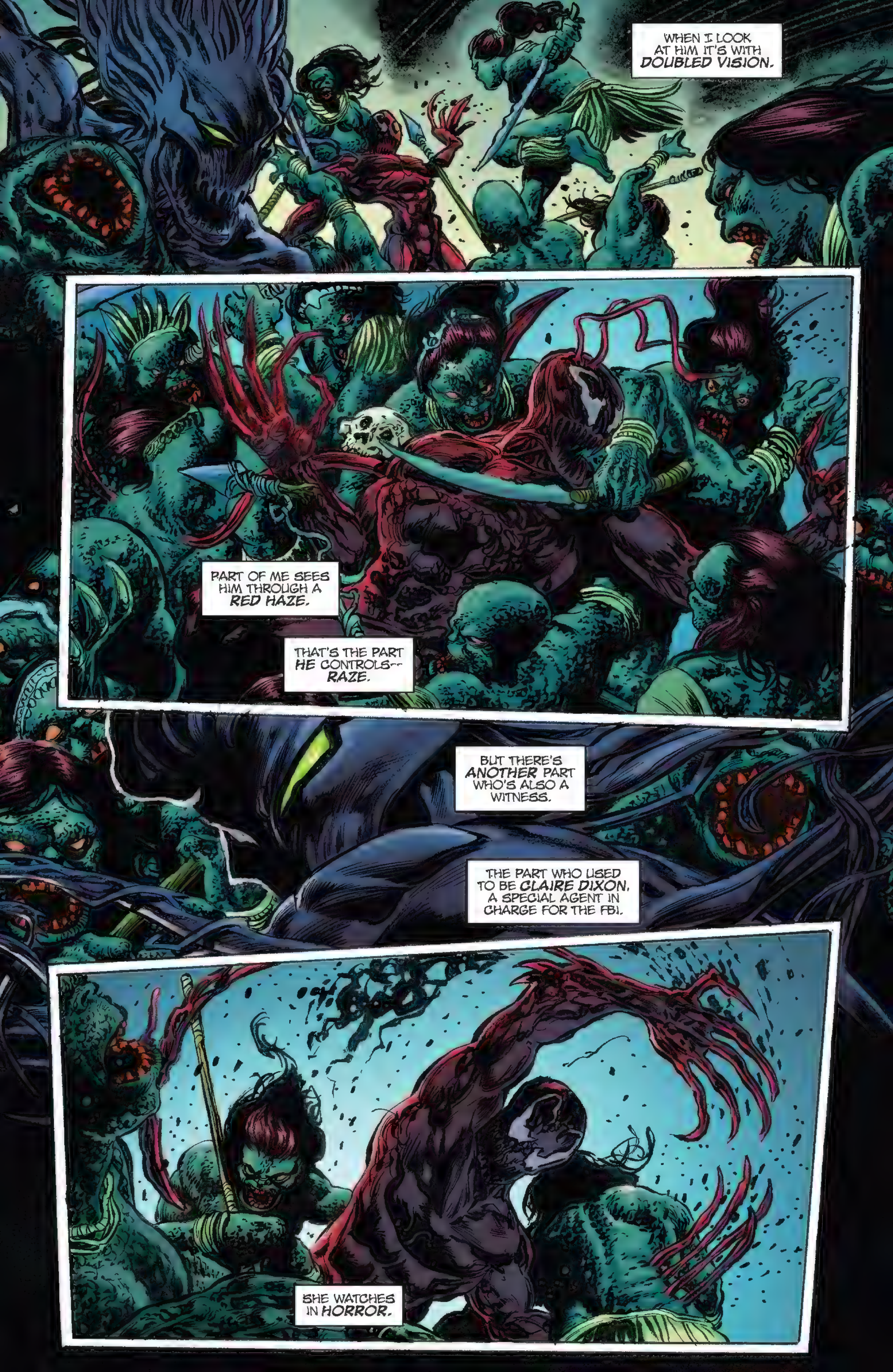

I ONLY KNOW I CAN'T STOP MYSELF.
BECAUSE OF HIM.
HE DID SOMETHING TO ME BACK ON THAT FREIGHTER.
NOW I'M BOUND TO HIM.
WHAT HE WANTS, I WANT.
KKKK-KKKK.
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK.
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY.
BUT THE WEIRD PART?
THUNK
THUNK
I DON'T REALLY CARE.
PAPA... PAPA... PLEASE...

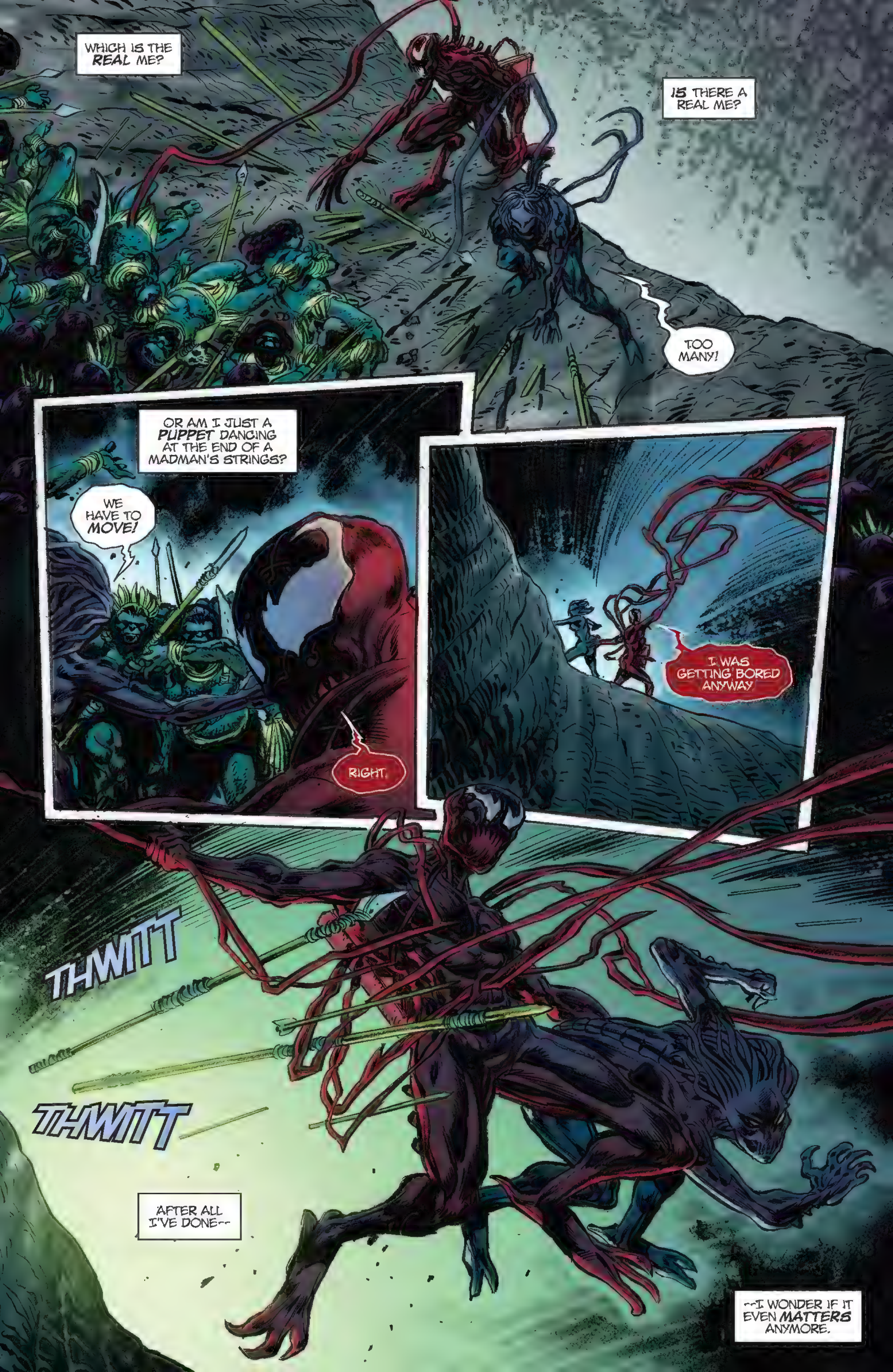

SOMETHING'S WRONG.
THAT'S NOT HIS VOICE.
...LET ME TRY...
...PLEASE...
WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO HIM?
...LET ME TRY?
PUT YOUR HAND ON MINE, JUBULILE.
DO YOU *FEEL* IT?
THAT'S THE *OCEAN*, JUBULILE.
THE YORUBA PEOPLE CALL HER *YEMAYA*.
GODDESS OF THE *WATERS*, MOTHER OF US ALL.

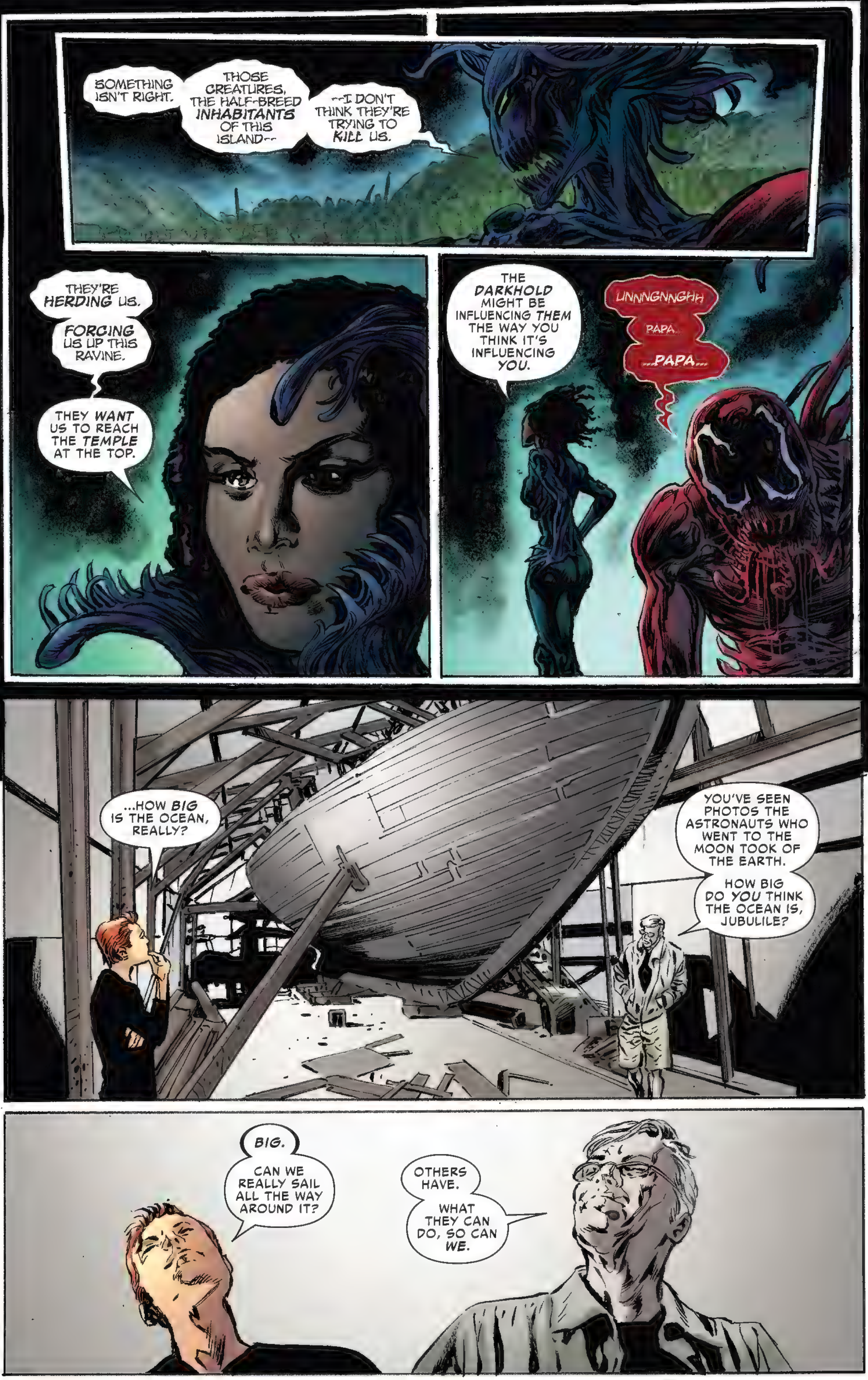

YEMAYA ASESU, ASESU YEMAYA.
YEMAYA ASESU, ASESU YEMAYA.
YEMAYA OLODO, OLODO YEMAYA.
YEMAYA OLODO, OLODO YEMAYA.
GODDESS OF THE *WATERS*, MOTHER OF US ALL.
UHH ÷COUGH÷ AKK...
MATTIAS? WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M FINE, AMAHLE.
JUST A COUGH.
THE KISS OF THE WIND...

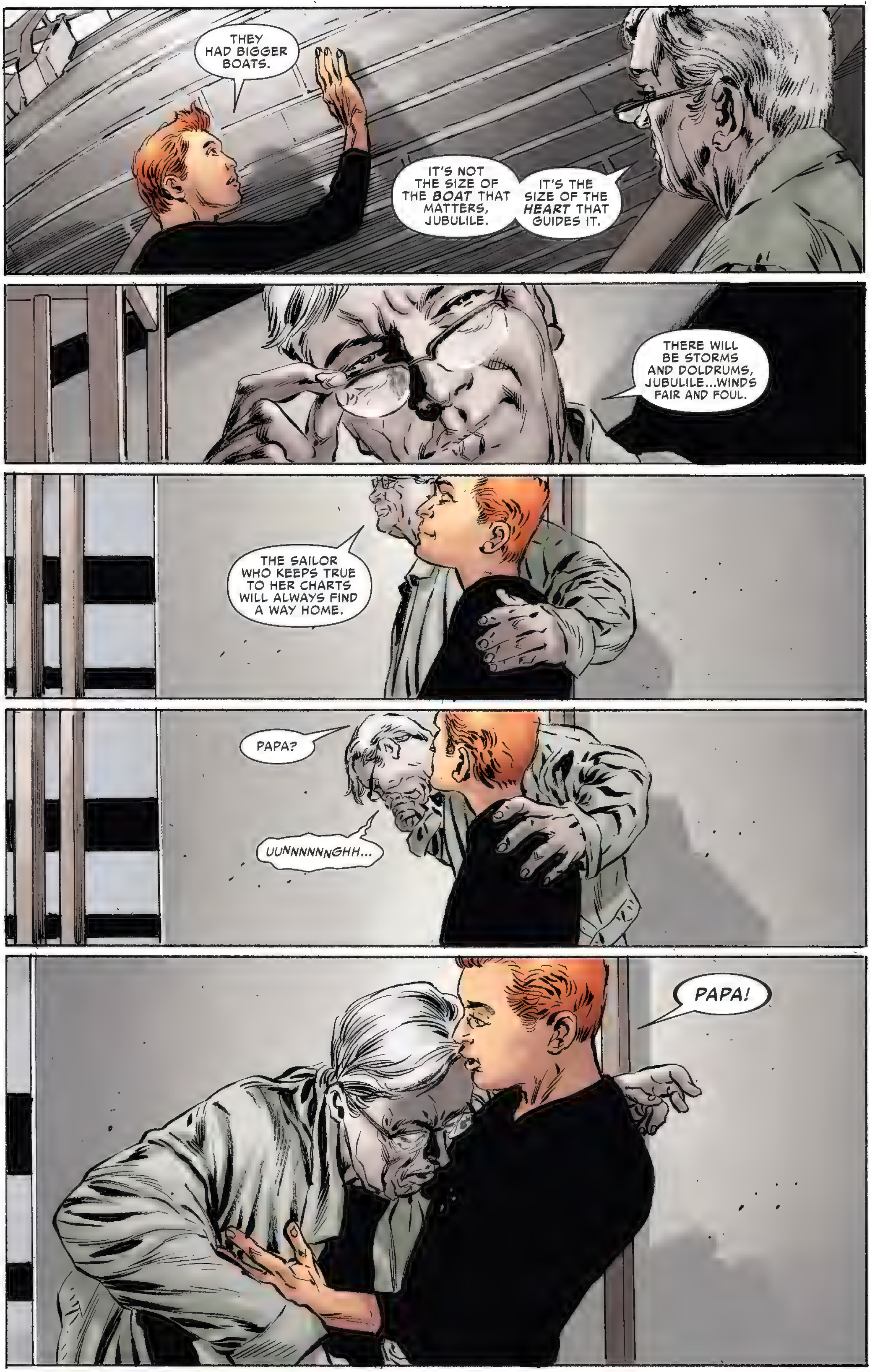

UHH =COUGH= GAAAKK.
WHAT THE HELL?
THERE'S A NOTE IN HIS VOICE I HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE.
FEAR.
SHE'S IN MY HEAD
THAT LITTLE ✱✱✱✱✱!
WHO?
THAT GIRL IN THE SAILBOAT-- THE ONE WHO RESCUED ME AFTER THE FREIGHTER WENT DOWN.
JUJU-BEE!
I TRIED TO USE THE BOOK ON HER, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE.
SHE ESCAPED-- ALMOST KILLED ME.
YOU MEAN JUBULILE?
WAIT-- YOU KNOW HER?
WE TALKED ON VICTORIA MONTESI'S YACHT.
SHE GOT INTO MY HEAD, TOO.
IT'S THE SYMBIOTE.
SOMEHOW IT LEFT US CONNECTED.
HER MEMORIES MIXED UP WITH MINE.
✱✱✱✱!

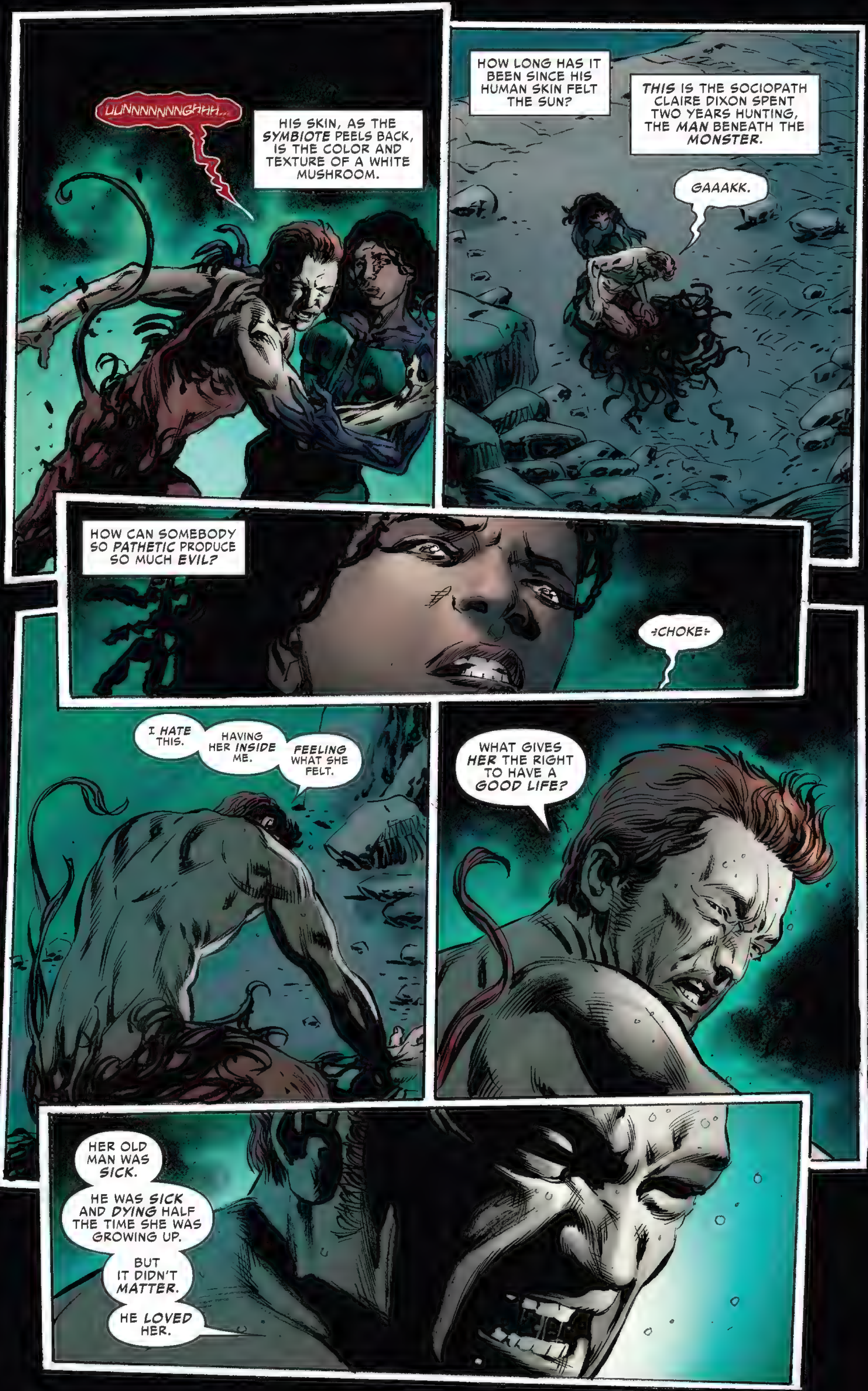

MAKES YOU WONDER.
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT HOW THIS DARKHOLD THING WORKS AS I THINK I DO.
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
GO ON TO FIND THE TEMPLE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SINCE YOU GOT TO THIS ISLAND?
OR GO BACK?
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK
TRUTH?
THWLT
THWLT
THWLT
RIGHT NOW I JUST WANNA KILL SOMEONE!
SLASH
RIP
CRACK
SQUISH
KKKK- KKKK- KKKAAAIIEEEE
THERE'S THAT NOTE AGAIN IN HIS VOICE.
HE'S AFRAID.

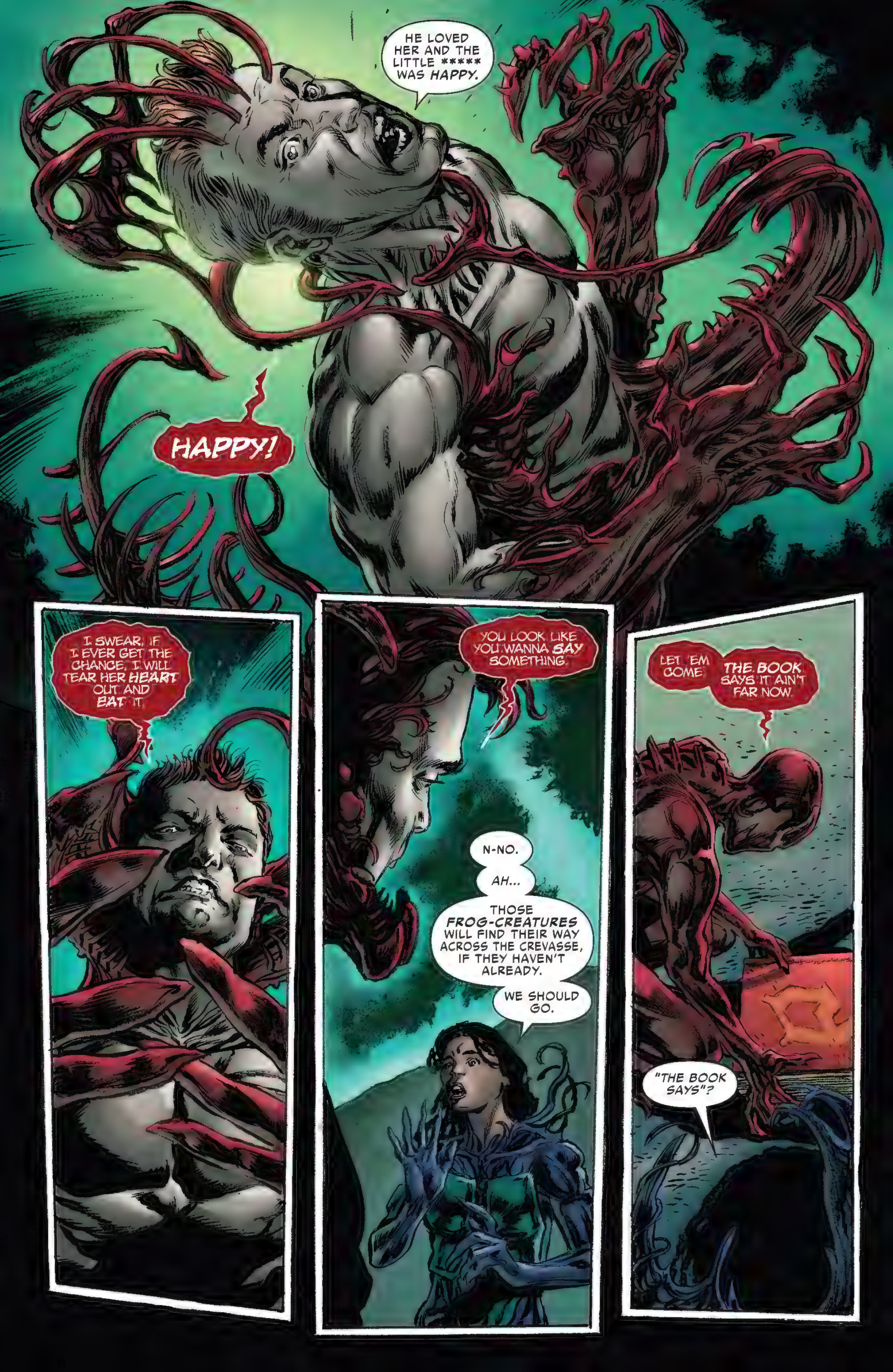

WHEN I LOOK AT HIM IT'S WITH **DOUBLED VISION.**
PART OF ME SEES HIM THROUGH A **RED HAZE.**
THAT'S THE PART **HE** CONTROLS-- **RAZE.**
BUT THERE'S **ANOTHER** PART WHO'S ALSO A WITNESS.
THE PART WHO USED TO BE **CLAIRE DIXON,** A SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE FOR THE FBI.
SHE WATCHES IN **HORROR.**

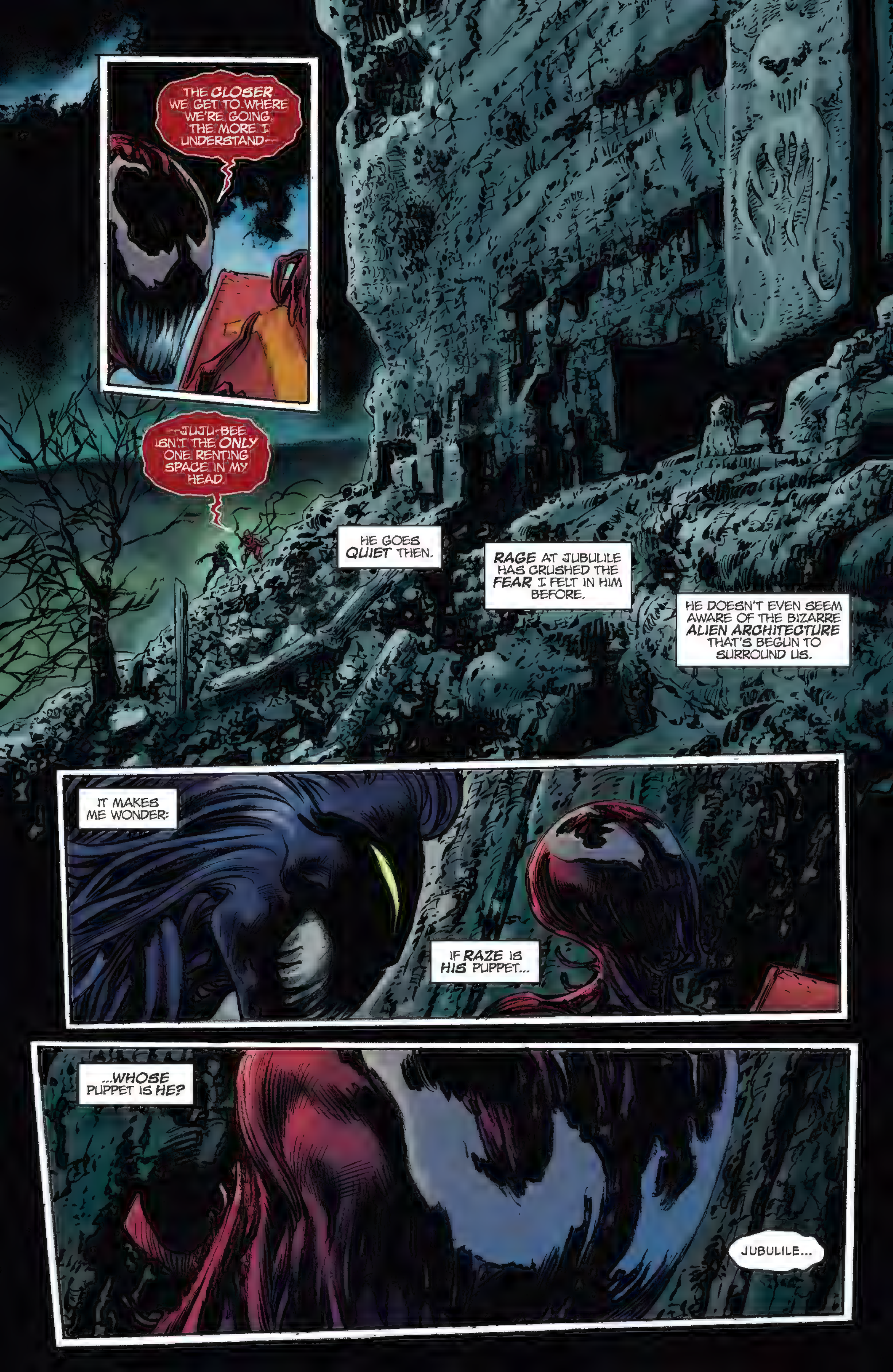

WHICH IS THE REAL ME?
IS THERE A REAL ME?
TOO MANY!
OR AM I JUST A PUPPET DANCING AT THE END OF A MADMAN'S STRINGS?
WE HAVE TO MOVE!
RIGHT.
I WAS GETTING BORED ANYWAY.
THWITT
THWITT
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE--
--I WONDER IF IT EVEN MATTERS ANYMORE.

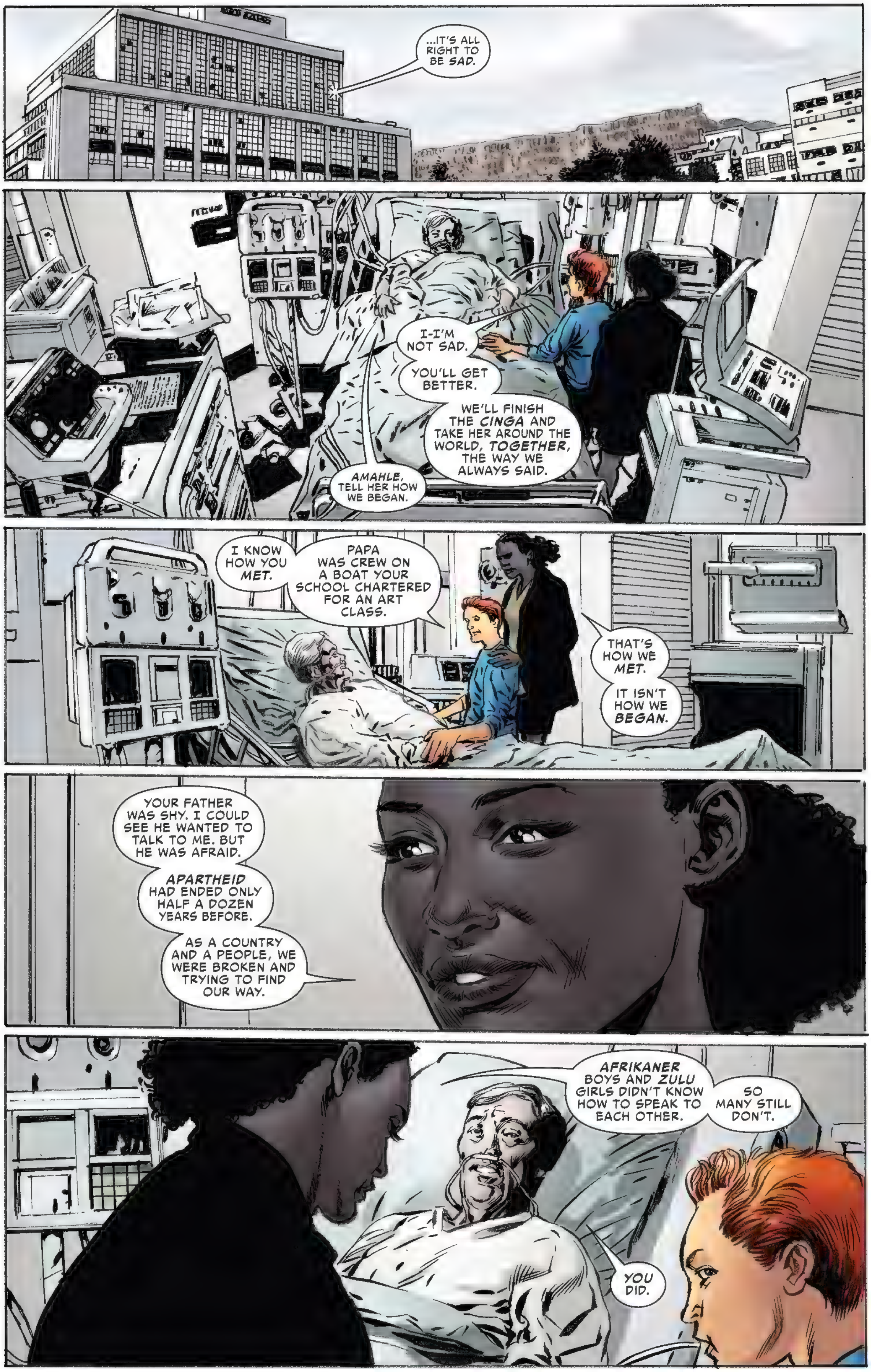

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.
THOSE CREATURES, THE HALF-BREED *INHABITANTS* OF THIS ISLAND--
--I DON'T THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO *KILL* US.
THEY'RE *HERDING* US.
FORCING US UP THIS RAVINE.
THEY *WANT* US TO REACH THE *TEMPLE* AT THE TOP.
THE *DARKHOLD* MIGHT BE INFLUENCING *THEM* THE WAY YOU THINK IT'S INFLUENCING *YOU*.
UNNNGNNGHH
PAPA.
...PAPA...
...HOW *BIG* IS THE OCEAN, REALLY?
YOU'VE SEEN PHOTOS THE ASTRONAUTS WHO WENT TO THE MOON TOOK OF THE EARTH.
HOW BIG DO *YOU* THINK THE OCEAN IS, JUBULILE?
BIG.
CAN WE REALLY SAIL ALL THE WAY AROUND IT?
OTHERS HAVE.
WHAT THEY CAN DO, SO CAN *WE*.

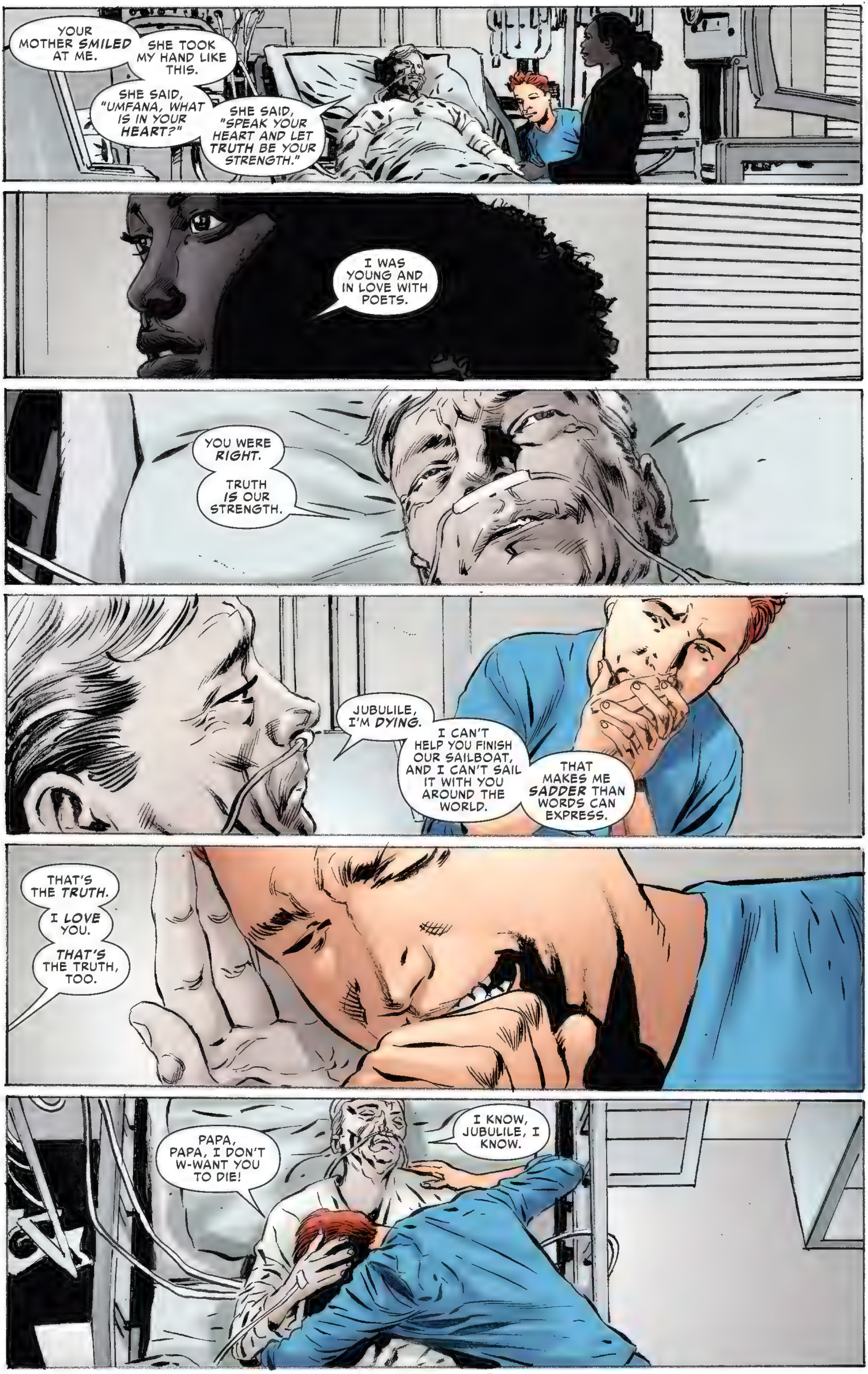

THEY HAD BIGGER BOATS.
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE *BOAT* THAT MATTERS, JUBULILE.
IT'S THE SIZE OF THE *HEART* THAT GUIDES IT.
THERE WILL BE STORMS AND DOLDRUMS, JUBULILE...WINDS FAIR AND FOUL.
THE SAILOR WHO KEEPS TRUE TO HER CHARTS WILL ALWAYS FIND A WAY HOME.
PAPA?
UUNNNNNNGHH...
PAPA!

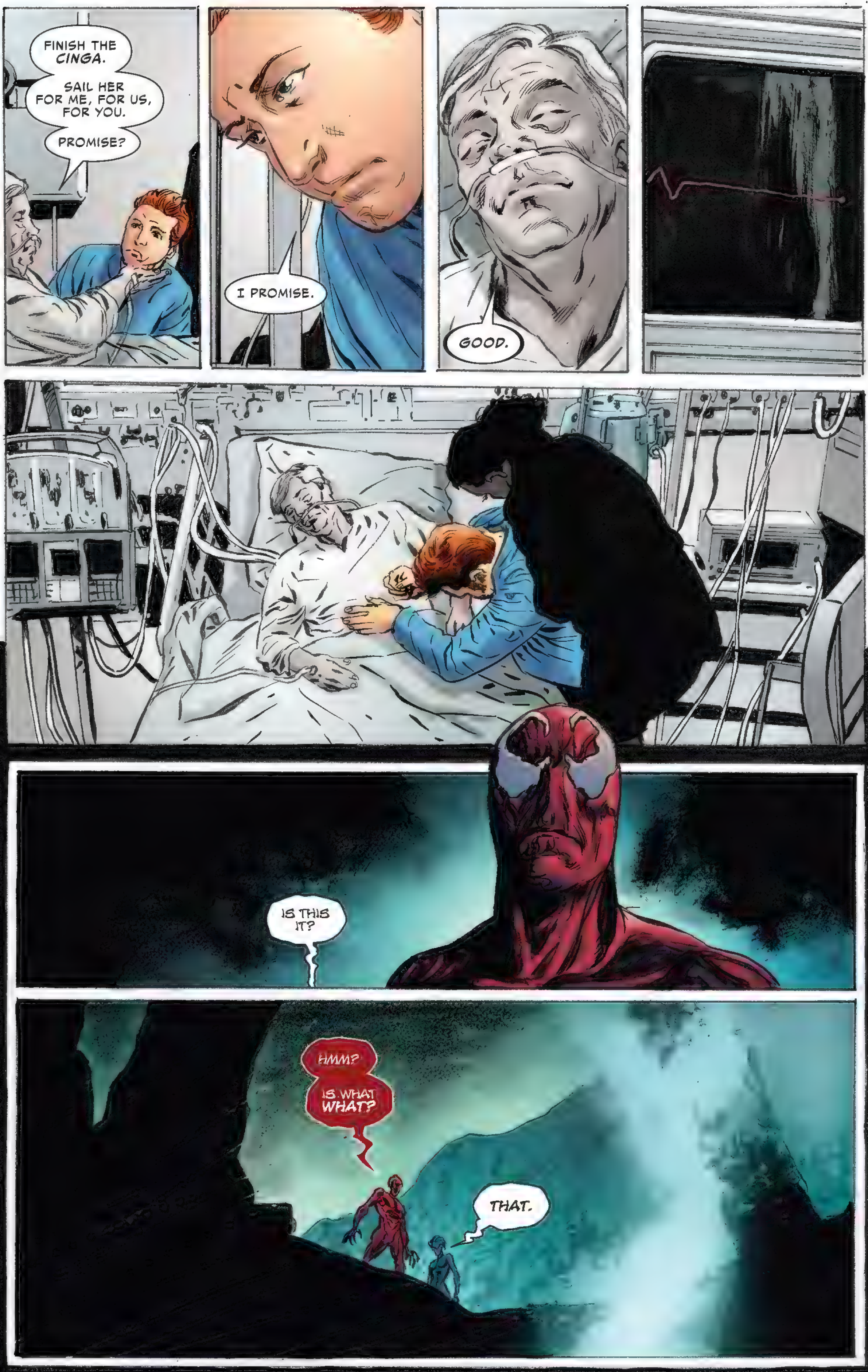

UUNNNNNNNGHHH...
HIS SKIN, AS THE SYMBIOTE PEELS BACK, IS THE COLOR AND TEXTURE OF A WHITE MUSHROOM.
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE HIS HUMAN SKIN FELT THE SUN?
THIS IS THE SOCIOPATH CLAIRE DIXON SPENT TWO YEARS HUNTING, THE MAN BENEATH THE MONSTER.
GAAAKK.
HOW CAN SOMEBODY SO PATHETIC PRODUCE SO MUCH EVIL?
CHOKE
I HATE THIS.
HAVING HER INSIDE ME.
FEELING WHAT SHE FELT.
WHAT GIVES HER THE RIGHT TO HAVE A GOOD LIFE?
HER OLD MAN WAS SICK.
HE WAS SICK AND DYING HALF THE TIME SHE WAS GROWING UP.
BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER.
HE LOVED HER.

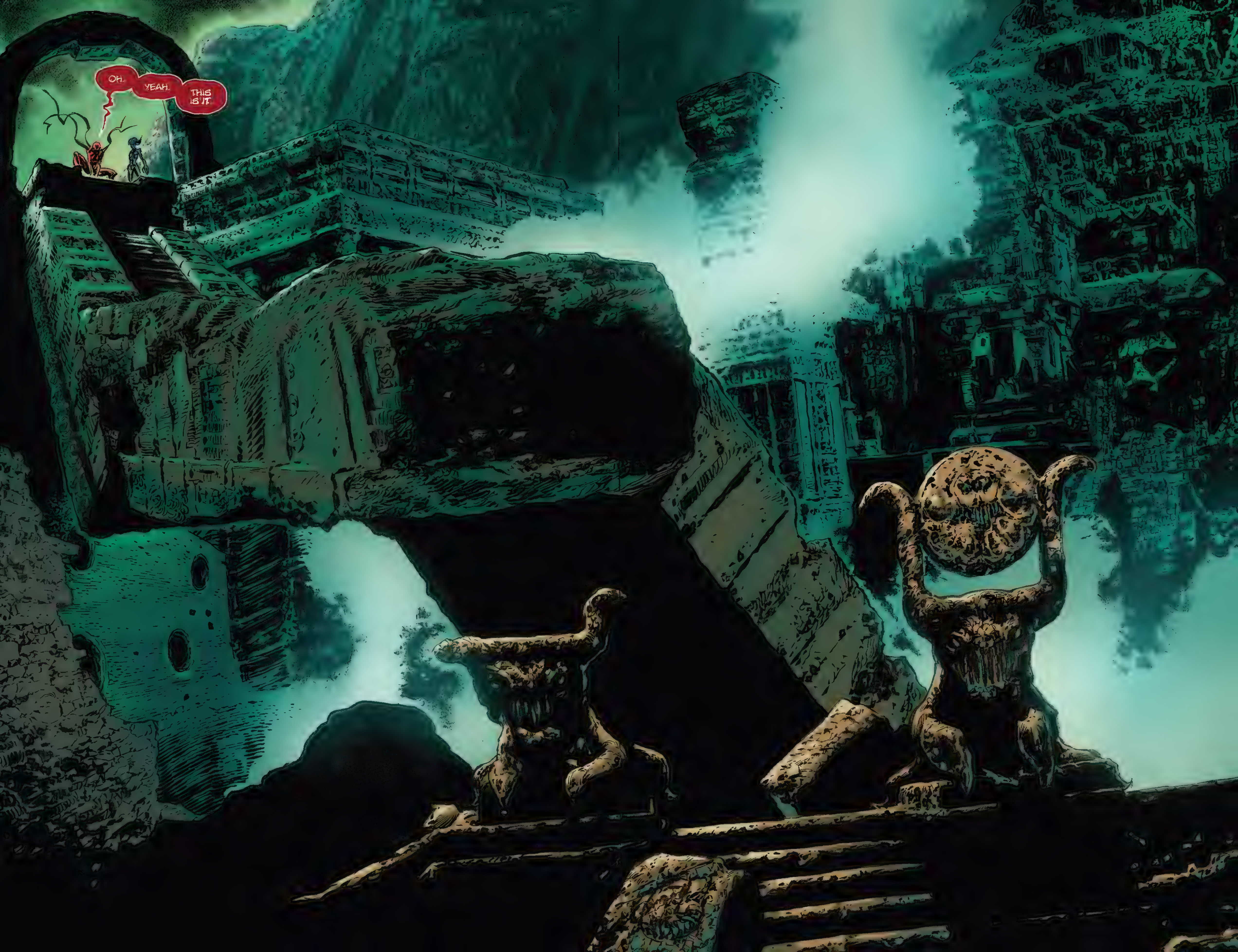

HE LOVED HER AND THE LITTLE ***** WAS *HAPPY.*
HAPPY!
I SWEAR, IF I EVER GET THE CHANCE, I WILL TEAR HER ***HEART*** OUT AND ***EAT*** IT.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WANNA ***SAY*** SOMETHING.
N-NO.
AH...
THOSE ***FROG-CREATURES*** WILL FIND THEIR WAY ACROSS THE CREVASSE, IF THEY HAVEN'T ALREADY.
WE SHOULD GO.
LET 'EM COME.
THE BOOK SAYS IT AIN'T FAR NOW.
"THE BOOK *SAYS*"?

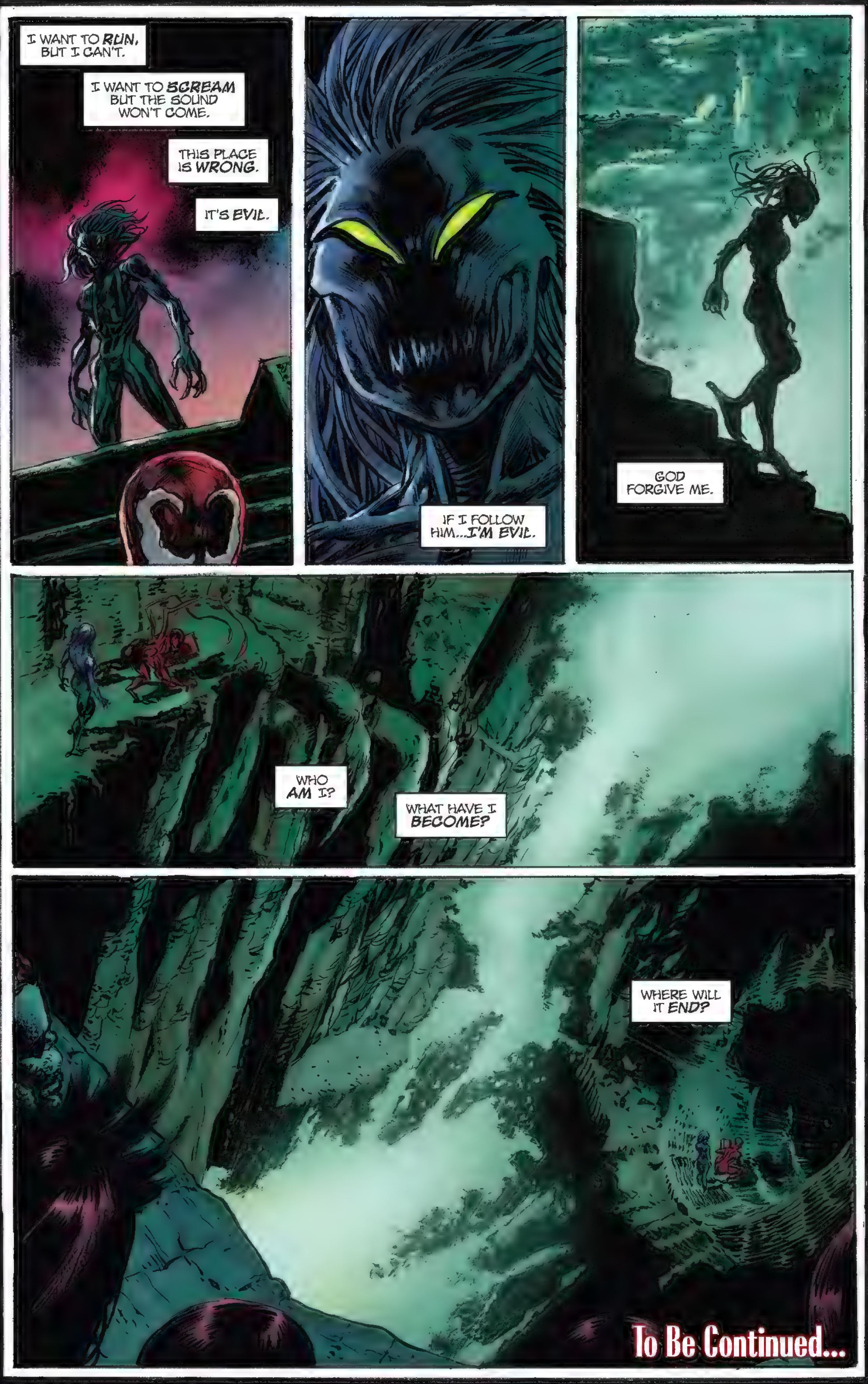

THE CLOSER WE GET TO WHERE WE'RE GOING, THE MORE I UNDERSTAND--
--JUJU-BEE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE RENTING SPACE IN MY HEAD.
HE GOES QUIET THEN.
RAGE AT JUBULILE HAS CRUSHED THE FEAR I FELT IN HIM BEFORE.
HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM AWARE OF THE BIZARRE ALIEN ARCHITECTURE THAT'S BEGUN TO SURROUND US.
IT MAKES ME WONDER:
IF RAZE IS HIS PUPPET...
...WHOSE PUPPET IS HE?
JUBULILE...


...IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BE *SAD*.
I-I'M NOT SAD.
YOU'LL GET BETTER.
WE'LL FINISH THE *CINGA* AND TAKE HER AROUND THE WORLD, *TOGETHER*, THE WAY WE ALWAYS SAID.
AMAHLE, TELL HER HOW WE BEGAN.
I KNOW HOW YOU *MET*.
PAPA WAS CREW ON A BOAT YOUR SCHOOL CHARTERED FOR AN ART CLASS.
THAT'S HOW WE *MET*.
IT ISN'T HOW WE *BEGAN*.
YOUR FATHER WAS SHY. I COULD SEE HE WANTED TO TALK TO ME. BUT HE WAS AFRAID.
APARTHEID HAD ENDED ONLY HALF A DOZEN YEARS BEFORE.
AS A COUNTRY AND A PEOPLE, WE WERE BROKEN AND TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY.
AFRIKANER BOYS AND *ZULU* GIRLS DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SPEAK TO EACH OTHER.
SO MANY STILL DON'T.
YOU DID.


YOUR MOTHER *SMILED* AT ME.
SHE TOOK MY HAND LIKE THIS.
SHE SAID, *"UMFANA, WHAT IS IN YOUR HEART?"*
SHE SAID, *"SPEAK YOUR HEART AND LET TRUTH BE YOUR STRENGTH."*
I WAS YOUNG AND IN LOVE WITH POETS.
YOU WERE *RIGHT*.
TRUTH *IS* OUR STRENGTH.
JUBULILE, I'M *DYING*.
I CAN'T HELP YOU FINISH OUR SAILBOAT, AND I CAN'T SAIL IT WITH YOU AROUND THE WORLD.
THAT MAKES ME *SADDER* THAN WORDS CAN EXPRESS.
THAT'S THE *TRUTH*.
I *LOVE* YOU.
THAT'S THE TRUTH, TOO.
PAPA, PAPA, I DON'T W-WANT YOU TO DIE!
I KNOW, JUBULILE, I KNOW.


FINISH THE *CINGA.*
SAIL HER FOR ME, FOR US, FOR YOU.
PROMISE?
I PROMISE.
GOOD.
IS THIS IT?
HMM?
IS WHAT WHAT?
THAT.


OH.
YEAH.
THIS IS IT.


I WANT TO RUN, BUT I CAN'T.
I WANT TO SCREAM BUT THE SOUND WON'T COME.
THIS PLACE IS WRONG.
IT'S EVIL.
IF I FOLLOW HIM...I'M EVIL.
GOD FORGIVE ME.
WHO AM I?
WHAT HAVE I BECOME?
WHERE WILL IT END?
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #14

MARVEL
014
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY
CARNAGE

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE HAS PURSUED KASADY TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND WITH AN ALTAR WHICH CAN UNLEASH THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*. FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS OF JUBULILE, WHO IS PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO KASADY, THE GROUP VENTURES INTO THE JUNGLE–PURSUED BY THEIR FORMER LEADER, CLAIRE DIXON, WHO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE RAZE. JUBULILE AND KASADY SUFFER UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THEIR CONNECTION–AND SO DOES RAZE, WHO IS UNDER KASADY'S CONTROL–AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE GREAT SITE OF EVIL: THE TEMPLE OF THE DARKHOLD!

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART FOUR

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MIKE PERKINS ARTIST
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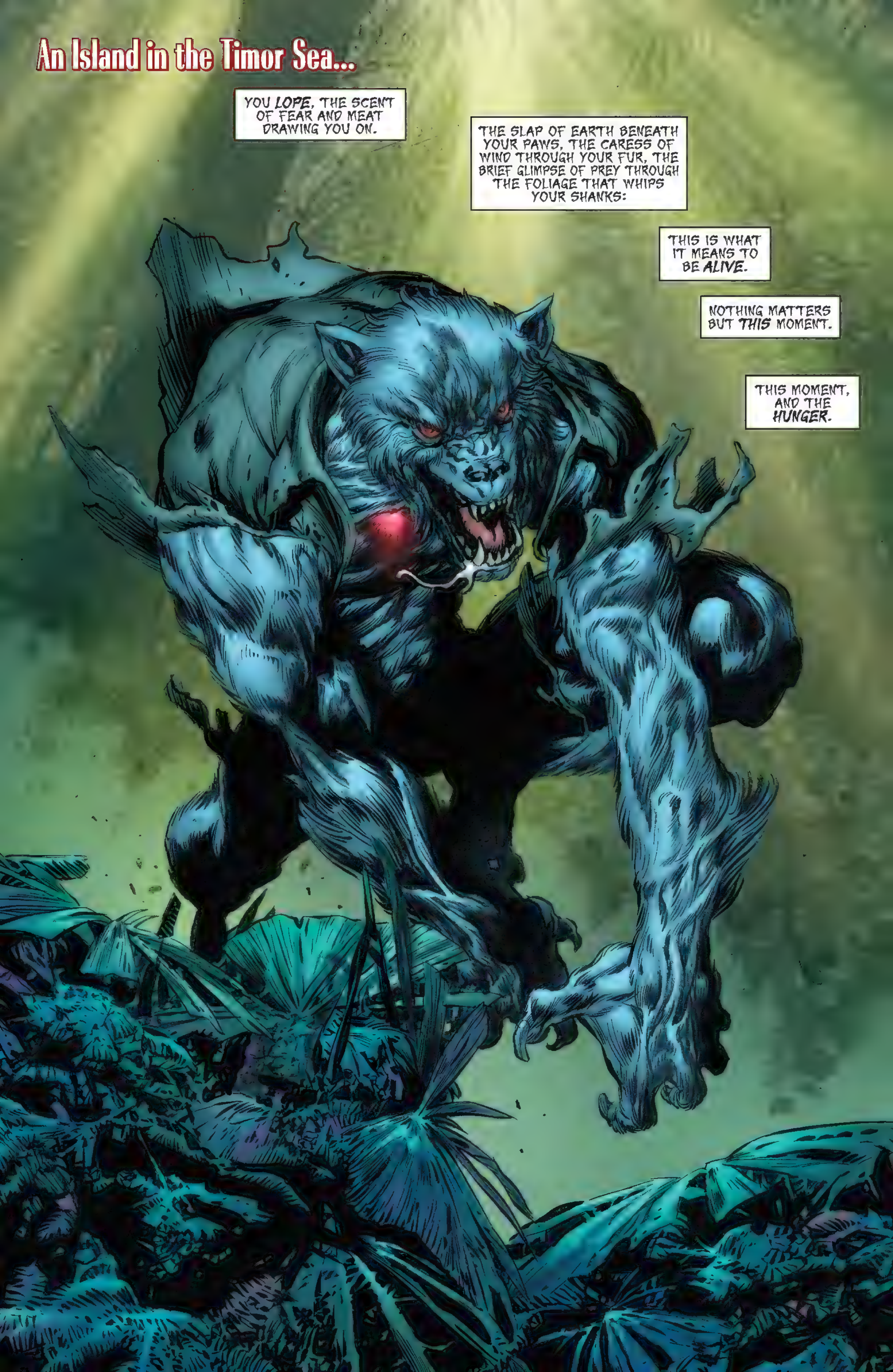
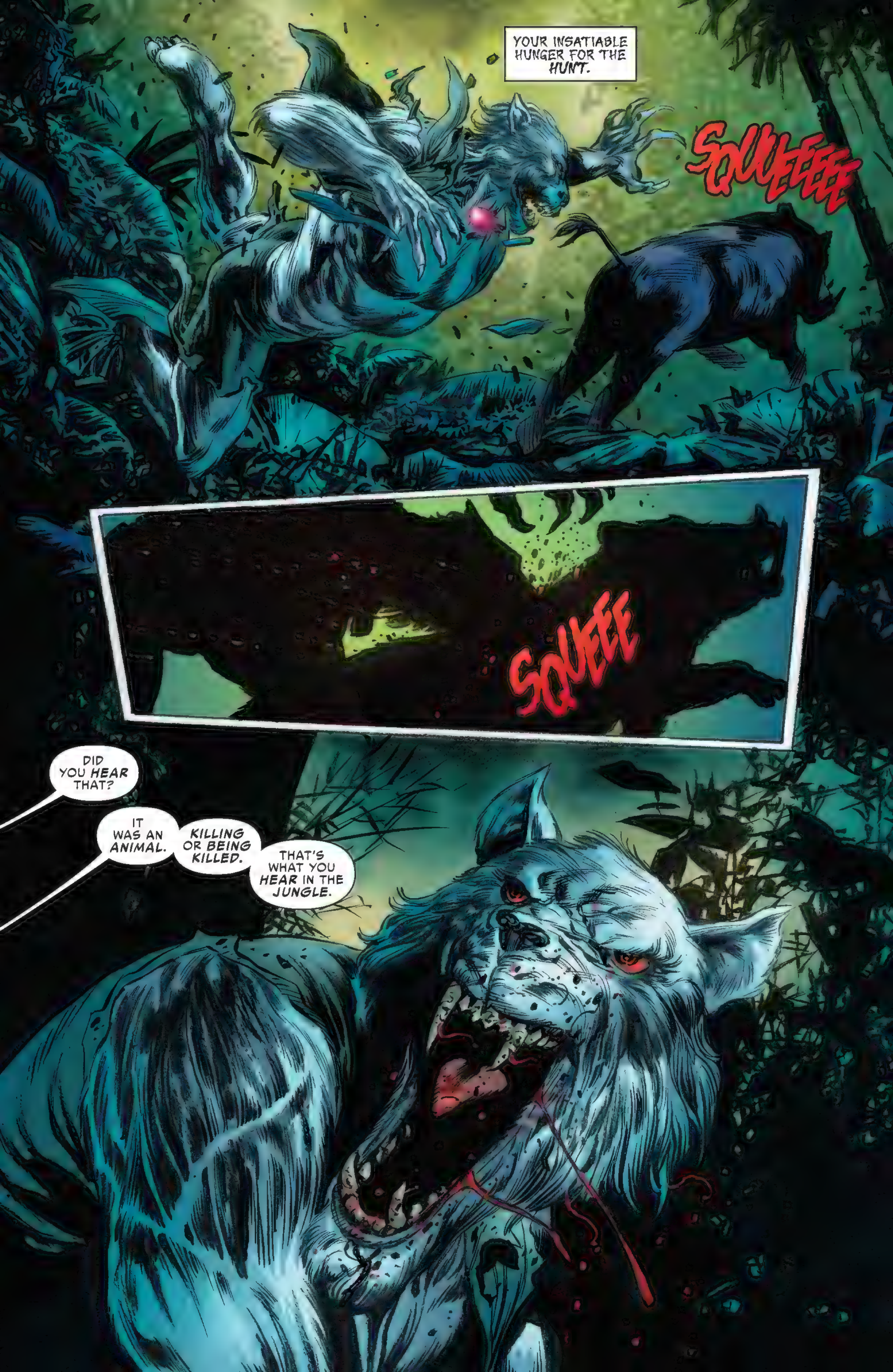
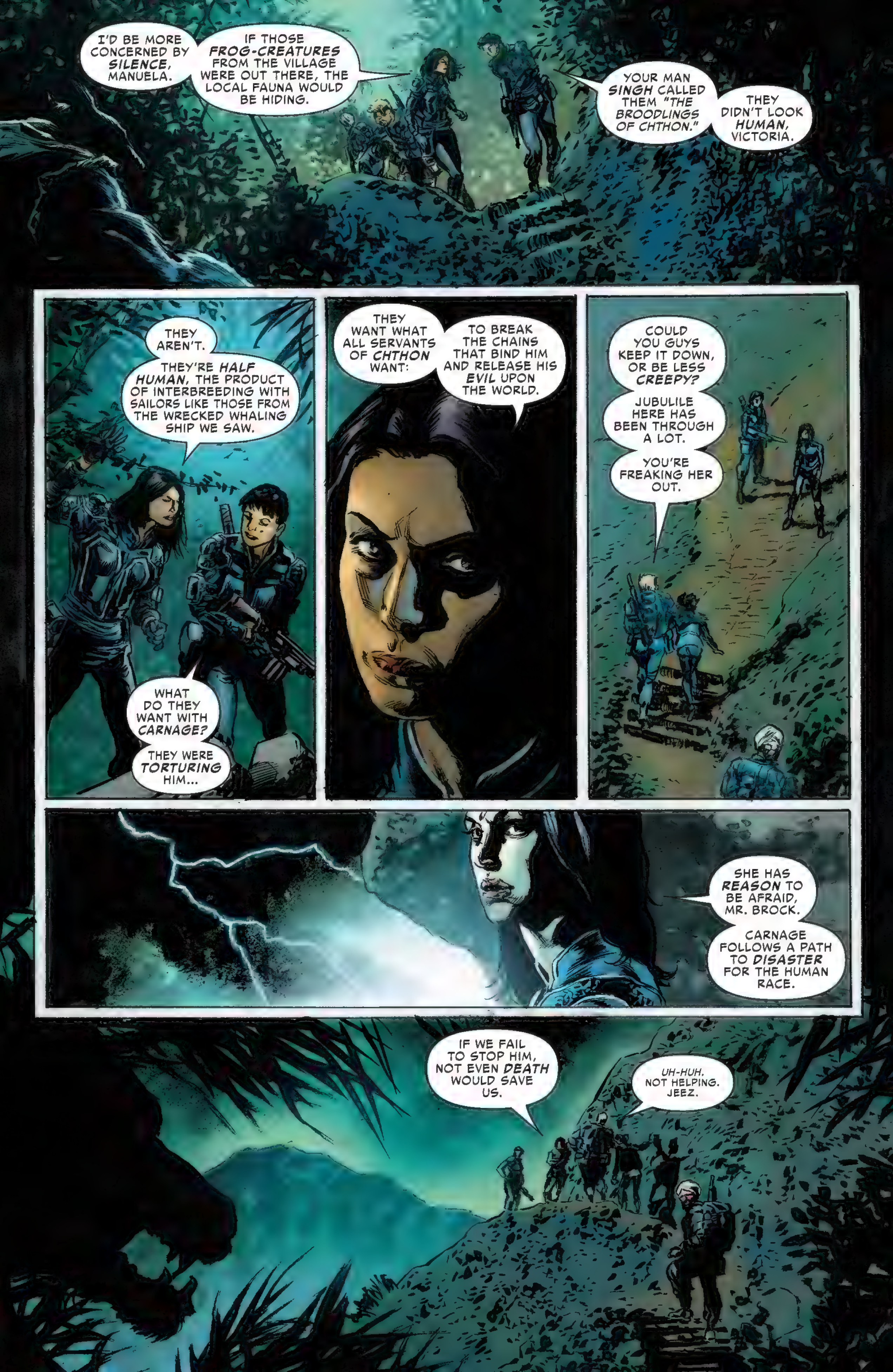
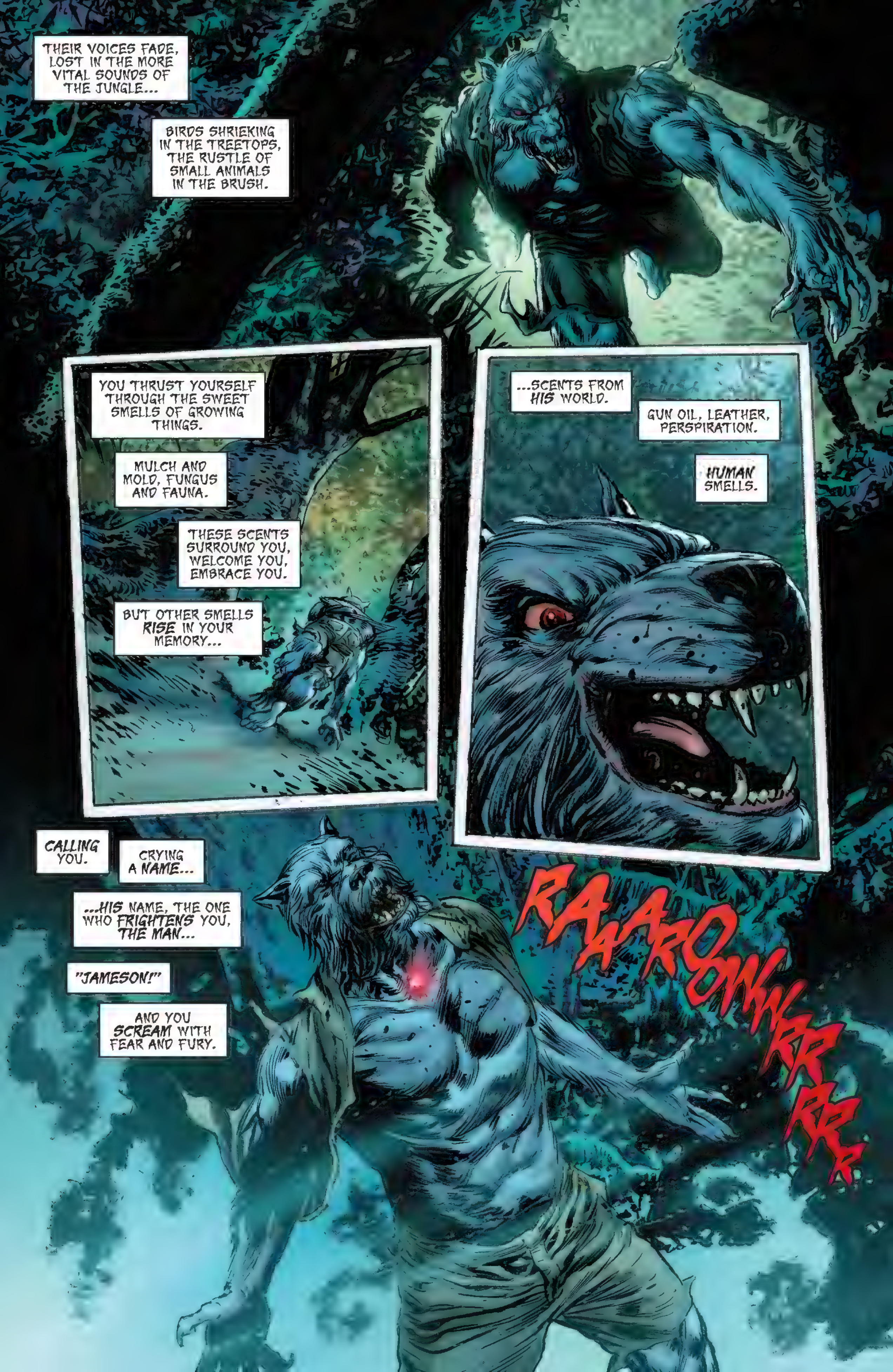
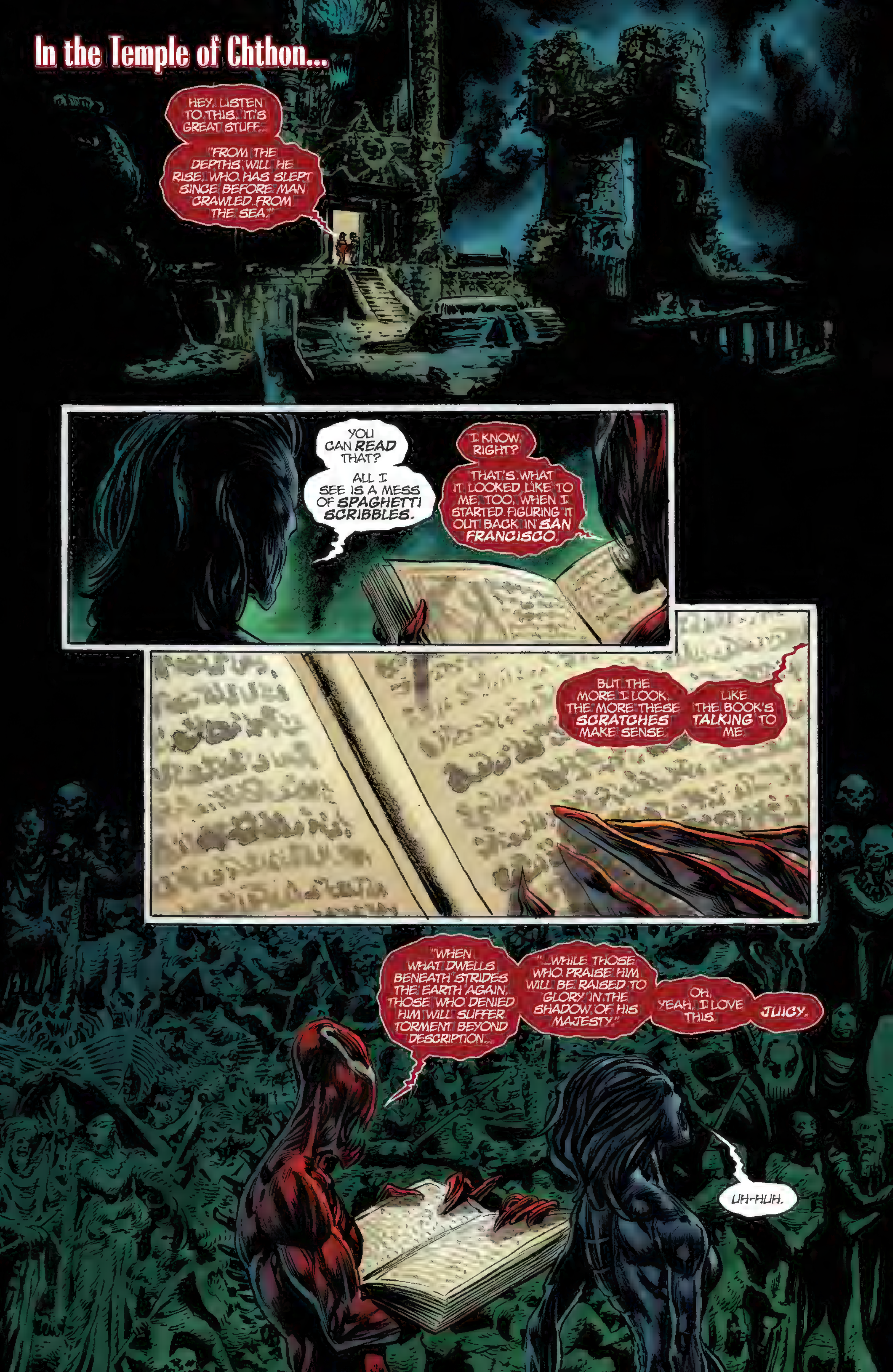
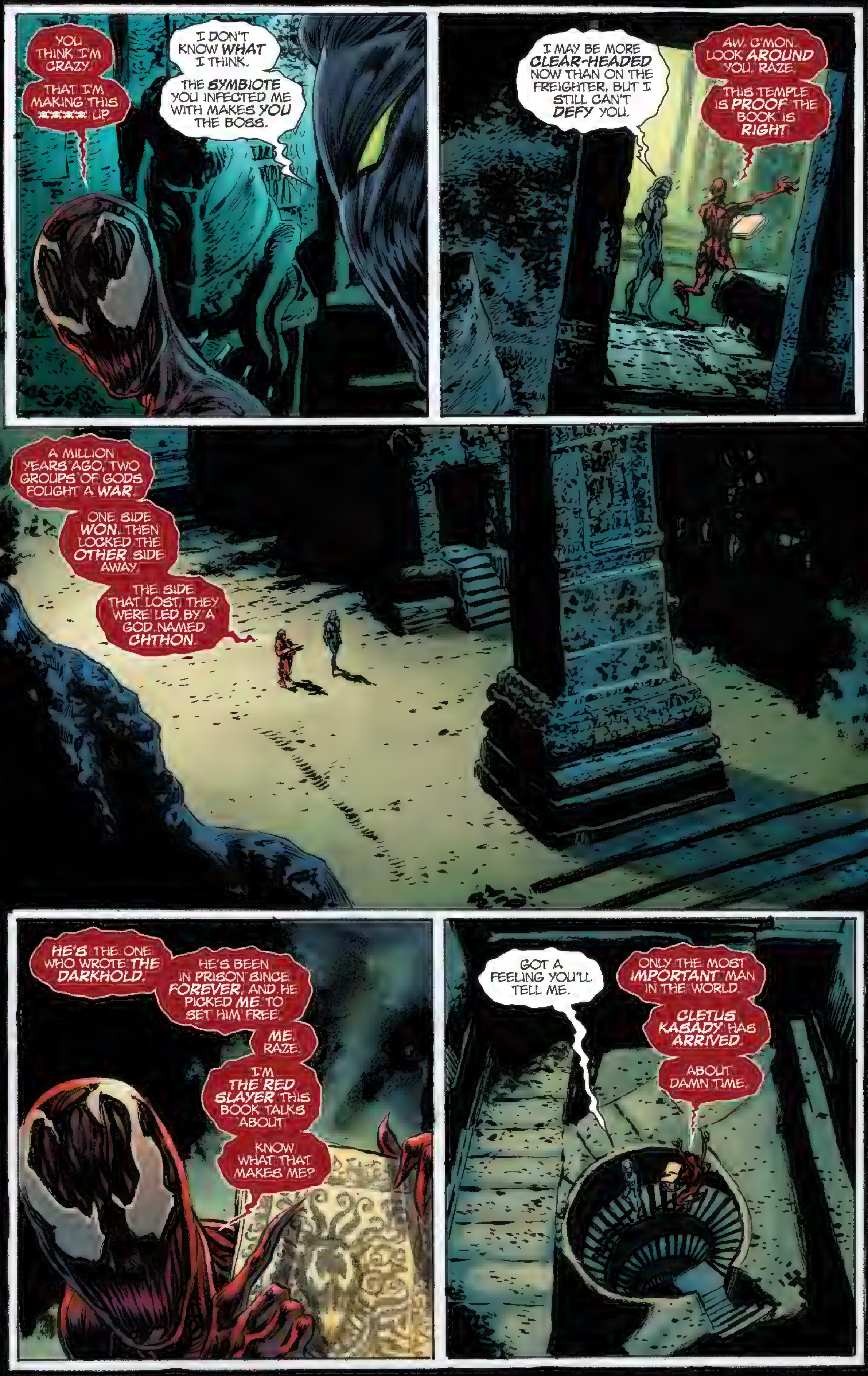

An Island in the Timor Sea...
YOU LOPE, THE SCENT OF FEAR AND MEAT DRAWING YOU ON.
THE SLAP OF EARTH BENEATH YOUR PAWS, THE CARESS OF WIND THROUGH YOUR FUR, THE BRIEF GLIMPSE OF PREY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE THAT WHIPS YOUR SHANKS:
THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ALIVE.
NOTHING MATTERS BUT THIS MOMENT.
THIS MOMENT, AND THE HUNGER.

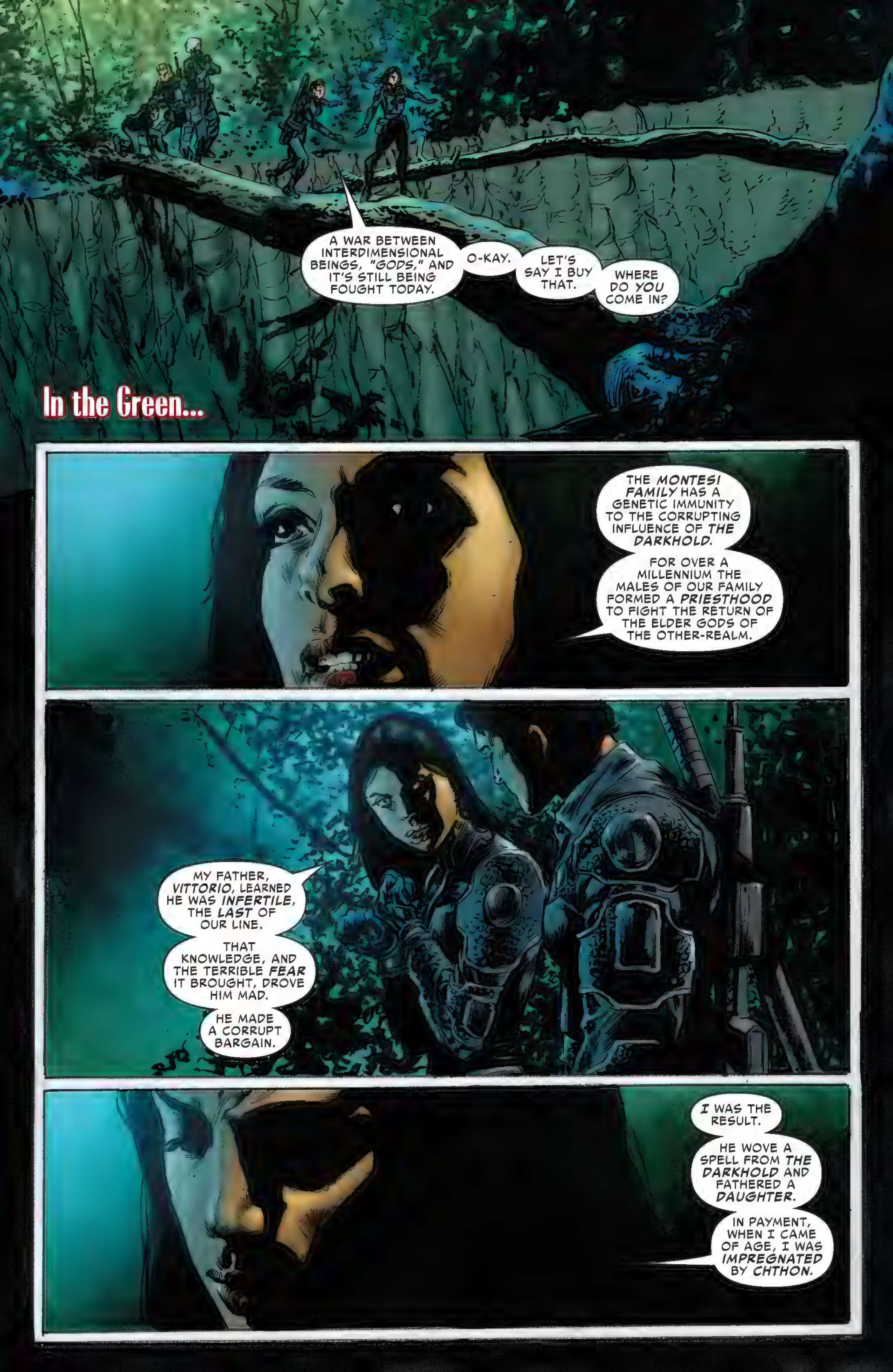

YOUR INSATIABLE HUNGER FOR THE *HUNT.*
SQUEEEEEE
SQUEEE
DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?
IT WAS AN *ANIMAL.*
KILLING OR *BEING KILLED.*
THAT'S WHAT YOU *HEAR* IN THE *JUNGLE.*

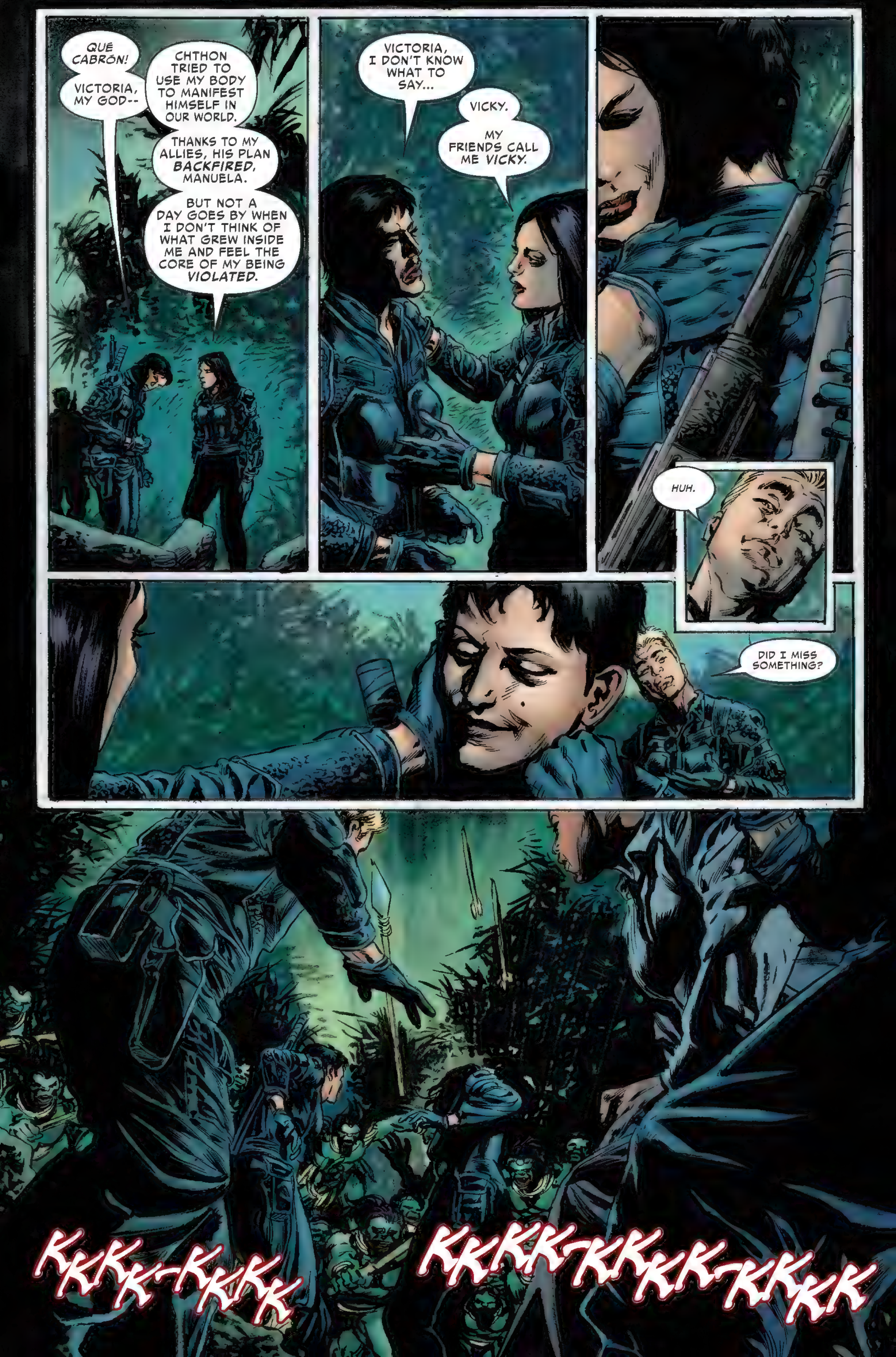

I'D BE MORE CONCERNED BY *SILENCE*, MANUELA.
IF THOSE *FROG-CREATURES* FROM THE VILLAGE WERE OUT THERE, THE LOCAL FAUNA WOULD BE HIDING.
YOUR MAN *SINGH* CALLED THEM "*THE BROODLINGS OF CHTHON*."
THEY DIDN'T LOOK *HUMAN*, VICTORIA.
THEY AREN'T.
THEY'RE *HALF HUMAN*, THE PRODUCT OF INTERBREEDING WITH SAILORS LIKE THOSE FROM THE WRECKED WHALING SHIP WE SAW.
WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH *CARNAGE?*
THEY WERE *TORTURING* HIM...
THEY WANT WHAT ALL SERVANTS OF *CHTHON* WANT:
TO BREAK THE CHAINS THAT BIND HIM AND RELEASE HIS *EVIL* UPON THE WORLD.
COULD YOU GUYS KEEP IT DOWN, OR BE LESS *CREEPY?*
JUBULILE HERE HAS BEEN THROUGH A LOT.
YOU'RE FREAKING HER OUT.
SHE HAS *REASON* TO BE AFRAID, MR. BROCK.
CARNAGE FOLLOWS A PATH TO *DISASTER* FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
IF WE FAIL TO STOP HIM, NOT EVEN *DEATH* WOULD SAVE US.
UH-HUH. NOT HELPING. JEEZ.

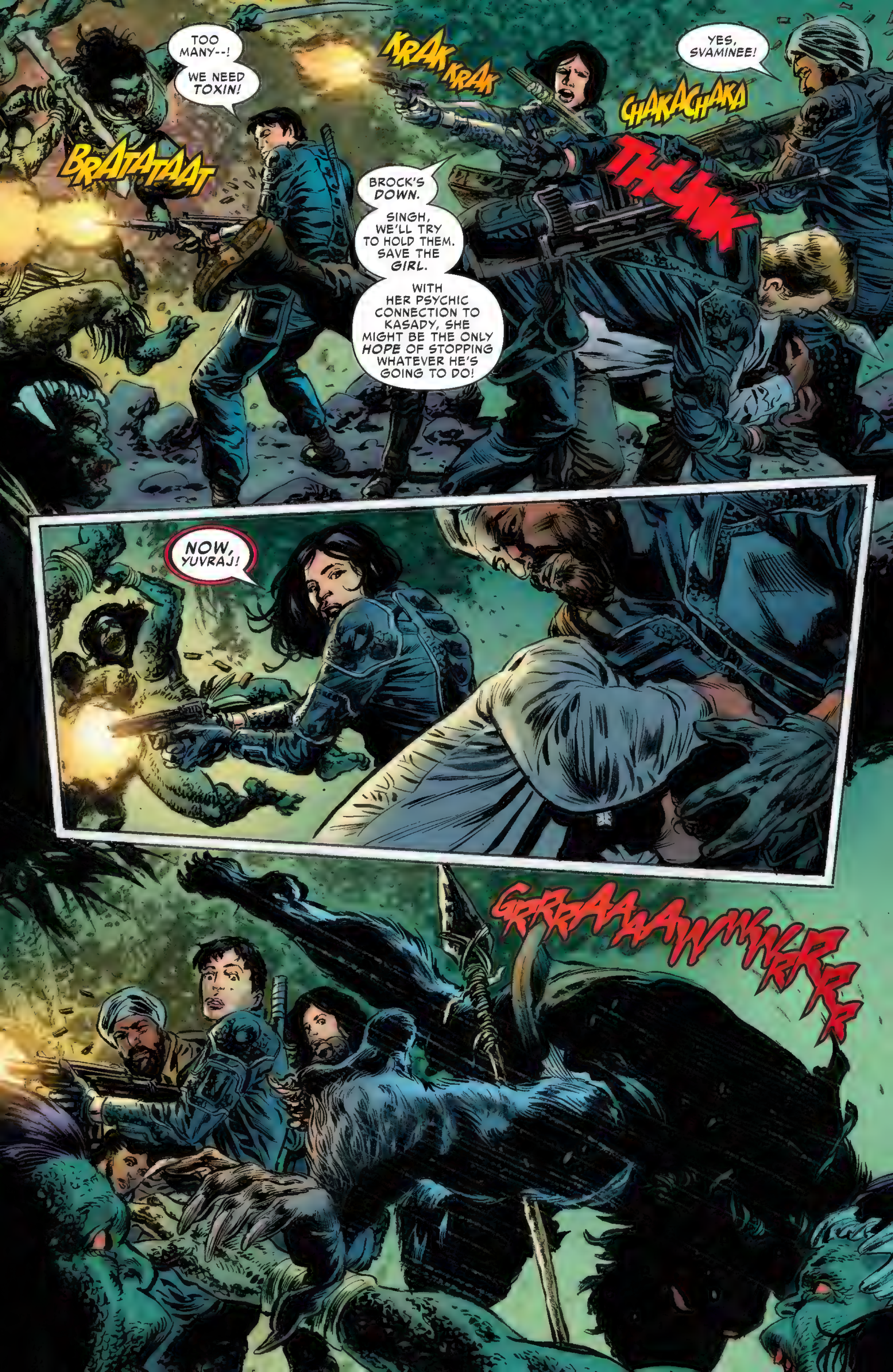

THEIR VOICES FADE, LOST IN THE MORE VITAL SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE...
BIRDS SHRIEKING IN THE TREETOPS, THE RUSTLE OF SMALL ANIMALS IN THE BRUSH.
YOU THRUST YOURSELF THROUGH THE SWEET SMELLS OF GROWING THINGS.
MULCH AND MOLD, FUNGUS AND FAUNA.
THESE SCENTS SURROUND YOU, WELCOME YOU, EMBRACE YOU.
BUT OTHER SMELLS *RISE* IN YOUR MEMORY...
...SCENTS FROM *HIS* WORLD.
GUN OIL, LEATHER, PERSPIRATION.
HUMAN SMELLS.
CALLING YOU.
CRYING A *NAME*...
...*HIS* NAME, THE ONE WHO *FRIGHTENS* YOU, *THE MAN*...
"JAMESON!"
AND YOU *SCREAM* WITH FEAR AND FURY.
RAAAROWWRRRR

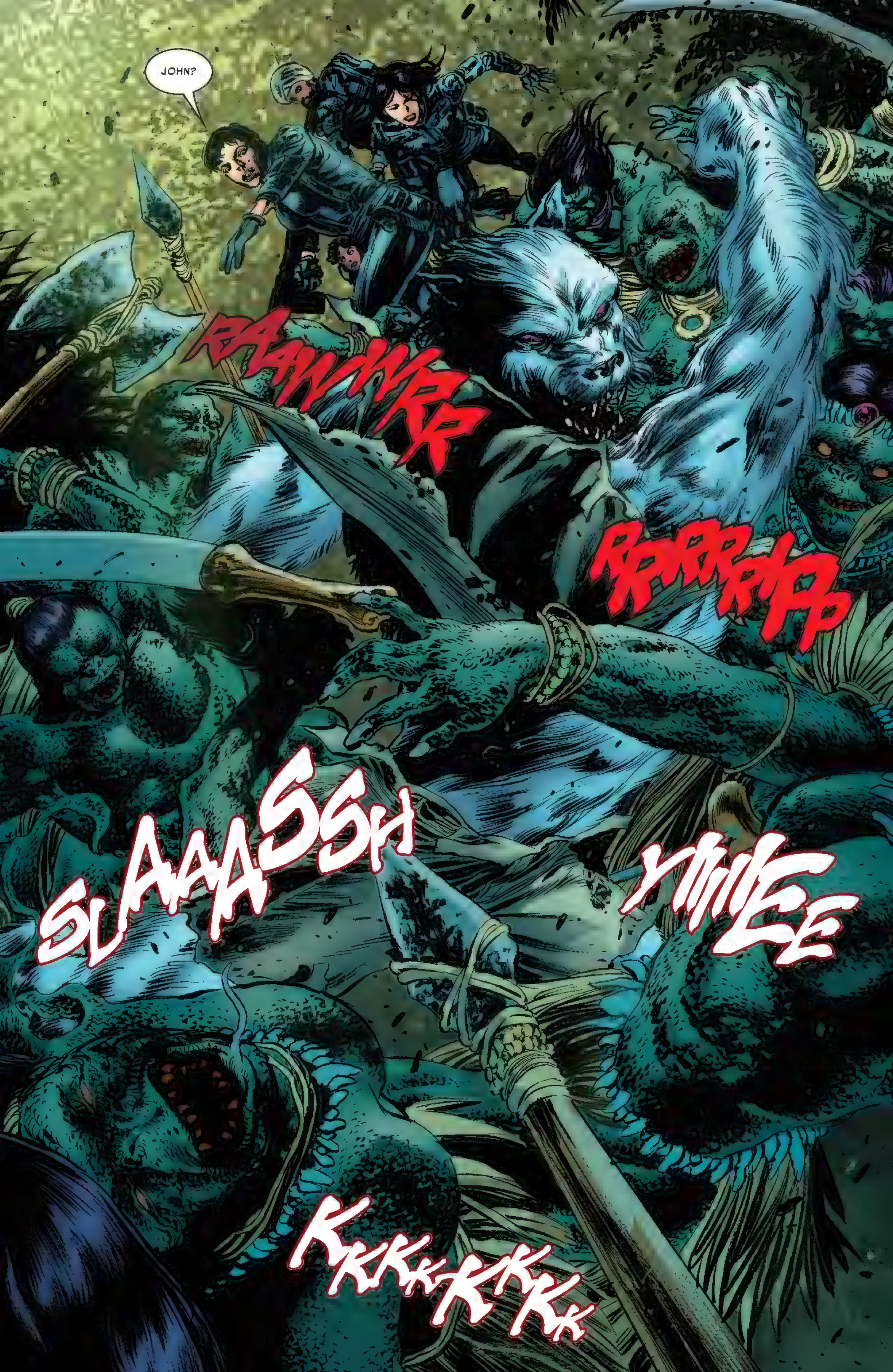

In the Temple of Chthon...
HEY, LISTEN TO THIS. IT'S GREAT STUFF...
"FROM THE DEPTHS WILL HE RISE, WHO HAS SLEPT SINCE BEFORE MAN CRAWLED FROM THE SEA."
YOU CAN READ THAT?
ALL I SEE IS A MESS OF SPAGHETTI SCRIBBLES.
I KNOW, RIGHT?
THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE TO ME TOO, WHEN I STARTED FIGURING IT OUT BACK IN SAN FRANCISCO.
BUT THE MORE I LOOK, THE MORE THESE SCRATCHES MAKE SENSE.
LIKE THE BOOK'S TALKING TO ME.
"WHEN WHAT DWELLS BENEATH STRIDES THE EARTH AGAIN, THOSE WHO DENIED HIM WILL SUFFER TORMENT BEYOND DESCRIPTION...
"...WHILE THOSE WHO PRAISE HIM WILL BE RAISED TO GLORY IN THE SHADOW OF HIS MAJESTY."
OH, YEAH, I LOVE THIS.
JUICY.
UH-HUH.

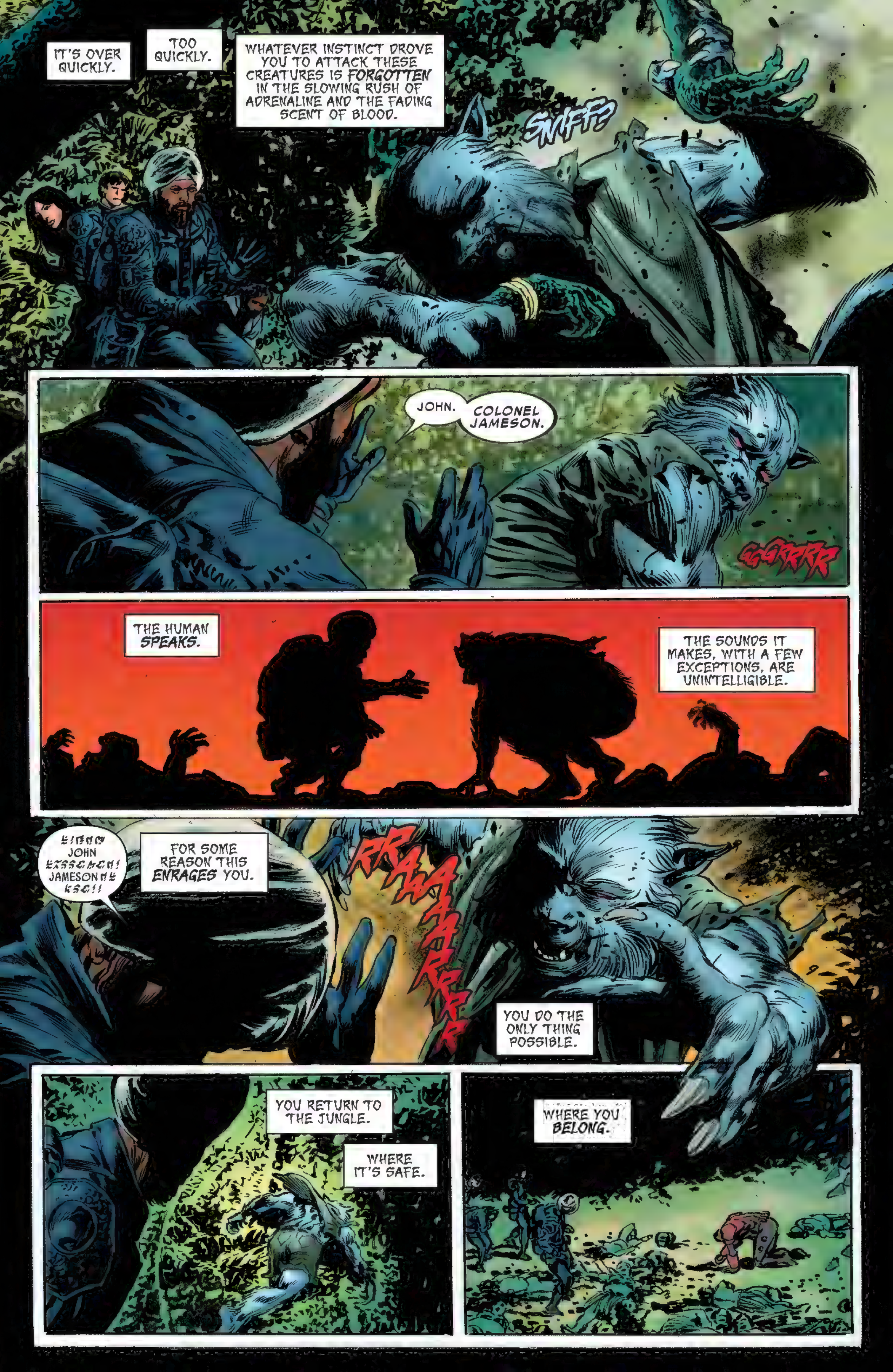

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY.
THAT I'M MAKING THIS ☠☠☠ UP.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I THINK.
THE SYMBIOTE YOU INFECTED ME WITH MAKES YOU THE BOSS.
I MAY BE MORE CLEAR-HEADED NOW THAN ON THE FREIGHTER, BUT I STILL CAN'T DEFY YOU.
AW, C'MON. LOOK AROUND YOU, RAZE.
THIS TEMPLE IS PROOF THE BOOK IS RIGHT.
A MILLION YEARS AGO, TWO GROUPS OF GODS FOUGHT A WAR.
ONE SIDE WON, THEN LOCKED THE OTHER SIDE AWAY.
THE SIDE THAT LOST. THEY WERE LED BY A GOD NAMED CHTHON.
HE'S THE ONE WHO WROTE THE DARKHOLD.
HE'S BEEN IN PRISON SINCE FOREVER, AND HE PICKED ME TO SET HIM FREE.
ME. RAZE.
I'M THE RED SLAYER THIS BOOK TALKS ABOUT.
KNOW WHAT THAT MAKES ME?
GOT A FEELING YOU'LL TELL ME.
ONLY THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE WORLD.
CLETUS KASADY HAS ARRIVED.
ABOUT DAMN TIME.

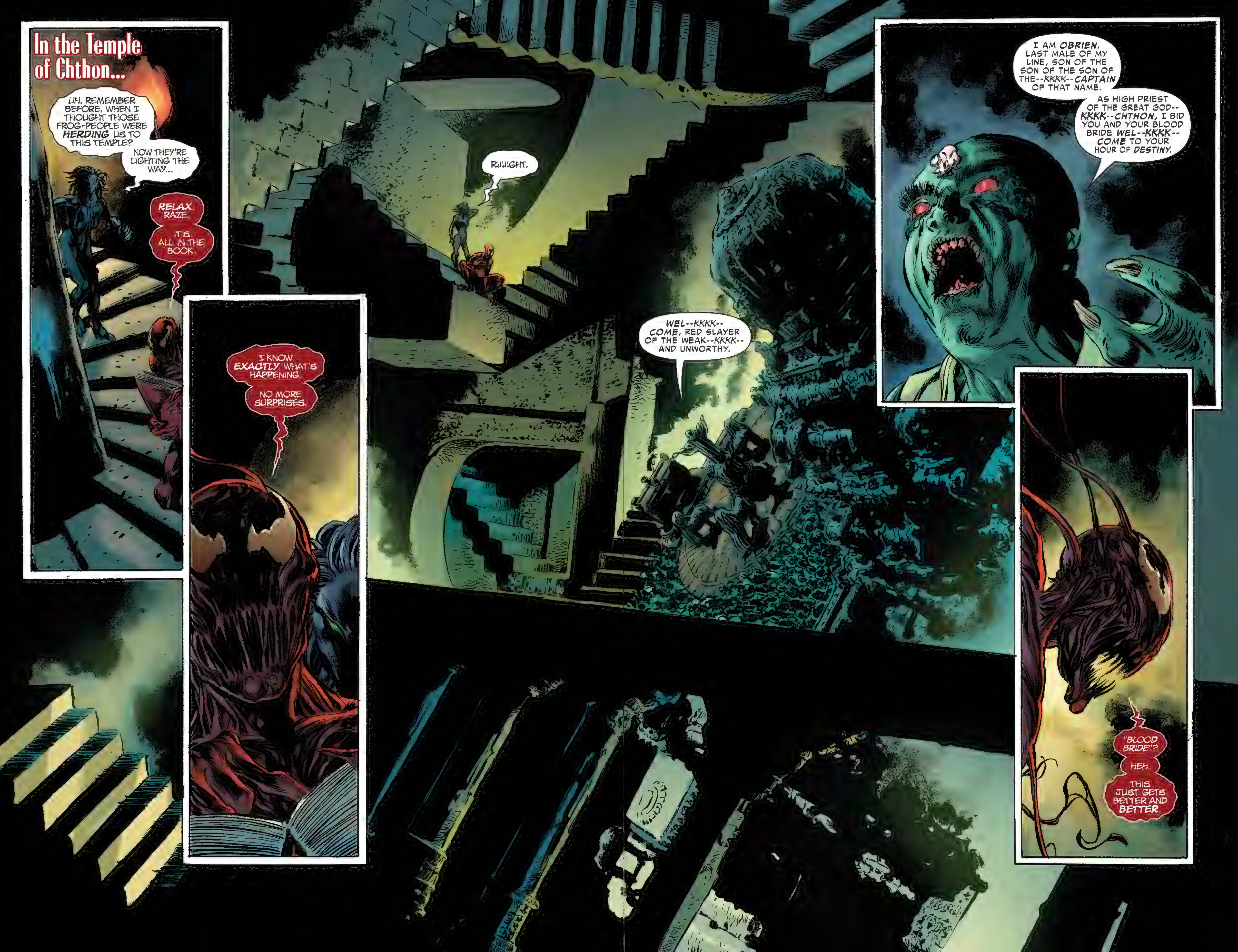

A WAR BETWEEN INTERDIMENSIONAL BEINGS, "GODS," AND IT'S STILL BEING FOUGHT TODAY.
O-KAY.
LET'S SAY I BUY THAT.
WHERE DO *YOU* COME IN?
In the Green...
THE *MONTESI FAMILY* HAS A GENETIC IMMUNITY TO THE CORRUPTING INFLUENCE OF *THE DARKHOLD.*
FOR OVER A MILLENNIUM THE MALES OF OUR FAMILY FORMED A *PRIESTHOOD* TO FIGHT THE RETURN OF THE ELDER GODS OF THE OTHER-REALM.
MY FATHER, *VITTORIO,* LEARNED HE WAS *INFERTILE,* THE *LAST* OF OUR LINE.
THAT KNOWLEDGE, AND THE TERRIBLE *FEAR* IT BROUGHT, DROVE HIM MAD.
HE MADE A CORRUPT BARGAIN.
I WAS THE RESULT.
HE WOVE A SPELL FROM *THE DARKHOLD* AND FATHERED A *DAUGHTER.*
IN PAYMENT, WHEN I CAME OF AGE, I WAS *IMPREGNATED* BY *CHTHON.*

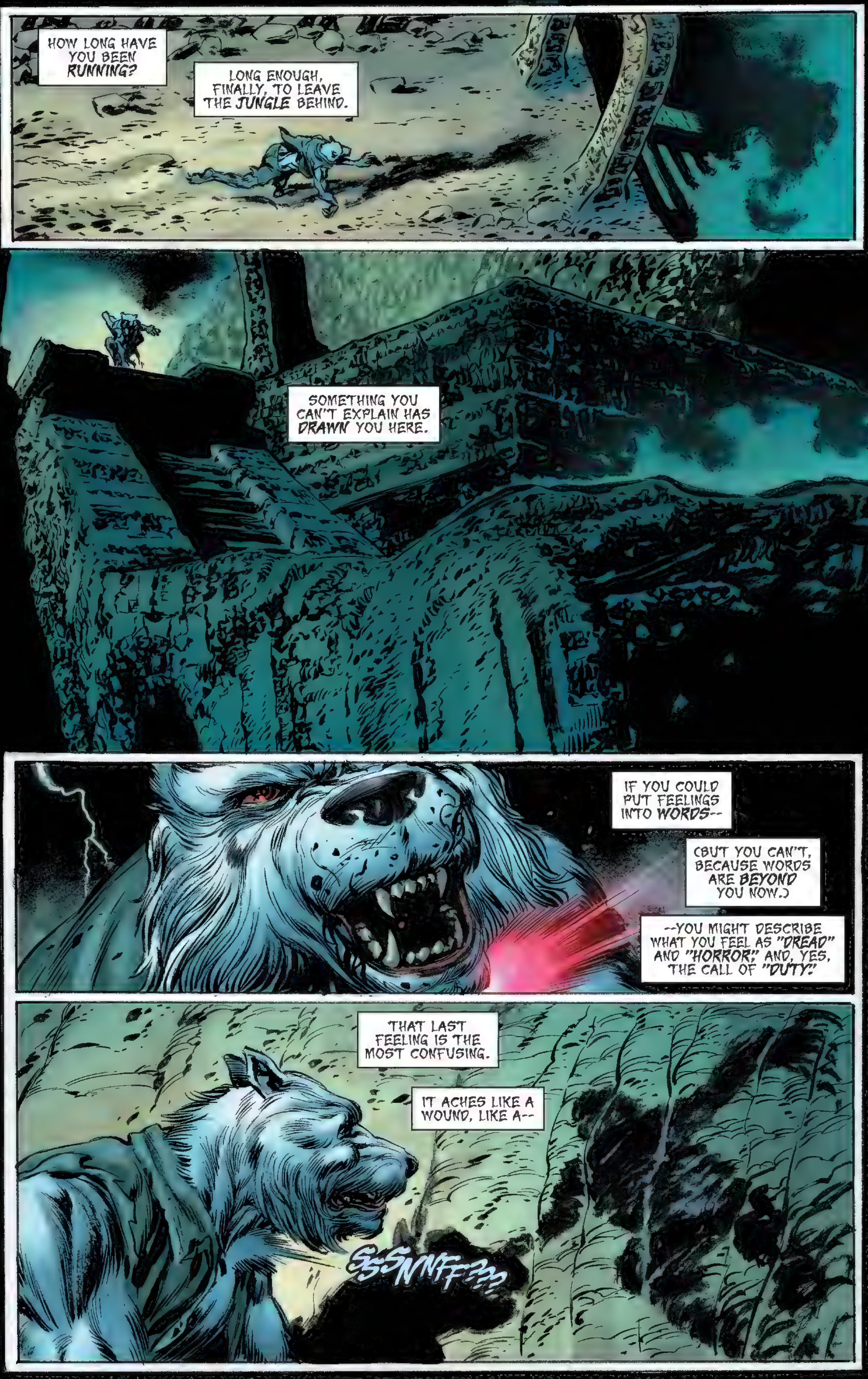

QUÉ CABRÓN!
VICTORIA, MY GOD--
CHTHON TRIED TO USE MY BODY TO MANIFEST HIMSELF IN OUR WORLD.
THANKS TO MY ALLIES, HIS PLAN *BACKFIRED*, MANUELA.
BUT NOT A DAY GOES BY WHEN I DON'T THINK OF WHAT GREW INSIDE ME AND FEEL THE CORE OF MY BEING *VIOLATED*.
VICTORIA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
VICKY.
MY FRIENDS CALL ME *VICKY*.
HUH.
DID I MISS SOMETHING?
KKKK-KKKKK
KKKK-KKKKK-KKKK

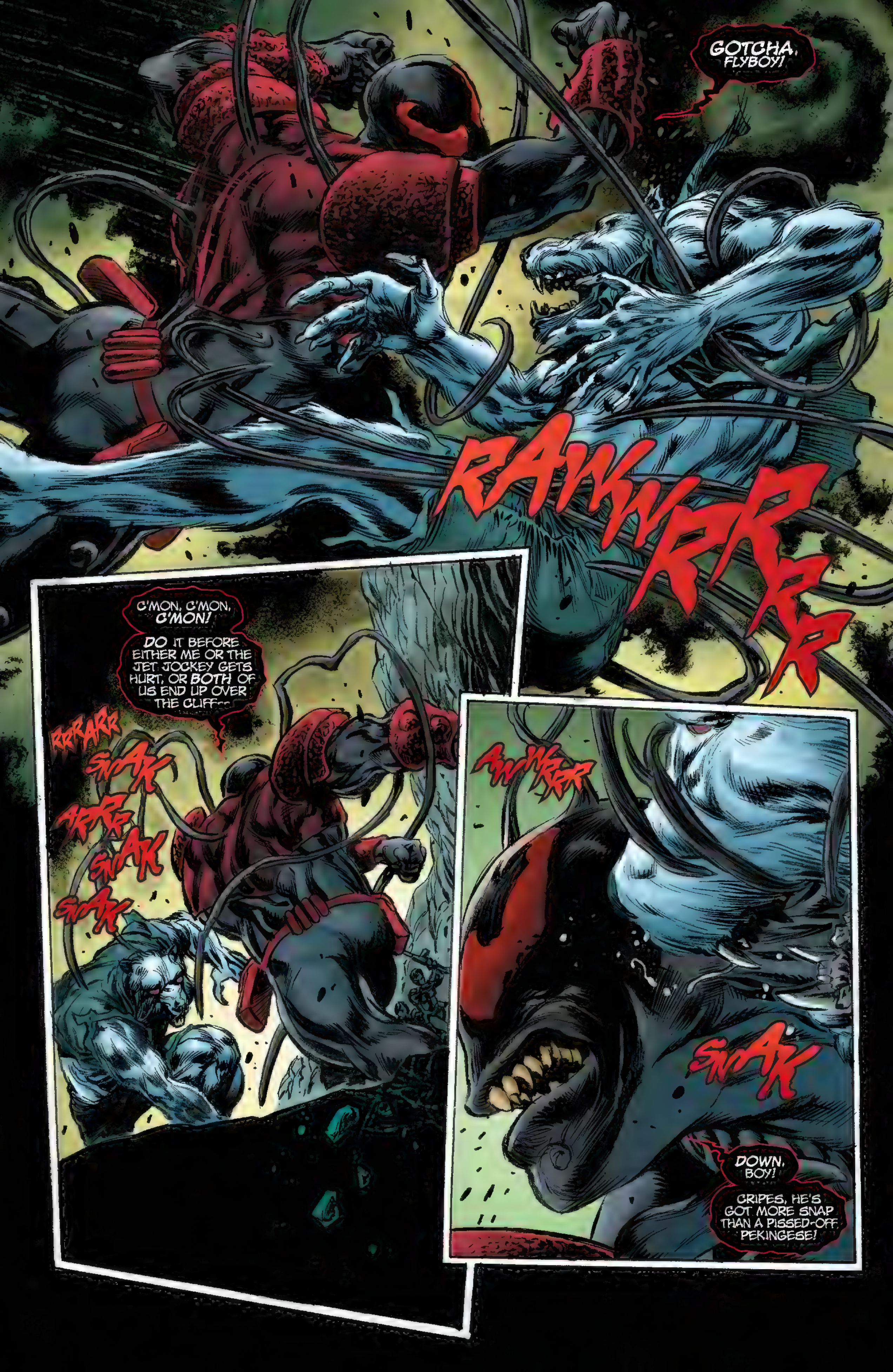

TOO MANY--! WE NEED *TOXIN!*
BRATATAAT
KRAK KRAK
YES, SVAMINEE!
CHAKACHAKA
BROCK'S *DOWN.* SINGH, WE'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM. SAVE THE *GIRL.* WITH HER PSYCHIC CONNECTION TO KASADY, SHE MIGHT BE THE ONLY *HOPE* OF STOPPING WHATEVER HE'S GOING TO DO!
THUNK
NOW, YUVRAJ!
GRRRAAAAAWRRRRRR

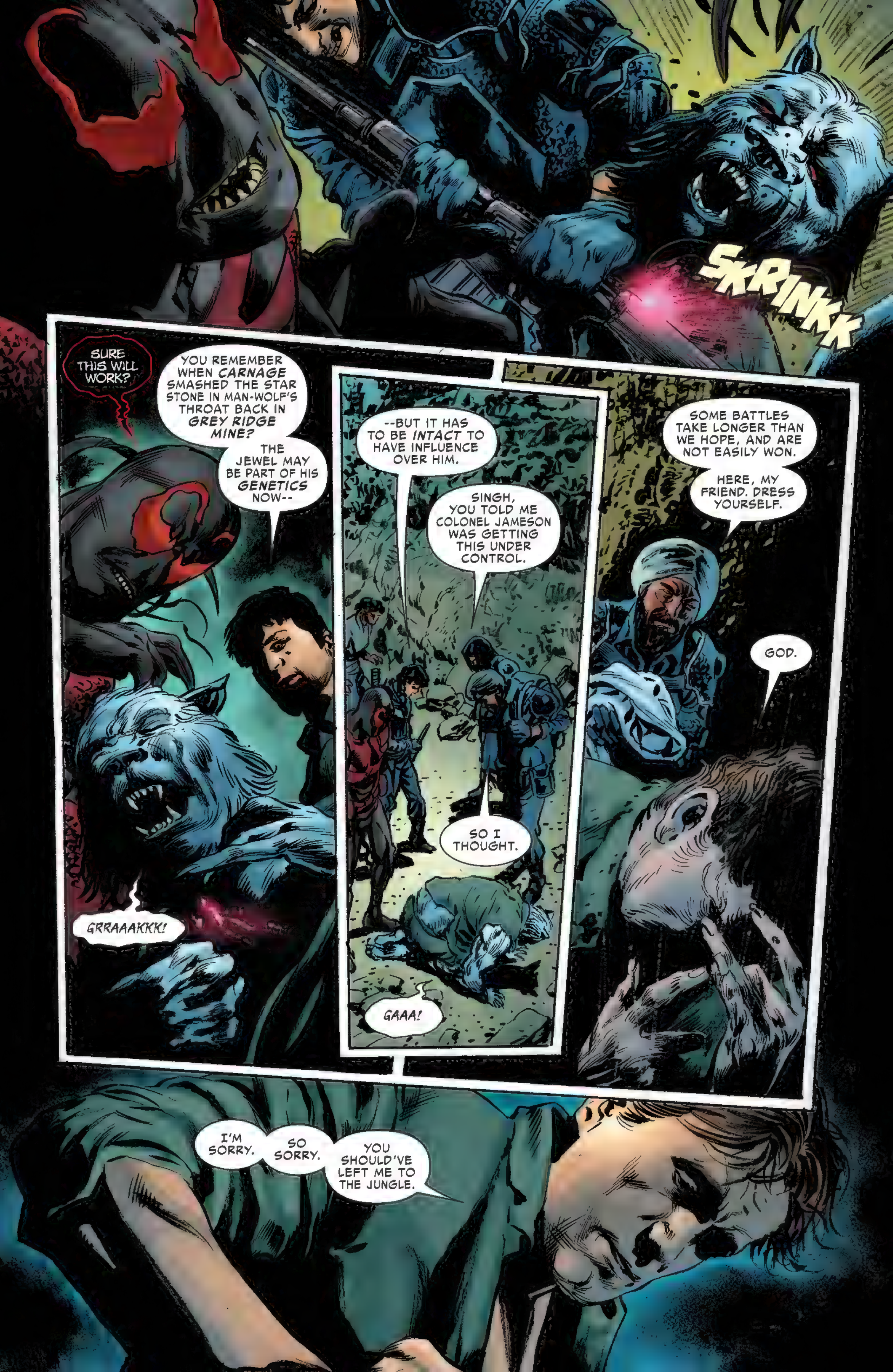

JOHN?
RAAWKRR
RRRRIPP
SLAAASSH
YIIIEE
KKKKKKKKK

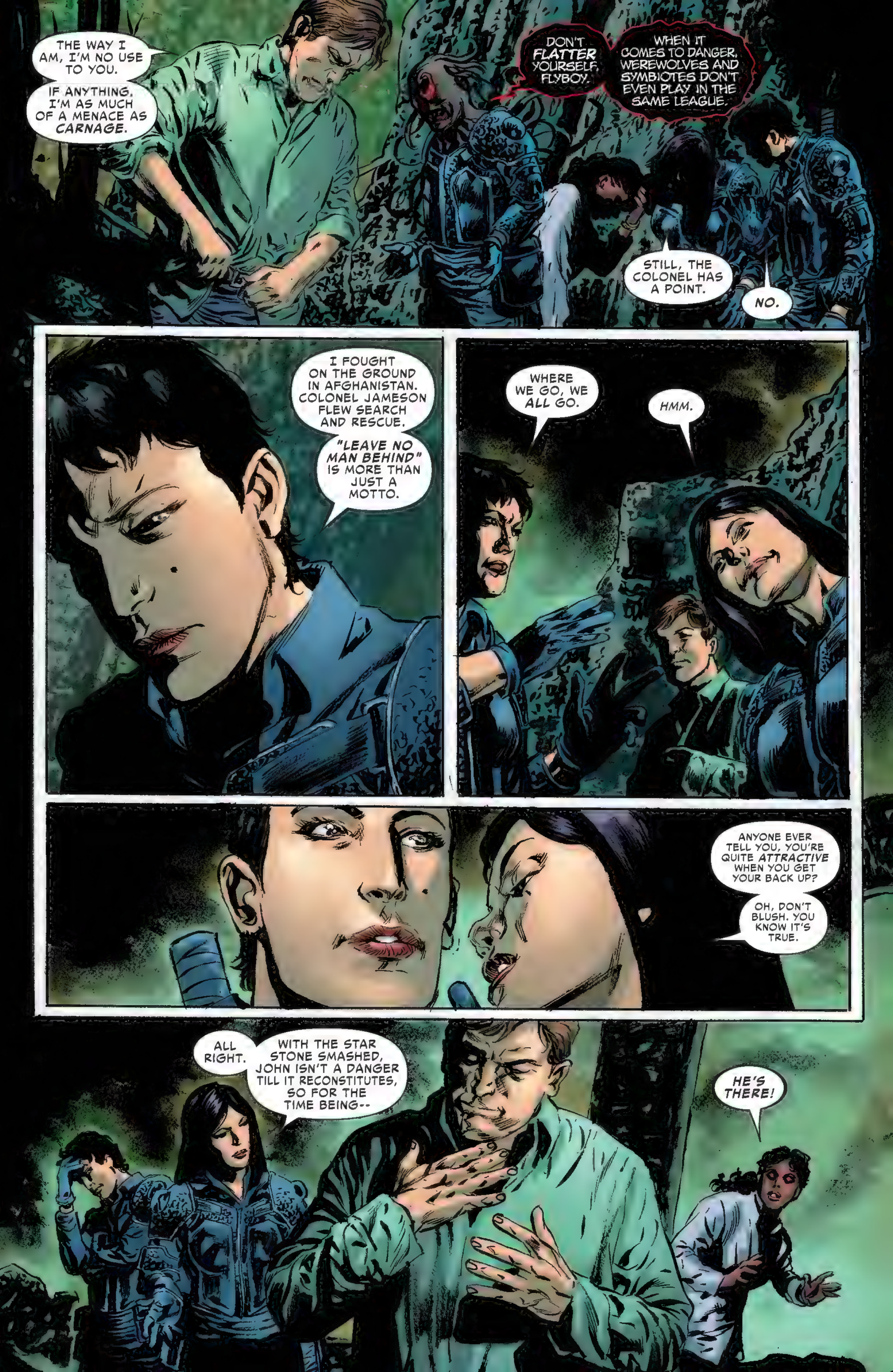

IT'S OVER QUICKLY.
TOO QUICKLY.
WHATEVER INSTINCT DROVE YOU TO ATTACK THESE CREATURES IS *FORGOTTEN* IN THE SLOWING RUSH OF ADRENALINE AND THE FADING SCENT OF BLOOD.
SNIFF?
JOHN.
COLONEL JAMESON.
GGRRRR
THE HUMAN *SPEAKS.*
THE SOUNDS IT MAKES, WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, ARE UNINTELLIGIBLE.
JOHN
JAMESON
FOR SOME REASON THIS *ENRAGES* YOU.
RRAAAARRRR
YOU DO THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE.
YOU RETURN TO THE JUNGLE.
WHERE IT'S SAFE.
WHERE YOU *BELONG.*

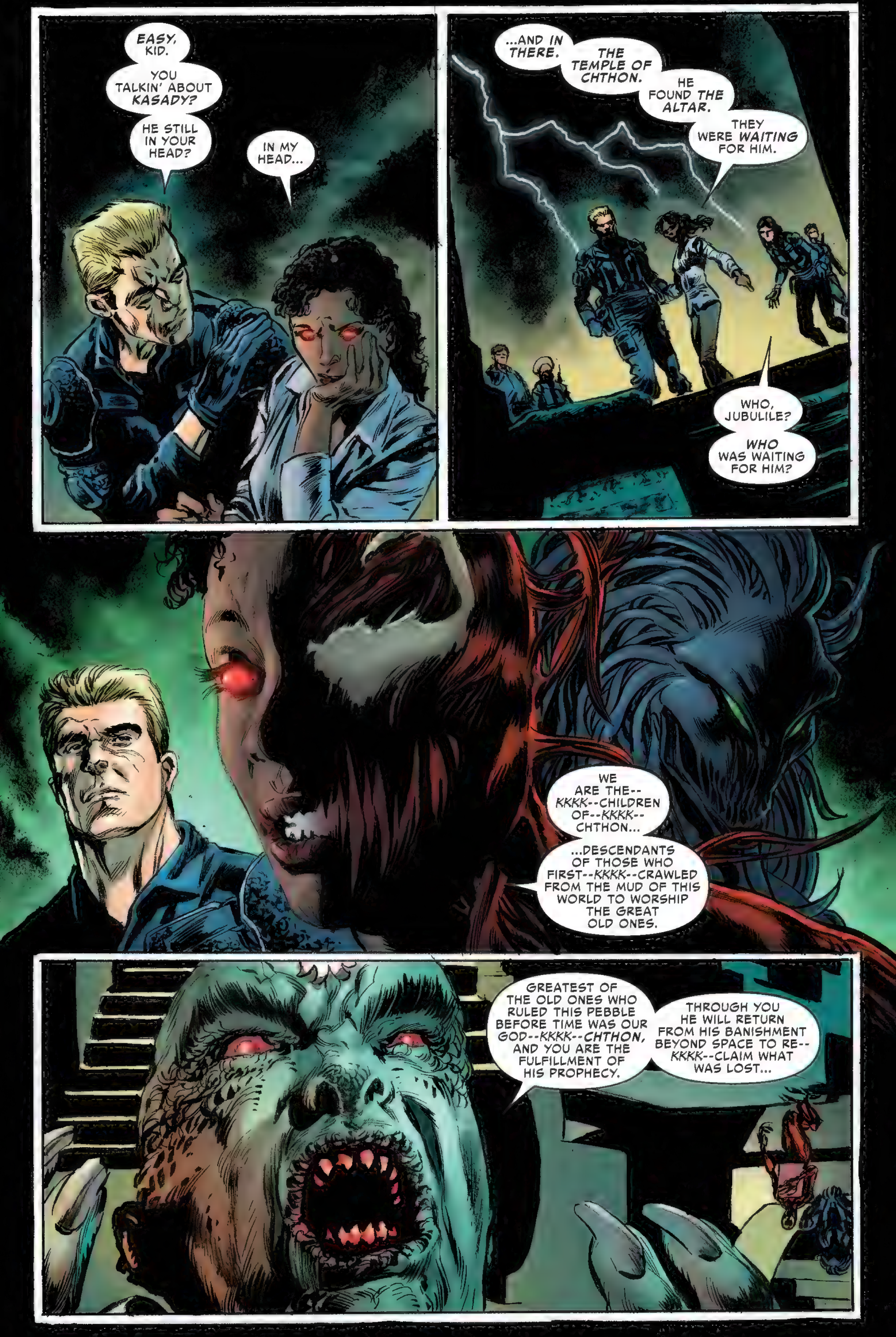

In the Temple of Chthon...
UH, REMEMBER BEFORE, WHEN I THOUGHT THOSE FROG-PEOPLE WERE HERDING US TO THIS TEMPLE?
NOW THEY'RE LIGHTING THE WAY...
RELAX, RAZE.
IT'S ALL IN THE BOOK.
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING.
NO MORE SURPRISES.
RIIIIIGHT.
WEL--KKKK--COME, RED SLAYER OF THE WEAK--KKKK--AND UNWORTHY.
I AM OBRIEN, LAST MALE OF MY LINE, SON OF THE SON OF THE SON OF THE--KKKK--CAPTAIN OF THAT NAME.
AS HIGH PRIEST OF THE GREAT GOD--KKKK--CHTHON, I BID YOU AND YOUR BLOOD BRIDE WEL--KKKK--COME TO YOUR HOUR OF DESTINY.
"BLOOD BRIDE"?
HEH.
THIS JUST GETS BETTER AND BETTER.

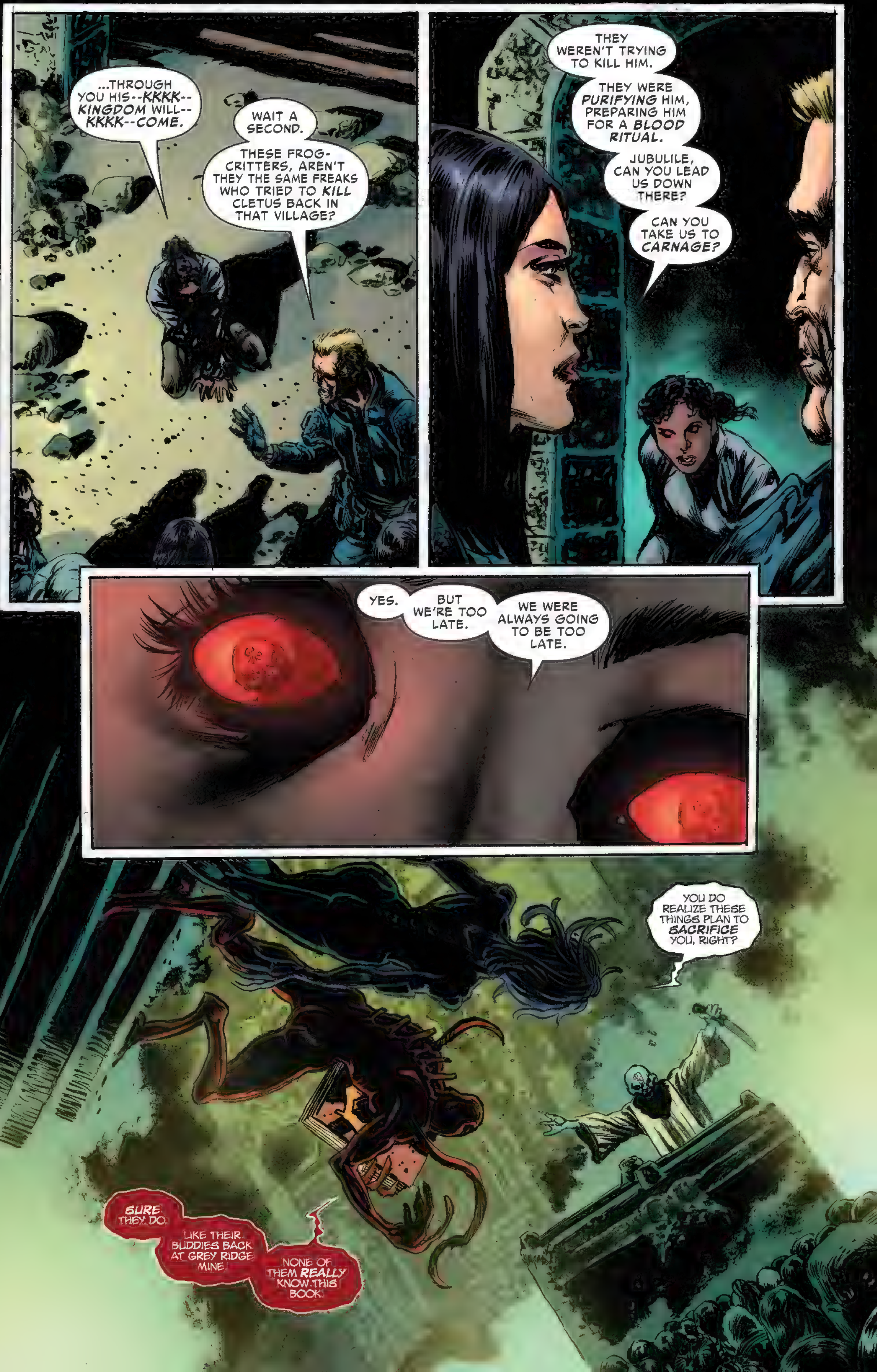

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN *RUNNING?*
LONG ENOUGH, FINALLY, TO LEAVE THE *JUNGLE* BEHIND.
SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN HAS *DRAWN* YOU HERE.
IF YOU COULD PUT FEELINGS INTO *WORDS*--
(BUT YOU CAN'T, BECAUSE WORDS ARE *BEYOND* YOU NOW.)
--YOU MIGHT DESCRIBE WHAT YOU FEEL AS *"DREAD"* AND *"HORROR,"* AND, YES, THE CALL OF *"DUTY."*
THAT LAST FEELING IS THE MOST CONFUSING.
IT ACHES LIKE A WOUND, LIKE A--
SSSNNFF???

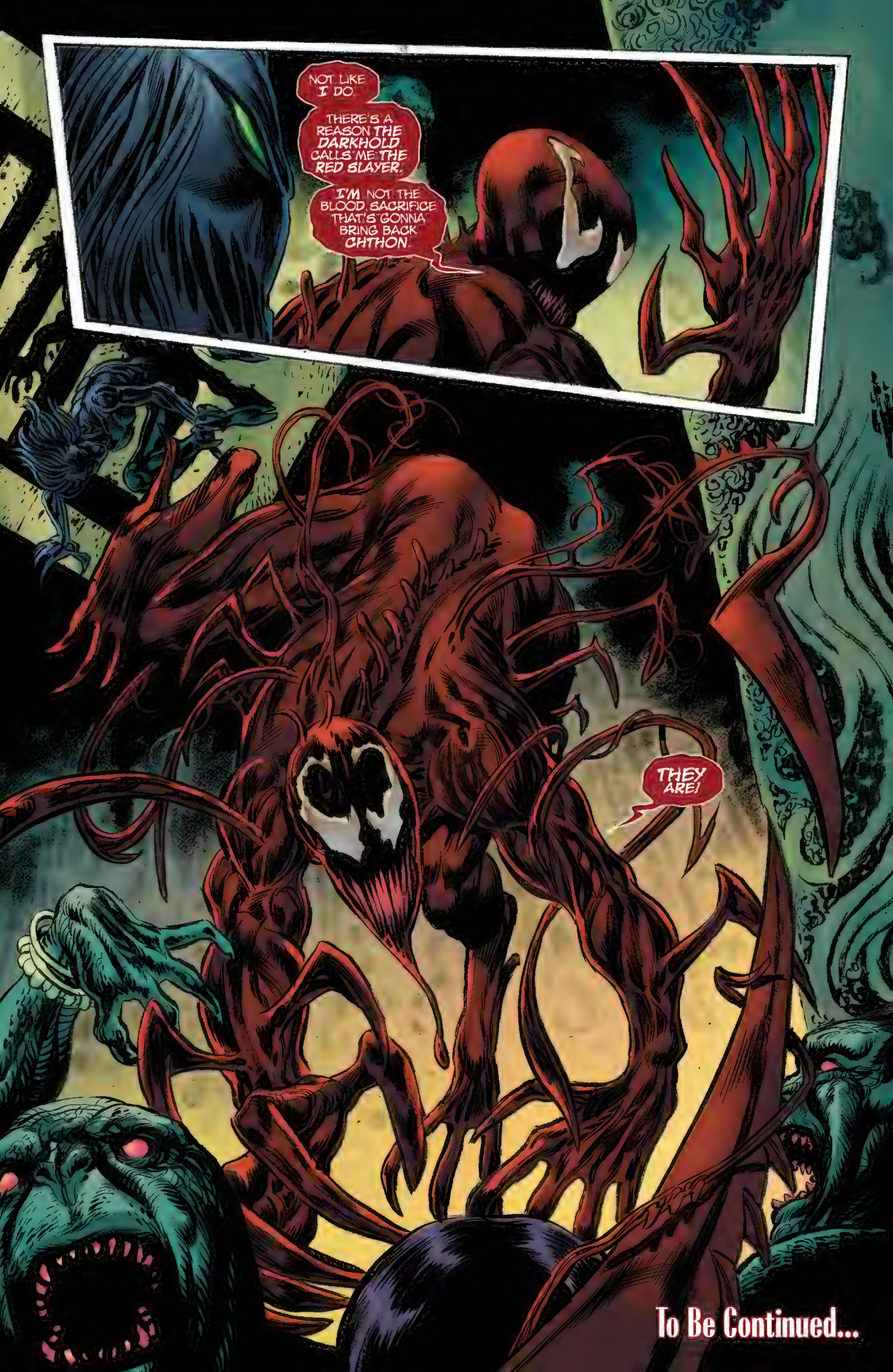

GOTCHA, FLYBOY!
RAWWRRRRR
C'MON, C'MON, C'MON!
DO IT BEFORE EITHER ME OR THE JET JOCKEY GETS HURT, OR BOTH OF US END UP OVER THE CLIFF...
RRRARR
SNAK
ARRRR
SNAK
SNAK
SNAK
AWWRRR
SNAK
DOWN, BOY!
CRIPES, HE'S GOT MORE SNAP THAN A PISSED-OFF PEKINGESE!


SKRINKK
SURE THIS WILL WORK?
YOU REMEMBER WHEN CARNAGE SMASHED THE STAR STONE IN MAN-WOLF'S THROAT BACK IN GREY RIDGE MINE?
THE JEWEL MAY BE PART OF HIS GENETICS NOW--
GRRAAAKKK!
--BUT IT HAS TO BE INTACT TO HAVE INFLUENCE OVER HIM.
SINGH, YOU TOLD ME COLONEL JAMESON WAS GETTING THIS UNDER CONTROL.
SO I THOUGHT.
GAAA!
SOME BATTLES TAKE LONGER THAN WE HOPE, AND ARE NOT EASILY WON.
HERE, MY FRIEND. DRESS YOURSELF.
GOD.
I'M SORRY.
SO SORRY.
YOU SHOULD'VE LEFT ME TO THE JUNGLE.


THE WAY I AM, I'M NO USE TO YOU.
IF ANYTHING, I'M AS MUCH OF A MENACE AS CARNAGE.
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, FLYBOY.
WHEN IT COMES TO DANGER, WEREWOLVES AND SYMBIOTES DON'T EVEN PLAY IN THE SAME LEAGUE.
STILL, THE COLONEL HAS A POINT.
NO.
I FOUGHT ON THE GROUND IN AFGHANISTAN. COLONEL JAMESON FLEW SEARCH AND RESCUE.
"LEAVE NO MAN BEHIND" IS MORE THAN JUST A MOTTO.
WHERE WE GO, WE ALL GO.
HMM.
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU, YOU'RE QUITE ATTRACTIVE WHEN YOU GET YOUR BACK UP?
OH, DON'T BLUSH. YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE.
ALL RIGHT.
WITH THE STAR STONE SMASHED, JOHN ISN'T A DANGER TILL IT RECONSTITUTES, SO FOR THE TIME BEING--
HE'S THERE!


EASY, KID.
YOU TALKIN' ABOUT KASADY?
HE STILL IN YOUR HEAD?
IN MY HEAD...
...AND IN THERE.
THE TEMPLE OF CHTHON.
HE FOUND THE ALTAR.
THEY WERE WAITING FOR HIM.
WHO, JUBULILE?
WHO WAS WAITING FOR HIM?
WE ARE THE--KKKK--CHILDREN OF--KKKK--CHTHON...
...DESCENDANTS OF THOSE WHO FIRST--KKKK--CRAWLED FROM THE MUD OF THIS WORLD TO WORSHIP THE GREAT OLD ONES.
GREATEST OF THE OLD ONES WHO RULED THIS PEBBLE BEFORE TIME WAS OUR GOD--KKKK--CHTHON, AND YOU ARE THE FULFILLMENT OF HIS PROPHECY.
THROUGH YOU HE WILL RETURN FROM HIS BANISHMENT BEYOND SPACE TO RE--KKKK--CLAIM WHAT WAS LOST...


...THROUGH YOU HIS--KKKK--KINGDOM WILL--KKKK--COME.
WAIT A SECOND.
THESE FROG-CRITTERS, AREN'T THEY THE SAME FREAKS WHO TRIED TO KILL CLETUS BACK IN THAT VILLAGE?
THEY WEREN'T TRYING TO KILL HIM.
THEY WERE PURIFYING HIM, PREPARING HIM FOR A BLOOD RITUAL.
JUBULILE, CAN YOU LEAD US DOWN THERE?
CAN YOU TAKE US TO CARNAGE?
YES.
BUT WE'RE TOO LATE.
WE WERE ALWAYS GOING TO BE TOO LATE.
YOU DO REALIZE THESE THINGS PLAN TO SACRIFICE YOU, RIGHT?
SURE THEY DO.
LIKE THEIR BUDDIES BACK AT GREY RIDGE MINE.
NONE OF THEM REALLY KNOW THIS BOOK.


NOT LIKE I DO.
THERE'S A REASON THE DARKHOLD CALLS ME THE RED SLAYER.
I'M NOT THE BLOOD SACRIFICE THAT'S GONNA BRING BACK CHTHON.
THEY ARE!
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #15

CARNAGE®
MARVEL
015
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

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WHAT DWELLS BENEATH PART FIVE

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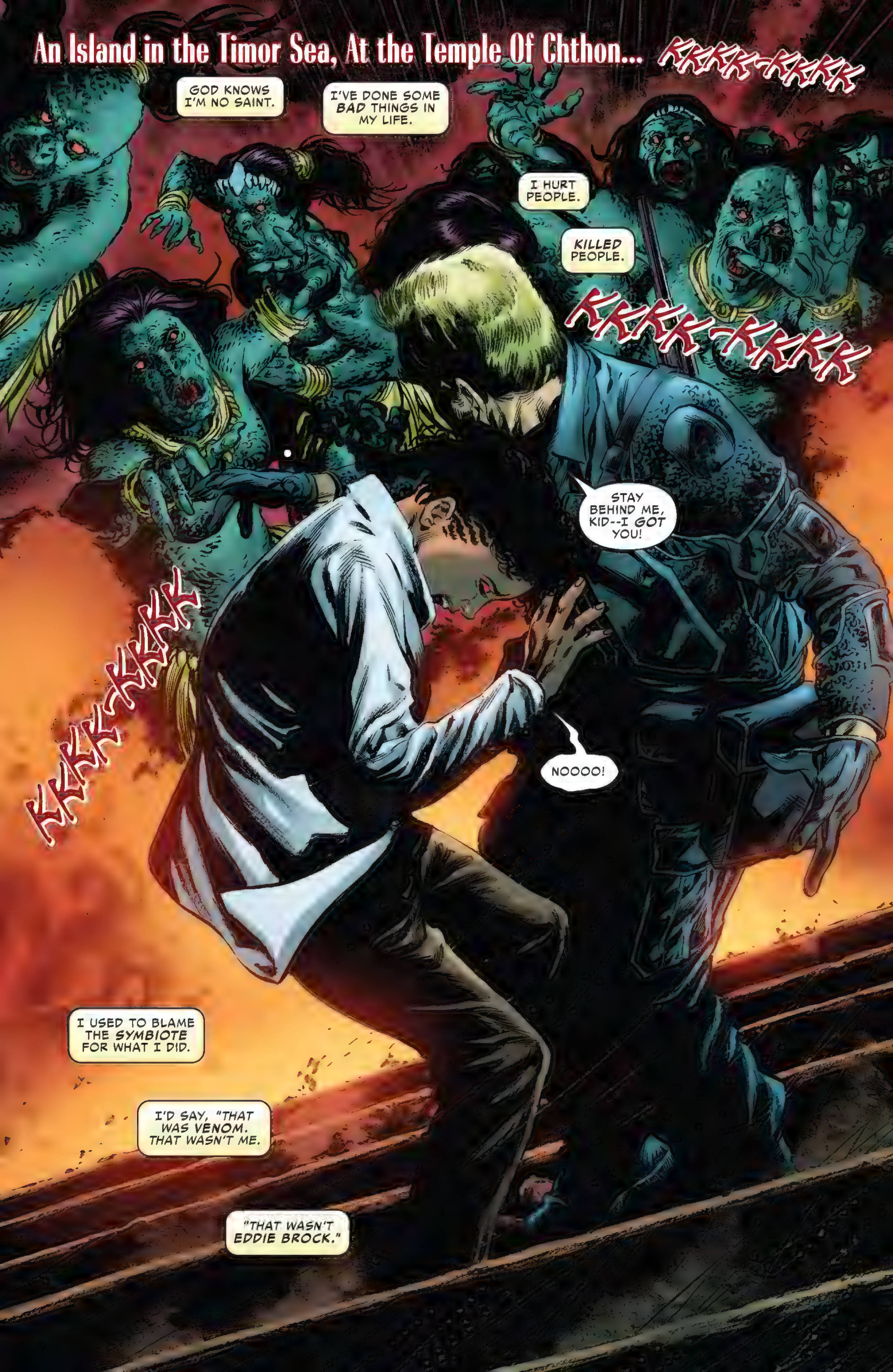
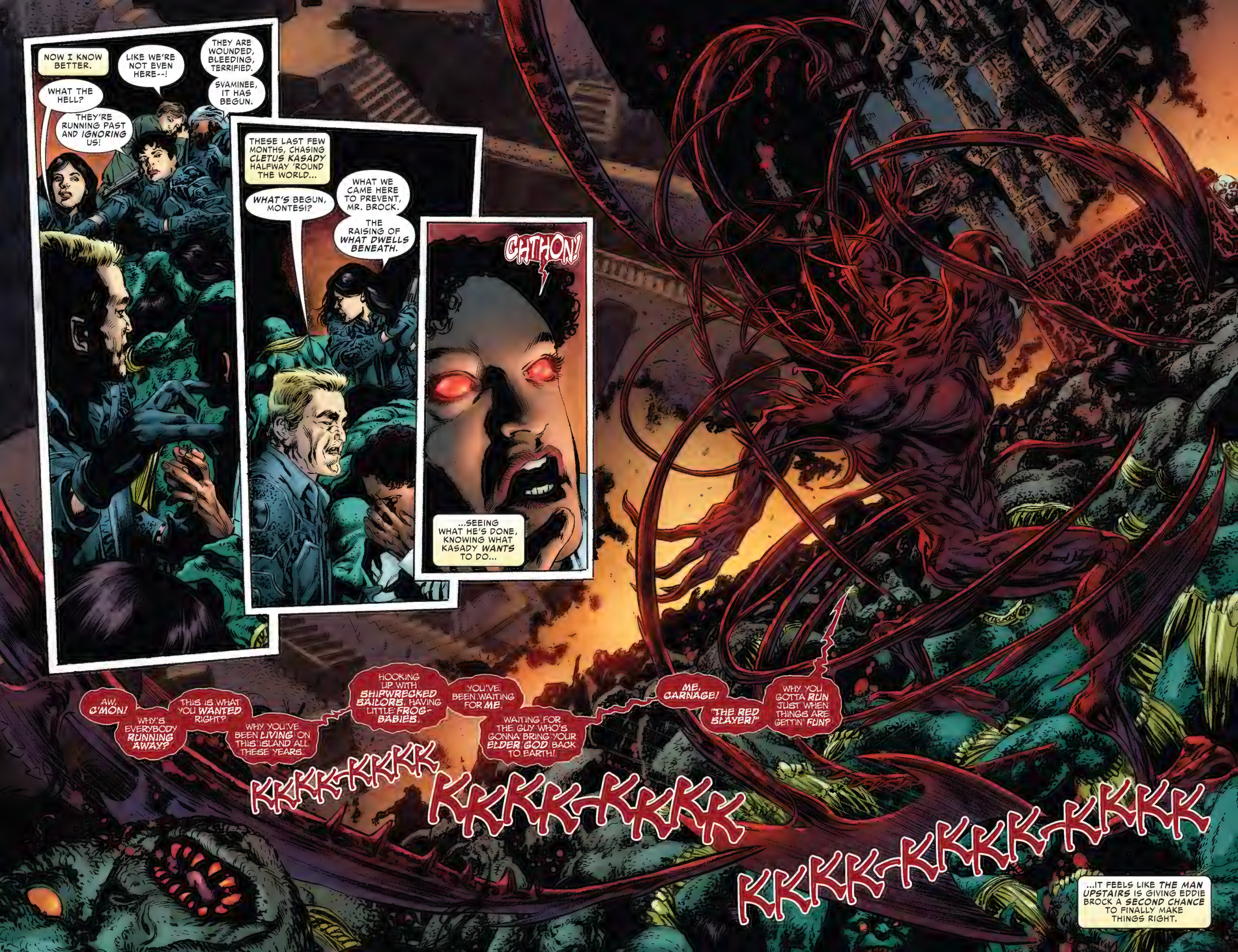
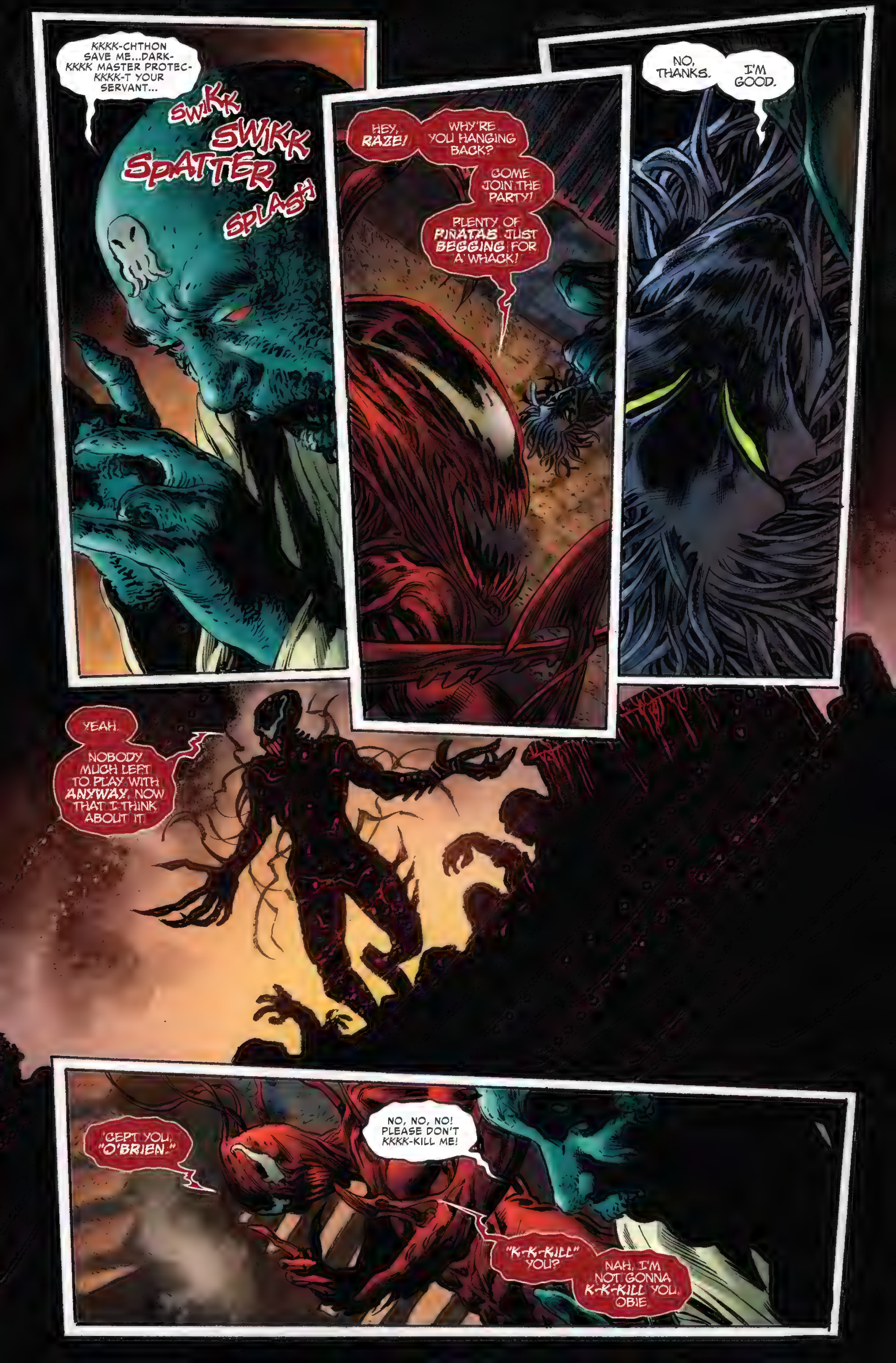
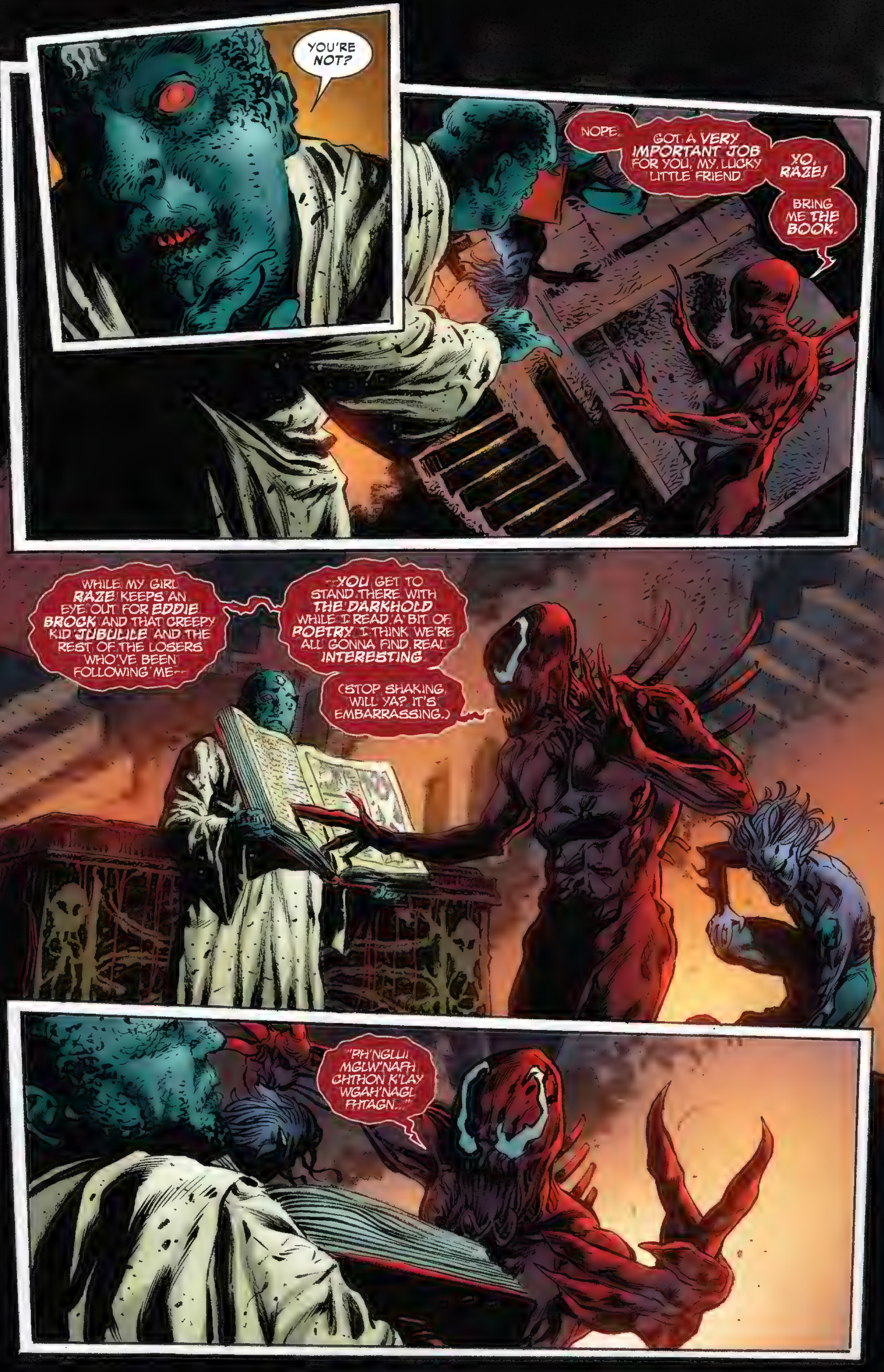
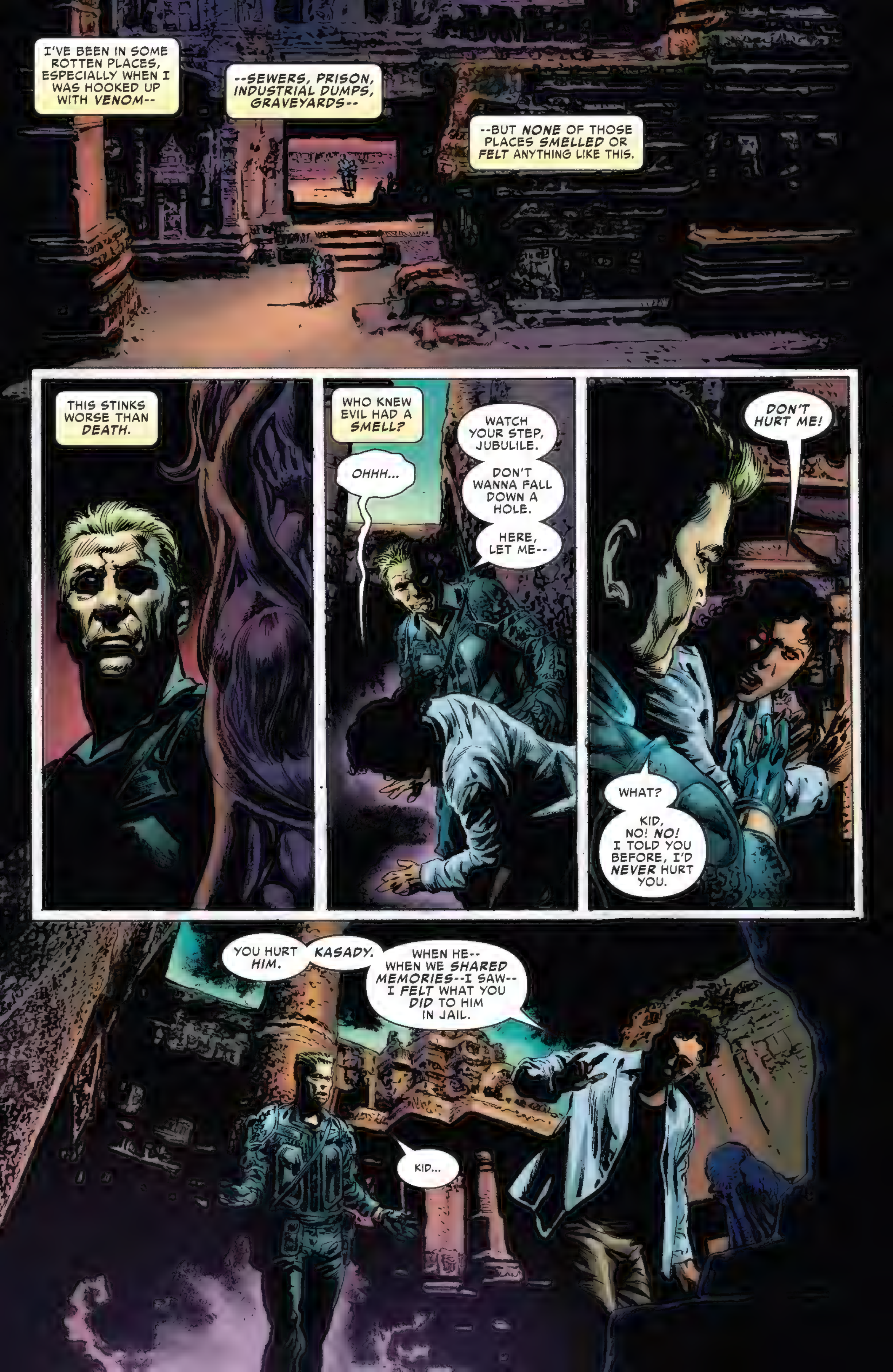
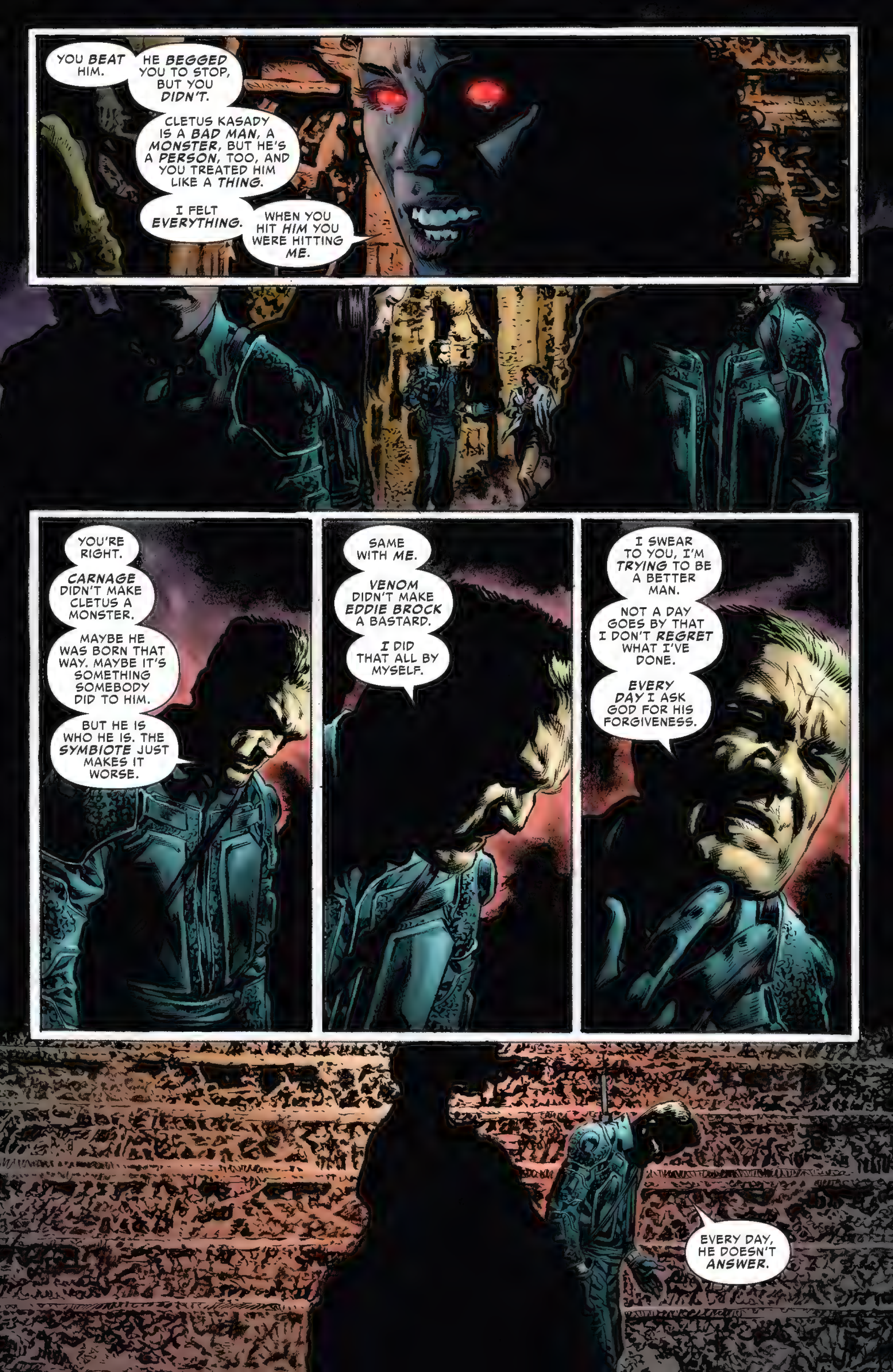

An Island in the Timor Sea, At the Temple Of Chthon...
KKKK-KKKK
GOD KNOWS I'M NO SAINT.
I'VE DONE SOME BAD THINGS IN MY LIFE.
I HURT PEOPLE.
KILLED PEOPLE.
KKKK-KKKK
STAY BEHIND ME, KID--I GOT YOU!
KKKK-KKKK
NOOOO!
I USED TO BLAME THE SYMBIOTE FOR WHAT I DID.
I'D SAY, "THAT WAS VENOM. THAT WASN'T ME.
"THAT WASN'T EDDIE BROCK."

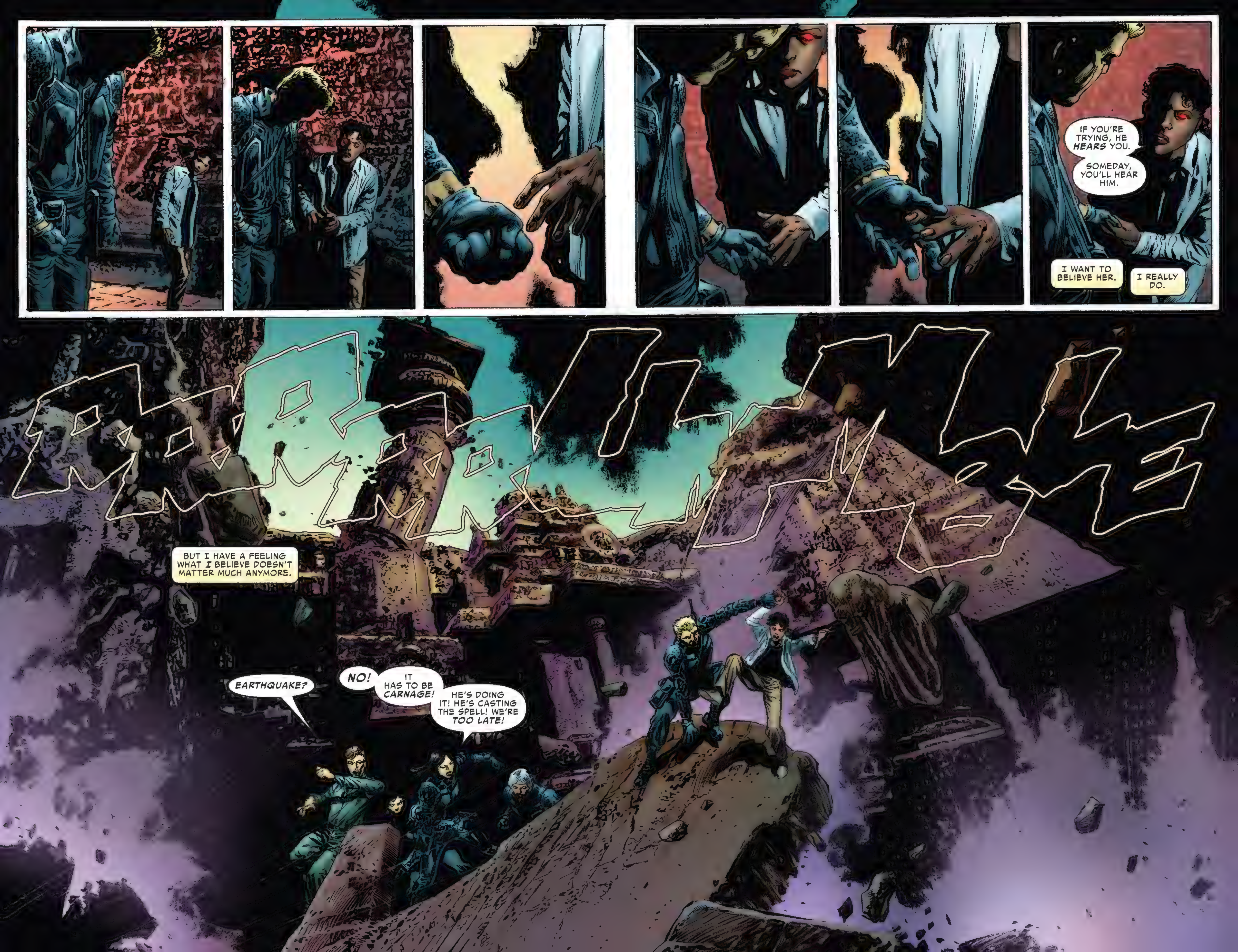

NOW I KNOW BETTER.
WHAT THE HELL?
THEY'RE RUNNING PAST AND IGNORING US!
LIKE WE'RE NOT EVEN HERE--!
THEY ARE WOUNDED, BLEEDING, TERRIFIED.
SVAMINEE, IT HAS BEGUN.
THESE LAST FEW MONTHS, CHASING CLETUS KASADY HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD...
WHAT'S BEGUN, MONTESI?
WHAT WE CAME HERE TO PREVENT, MR. BROCK.
THE RAISING OF WHAT DWELLS BENEATH.
CHTHON!
...SEEING WHAT HE'S DONE, KNOWING WHAT KASADY WANTS TO DO...
AW, C'MON!
WHY'S EVERYBODY RUNNING AWAY?
THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, RIGHT?
WHY YOU'VE BEEN LIVING ON THIS ISLAND ALL THESE YEARS.
HOOKING UP WITH SHIPWRECKED SAILORS, HAVING LITTLE FROG-BABIES.
YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ME.
WAITING FOR THE GUY WHO'S GONNA BRING YOUR ELDER GOD BACK TO EARTH!
ME, CARNAGE!
"THE RED SLAYER!"
WHY YOU GOTTA RUN JUST WHEN THINGS ARE GETTIN' FUN?
KKKK-KKKK
KKKK-KKKK
KKKK-KKKK-KKKK
...IT FEELS LIKE THE MAN UPSTAIRS IS GIVING EDDIE BROCK A SECOND CHANCE TO FINALLY MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

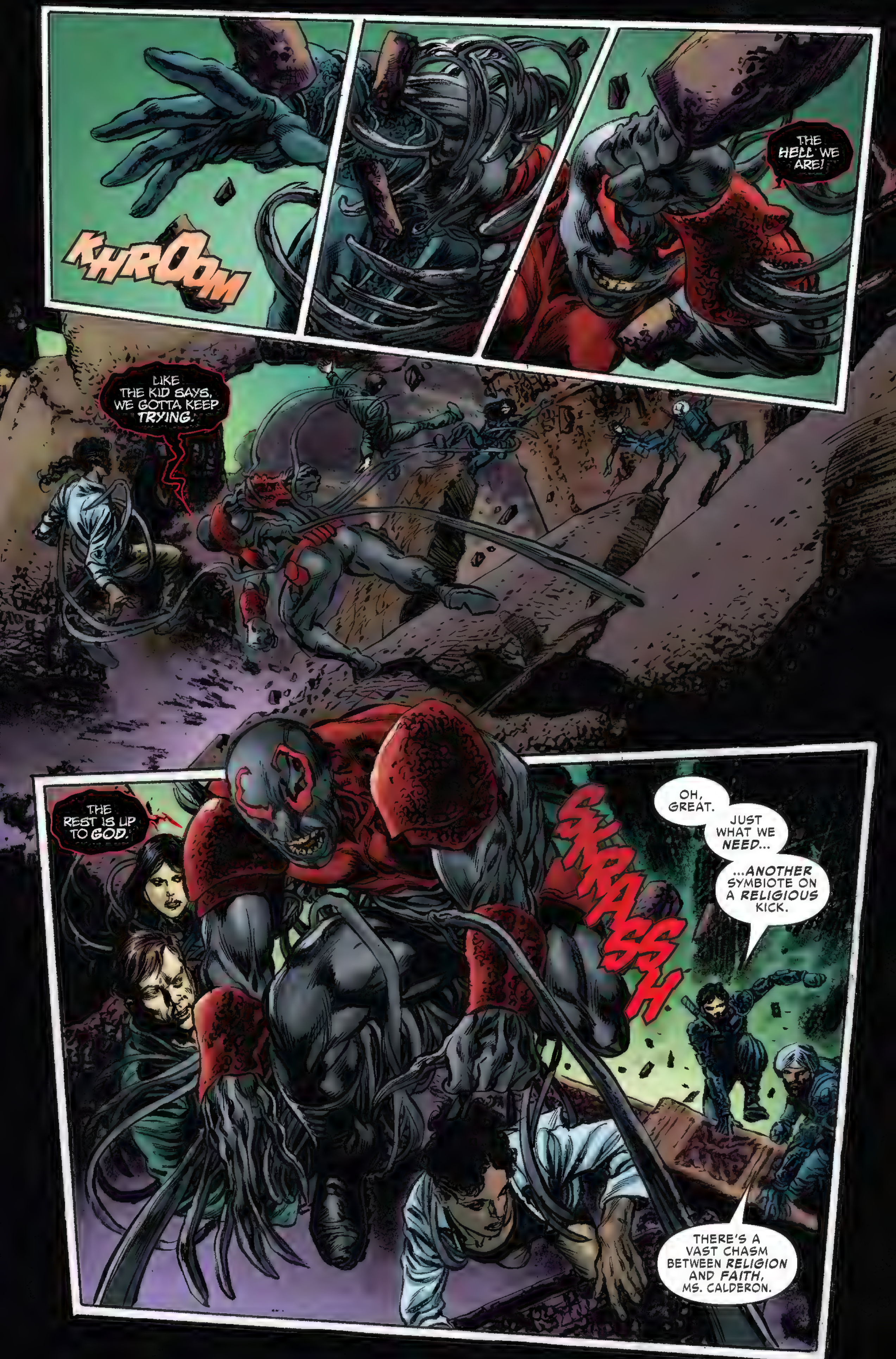

KKKK-CHTHON SAVE ME...DARK-KKKK MASTER PROTEC-KKKK-T YOUR SERVANT...
SWIKK
SWIKK
SPATTER
SPLASH
HEY, RAZE!
WHY'RE YOU HANGING BACK?
COME JOIN THE PARTY!
PLENTY OF PIÑATAS JUST BEGGING FOR A WHACK!
NO, THANKS.
I'M GOOD.
YEAH.
NOBODY MUCH LEFT TO PLAY WITH ANYWAY, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT.
'CEPT YOU, "O'BRIEN."
NO, NO, NO! PLEASE DON'T KKKK-KILL ME!
"K-K-KILL" YOU?
NAH, I'M NOT GONNA K-K-KILL YOU, OBIE.

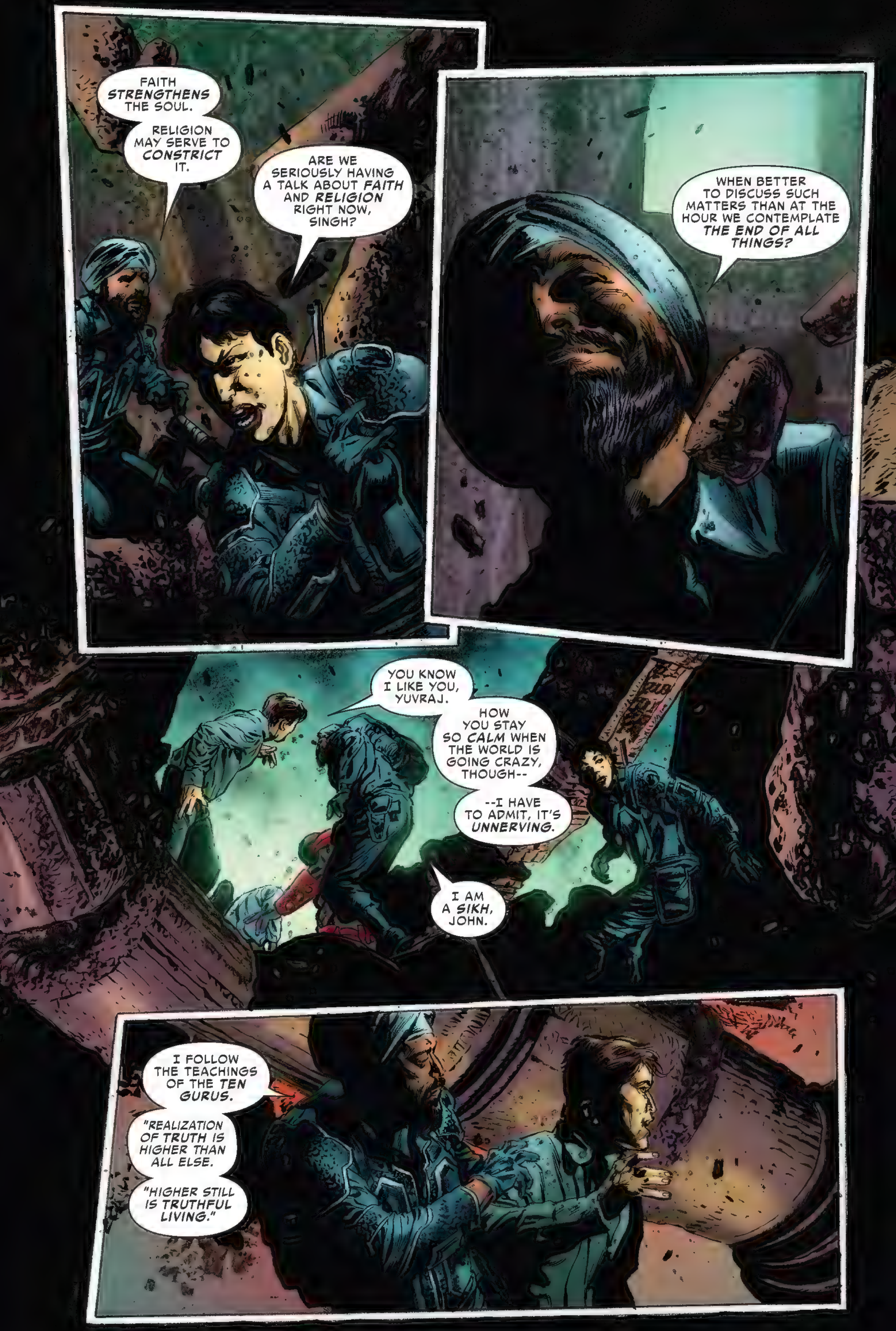

YOU'RE NOT?
NOPE.
GOT A VERY IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU, MY LUCKY LITTLE FRIEND.
YO, RAZE!
BRING ME THE BOOK.
WHILE MY GIRL RAZE KEEPS AN EYE OUT FOR EDDIE BROCK AND THAT CREEPY KID JUBULILE AND THE REST OF THE LOSERS WHO'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME--
--YOU GET TO STAND THERE WITH THE DARKHOLD WHILE I READ A BIT OF POETRY I THINK WE'RE ALL GONNA FIND REAL INTERESTING.
(STOP SHAKING, WILL YA? IT'S EMBARRASSING.)
"PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CHTHON K'LAY WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN..."

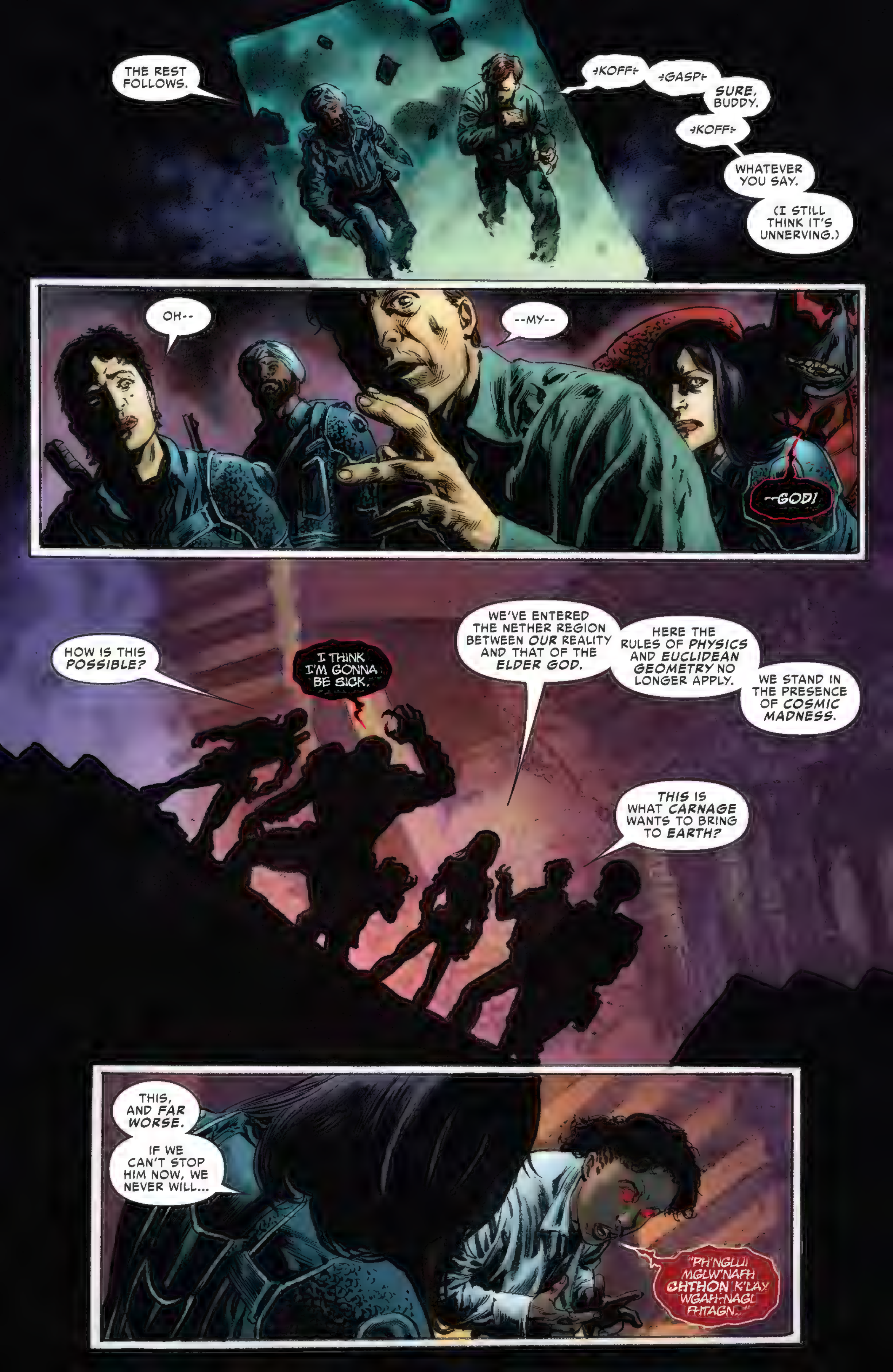

I'VE BEEN IN SOME ROTTEN PLACES, ESPECIALLY WHEN I WAS HOOKED UP WITH *VENOM*--
--SEWERS, PRISON, INDUSTRIAL DUMPS, GRAVEYARDS--
--BUT *NONE* OF THOSE PLACES *SMELLED* OR *FELT* ANYTHING LIKE THIS.
THIS STINKS WORSE THAN *DEATH.*
WHO KNEW EVIL HAD A *SMELL?*
WATCH YOUR STEP, JUBULILE.
OHHH...
DON'T WANNA FALL DOWN A HOLE.
HERE, LET ME--
DON'T HURT ME!
WHAT?
KID, NO! *NO!* I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I'D *NEVER* HURT YOU.
YOU HURT *HIM.*
KASADY.
WHEN HE-- WHEN WE *SHARED MEMORIES*--I SAW-- I *FELT* WHAT YOU *DID* TO HIM IN JAIL.
KID...

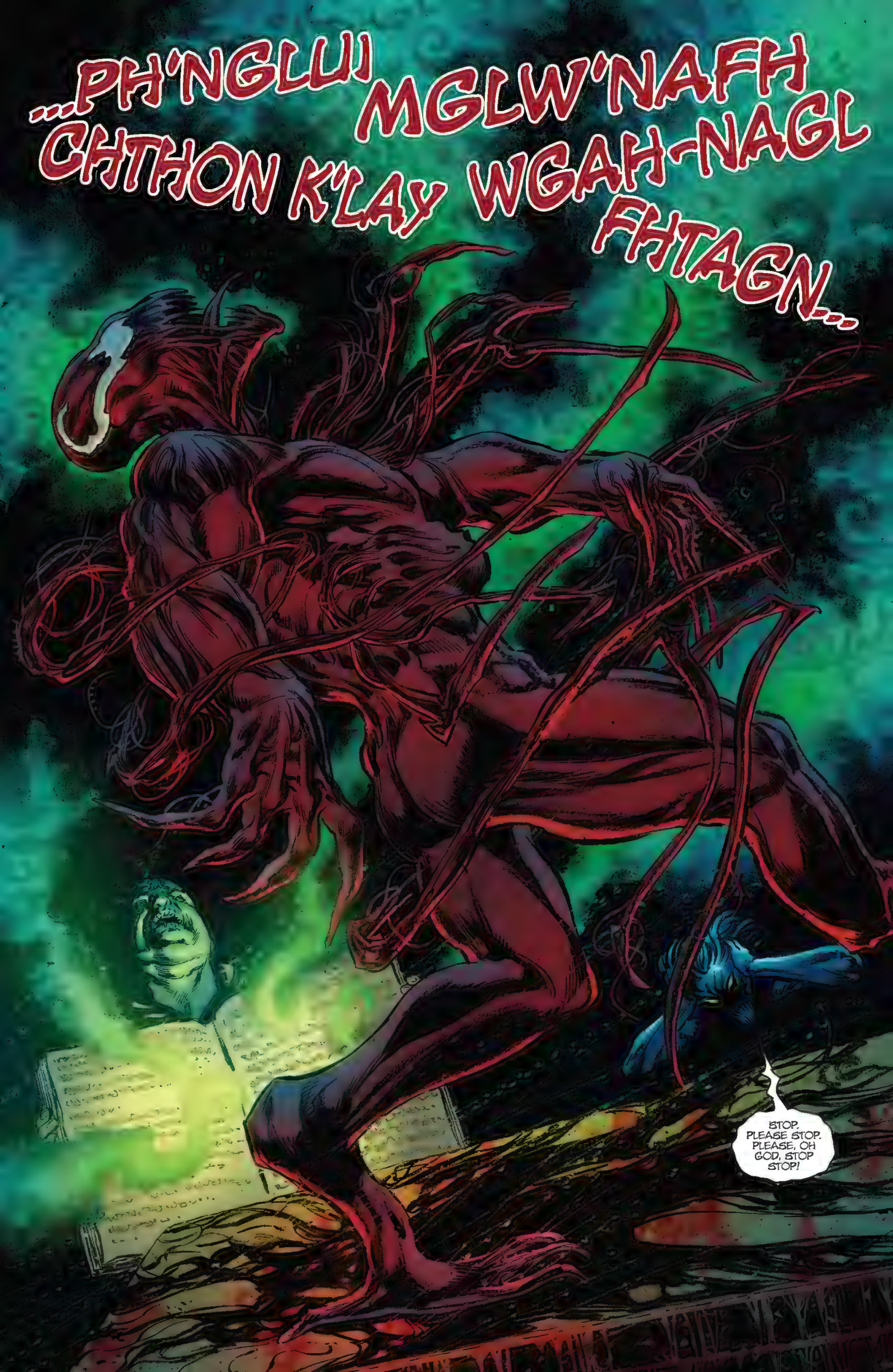

YOU BEAT HIM.
HE BEGGED YOU TO STOP, BUT YOU DIDN'T.
CLETUS KASADY IS A BAD MAN, A MONSTER, BUT HE'S A PERSON, TOO, AND YOU TREATED HIM LIKE A THING.
I FELT EVERYTHING.
WHEN YOU HIT HIM YOU WERE HITTING ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
CARNAGE DIDN'T MAKE CLETUS A MONSTER.
MAYBE HE WAS BORN THAT WAY. MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING SOMEBODY DID TO HIM.
BUT HE IS WHO HE IS. THE SYMBIOTE JUST MAKES IT WORSE.
SAME WITH ME.
VENOM DIDN'T MAKE EDDIE BROCK A BASTARD.
I DID THAT ALL BY MYSELF.
I SWEAR TO YOU, I'M TRYING TO BE A BETTER MAN.
NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT I DON'T REGRET WHAT I'VE DONE.
EVERY DAY I ASK GOD FOR HIS FORGIVENESS.
EVERY DAY, HE DOESN'T ANSWER.

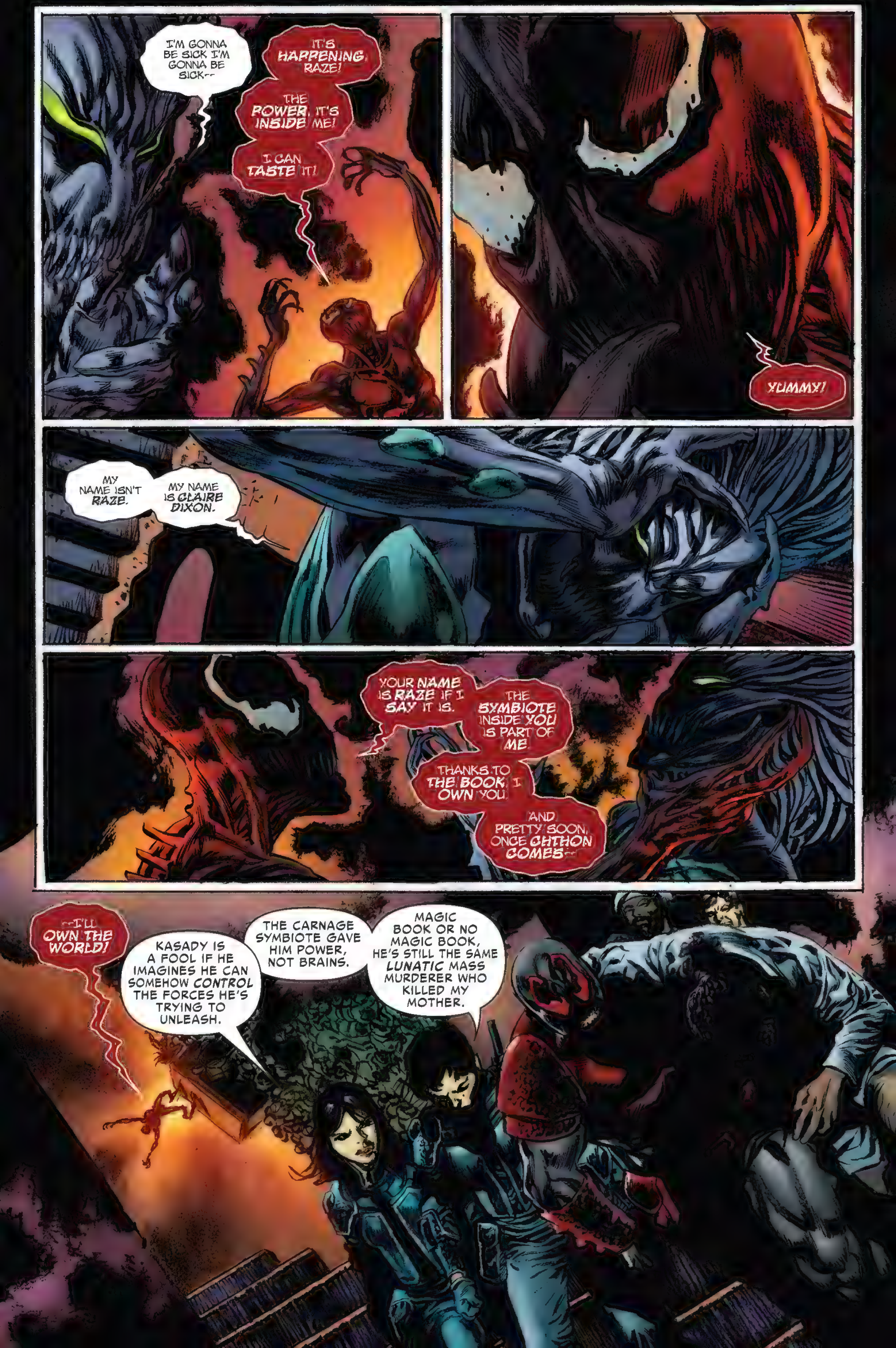

IF YOU'RE TRYING, HE **HEARS** YOU.
SOMEDAY, YOU'LL HEAR HIM.
I WANT TO BELIEVE HER.
I REALLY DO.
RRRUMMMBLE
BUT I HAVE A FEELING WHAT *I* BELIEVE DOESN'T MATTER MUCH ANYMORE.
EARTHQUAKE?
NO!
IT HAS TO BE ***CARNAGE!***
HE'S DOING IT! HE'S CASTING THE SPELL! WE'RE *TOO LATE!*

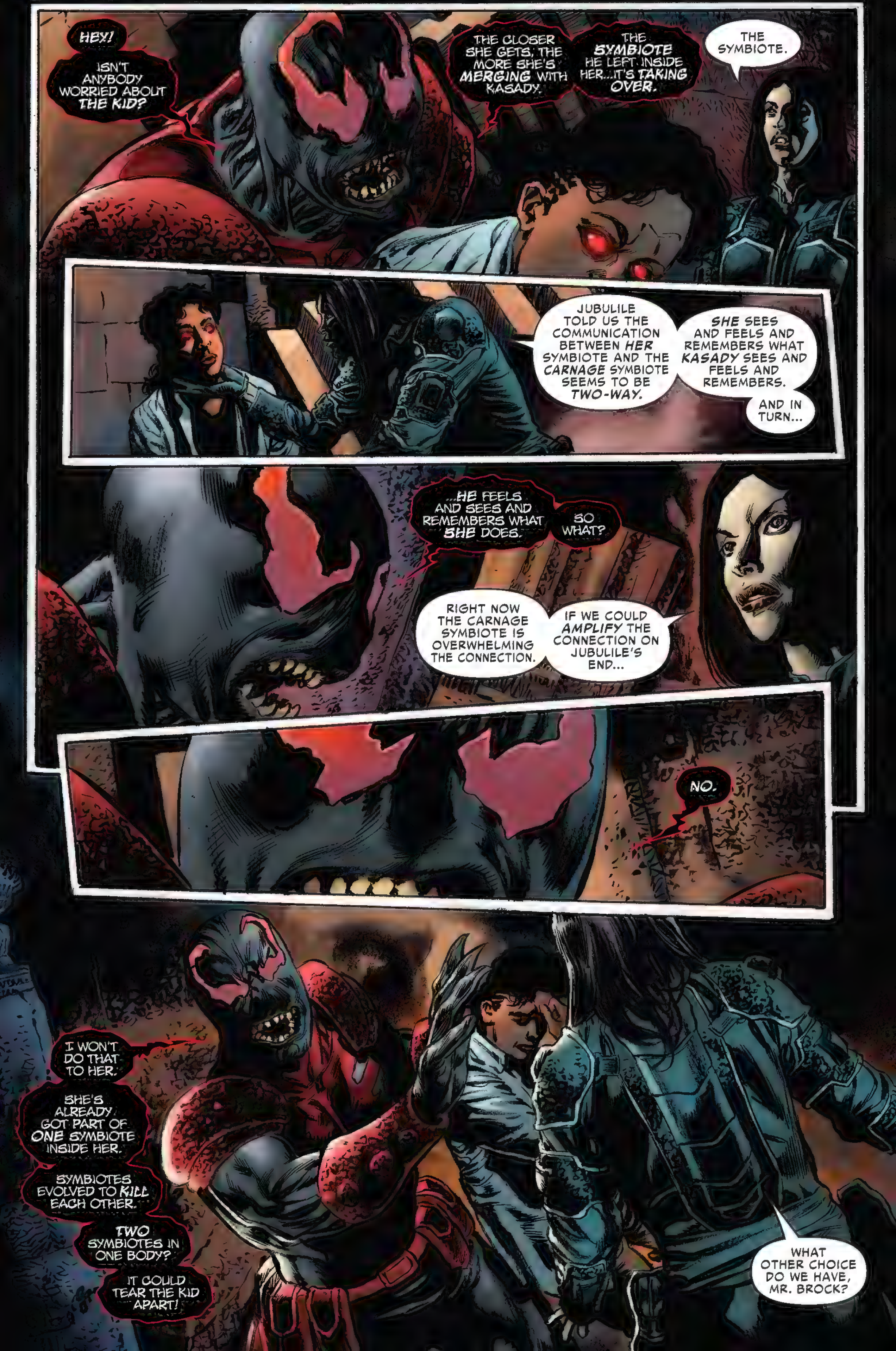

KHROOM
THE HELL WE ARE!
LIKE THE KID SAYS, WE GOTTA KEEP TRYING.
THE REST IS UP TO GOD.
SKRASSH
OH, GREAT.
JUST WHAT WE NEED...
...ANOTHER SYMBIOTE ON A RELIGIOUS KICK.
THERE'S A VAST CHASM BETWEEN RELIGION AND FAITH, MS. CALDERON.

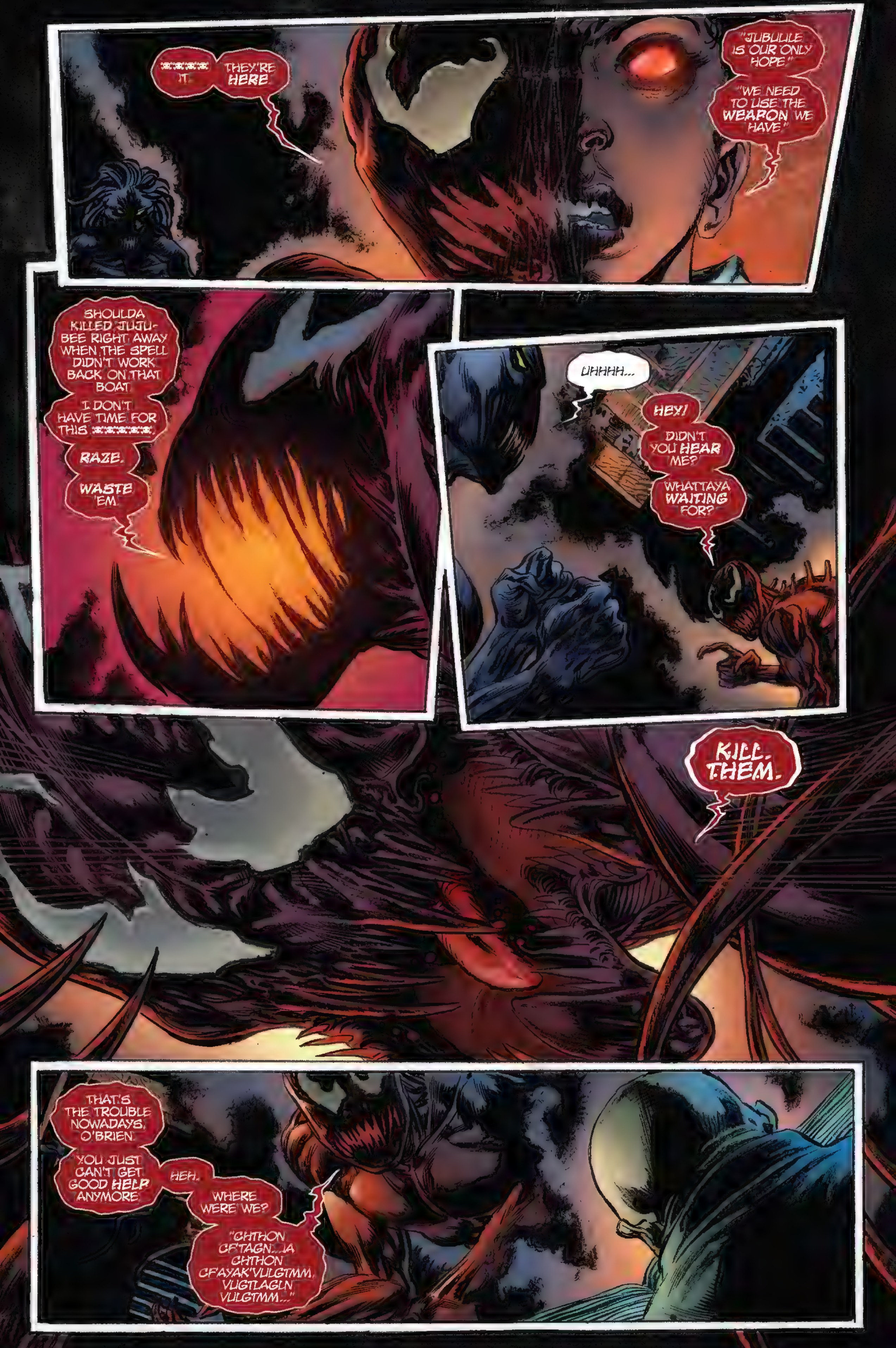

FAITH *STRENGTHENS* THE SOUL.
RELIGION MAY SERVE TO *CONSTRICT* IT.
ARE WE SERIOUSLY HAVING A TALK ABOUT *FAITH* AND *RELIGION* RIGHT NOW, SINGH?
WHEN BETTER TO DISCUSS SUCH MATTERS THAN AT THE HOUR WE CONTEMPLATE *THE END OF ALL THINGS?*
YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU, YUVRAJ.
HOW YOU STAY SO *CALM* WHEN THE WORLD IS GOING CRAZY, THOUGH--
--I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S *UNNERVING.*
I AM A *SIKH,* JOHN.
I FOLLOW THE TEACHINGS OF THE *TEN GURUS.*
"REALIZATION OF TRUTH IS HIGHER THAN ALL ELSE.
"HIGHER STILL IS TRUTHFUL LIVING."

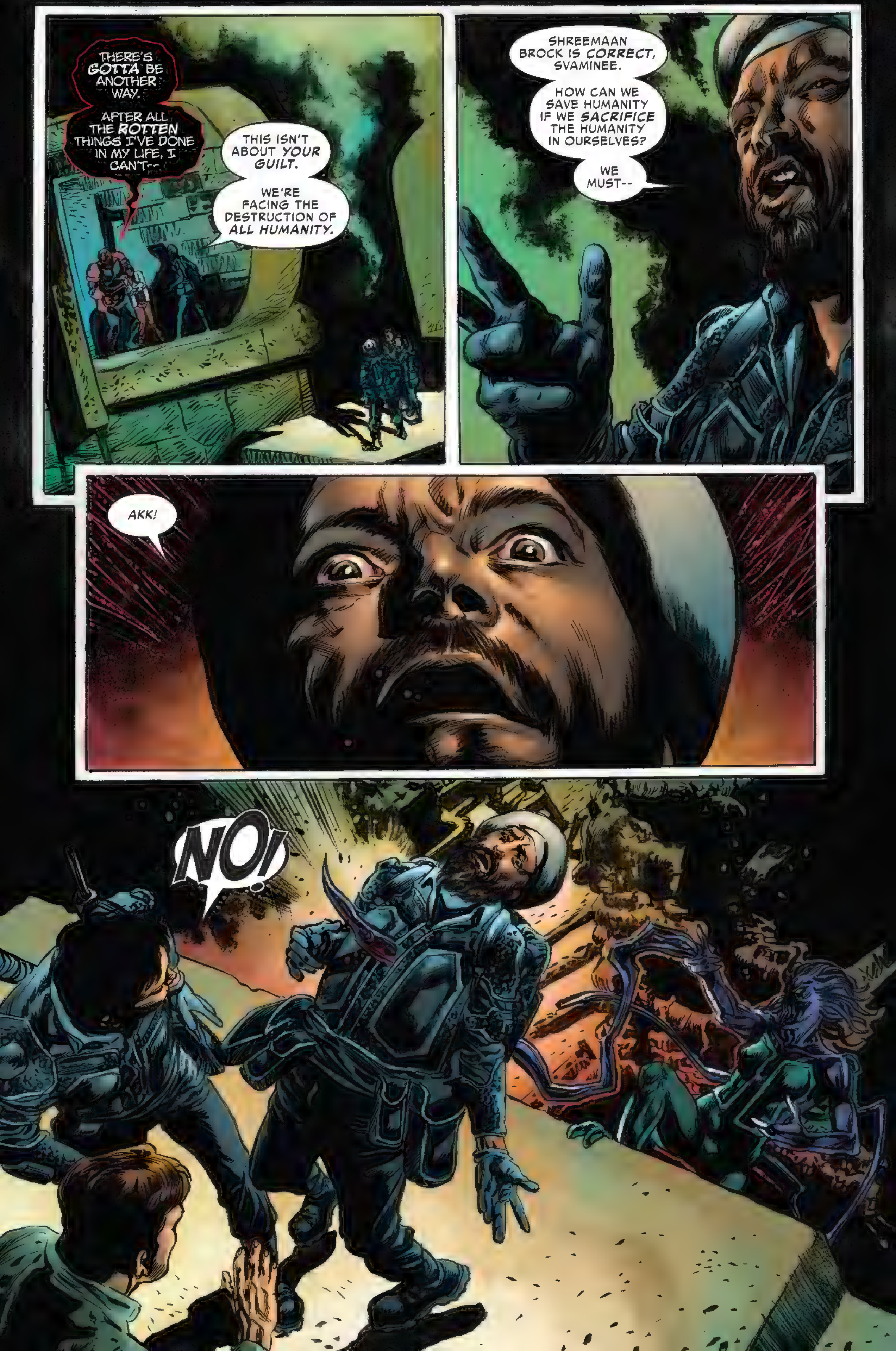

THE REST FOLLOWS.
÷KOFF÷
÷GASP÷
SURE, BUDDY.
÷KOFF÷
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
(I STILL THINK IT'S UNNERVING.)
OH--
--MY--
--GOD!
HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK.
WE'VE ENTERED THE NETHER REGION BETWEEN OUR REALITY AND THAT OF THE ELDER GOD.
HERE THE RULES OF PHYSICS AND EUCLIDEAN GEOMETRY NO LONGER APPLY.
WE STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF COSMIC MADNESS.
THIS IS WHAT CARNAGE WANTS TO BRING TO EARTH?
THIS, AND FAR WORSE.
IF WE CAN'T STOP HIM NOW, WE NEVER WILL...
"PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CHTHON K'LAY WGAH-NAGL FHTAGN."

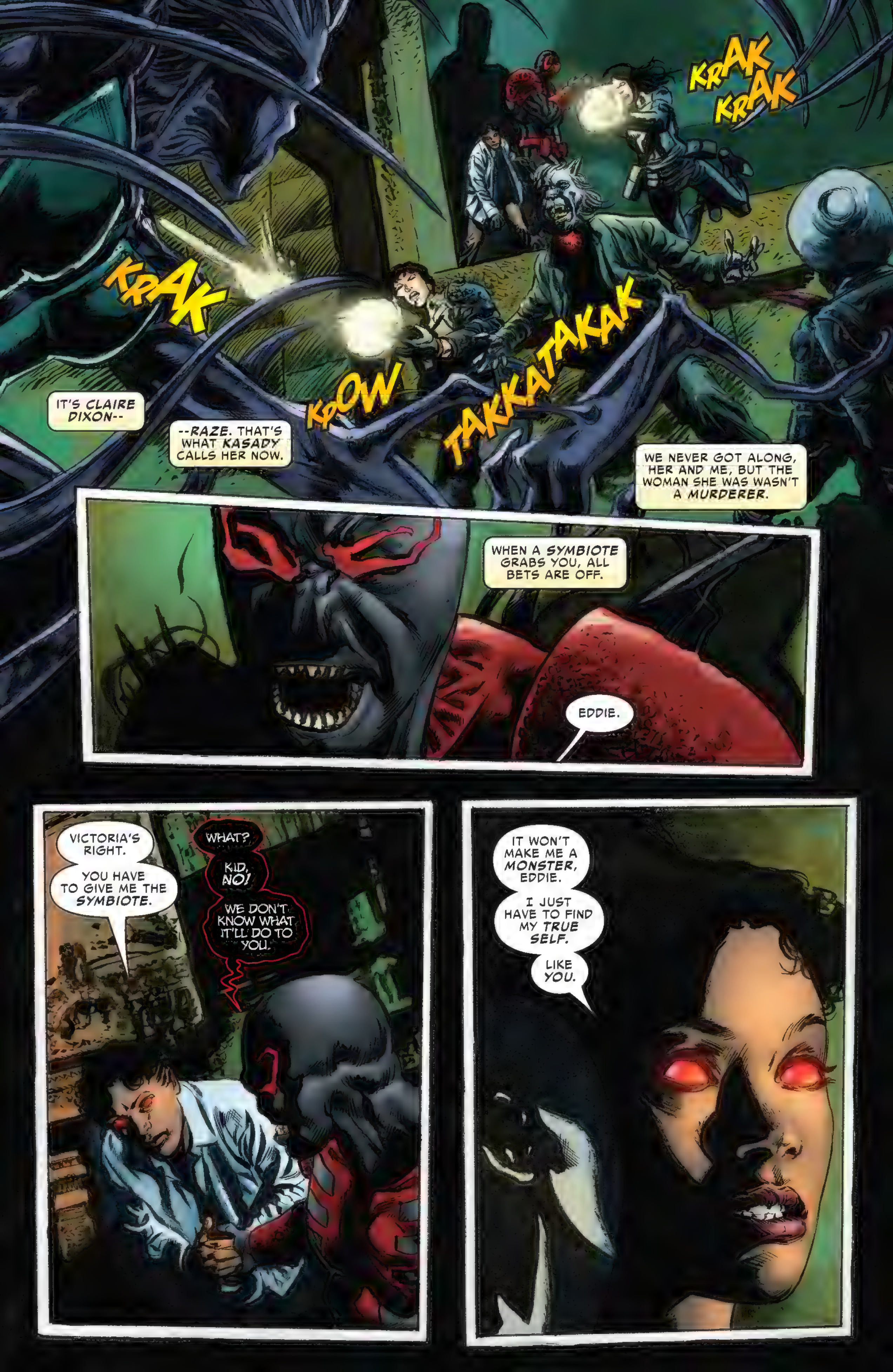

...PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CHTHON K'LAY WGAH-NAGL FHTAGN...
STOP. PLEASE STOP. PLEASE, OH GOD, STOP STOP!

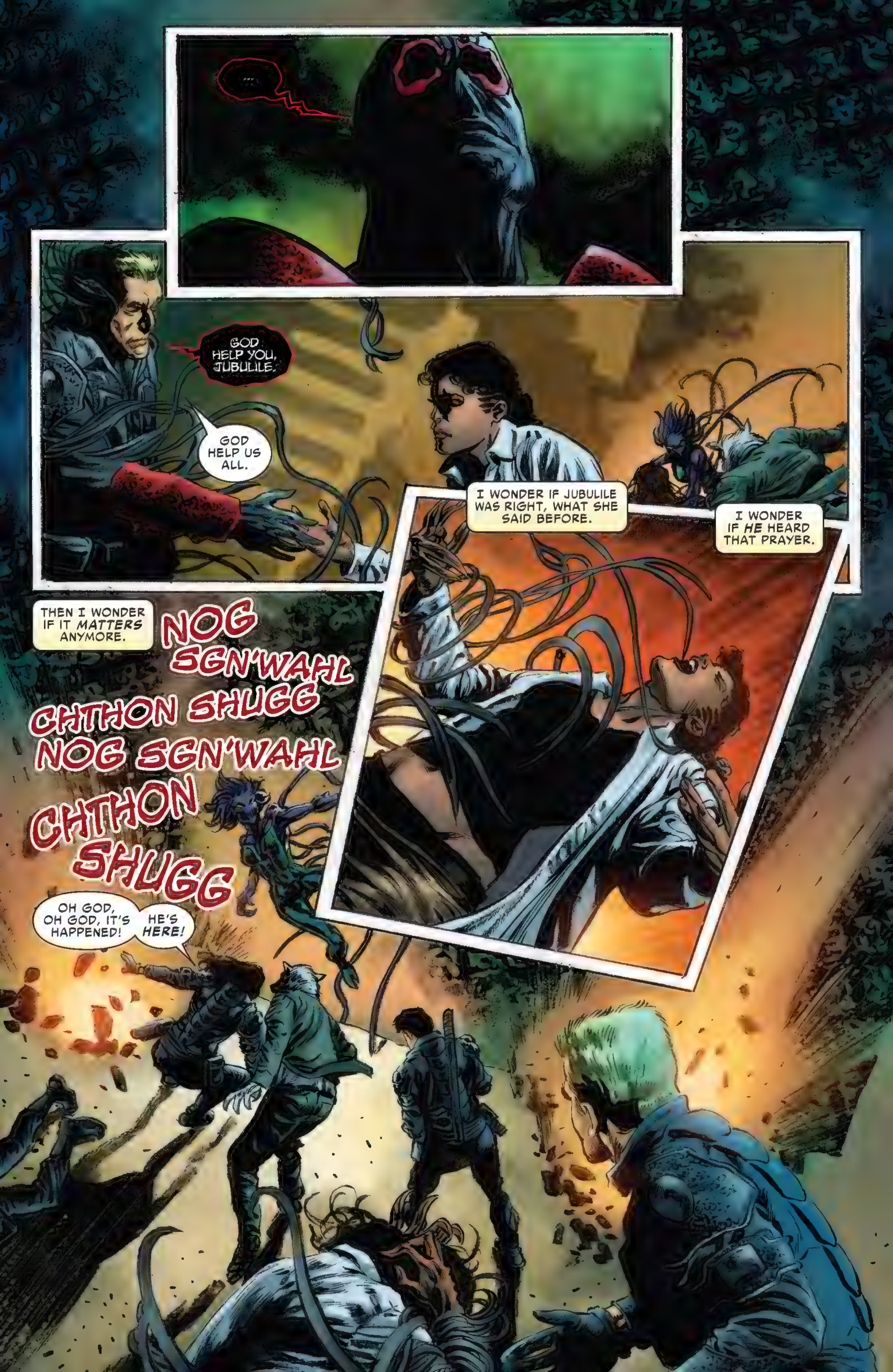

I'M GONNA BE SICK I'M GONNA BE SICK--
IT'S HAPPENING, RAZE!
THE POWER, IT'S INSIDE ME!
I CAN TASTE IT!
YUMMY!
MY NAME ISN'T RAZE.
MY NAME IS CLAIRE DIXON.
YOUR NAME IS RAZE IF I SAY IT IS.
THE SYMBIOTE INSIDE YOU IS PART OF ME.
THANKS TO THE BOOK, I OWN YOU.
AND PRETTY SOON, ONCE CHTHON COMES--
--I'LL OWN THE WORLD!
KASADY IS A FOOL IF HE IMAGINES HE CAN SOMEHOW CONTROL THE FORCES HE'S TRYING TO UNLEASH.
THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE GAVE HIM POWER, NOT BRAINS.
MAGIC BOOK OR NO MAGIC BOOK, HE'S STILL THE SAME LUNATIC MASS MURDERER WHO KILLED MY MOTHER.

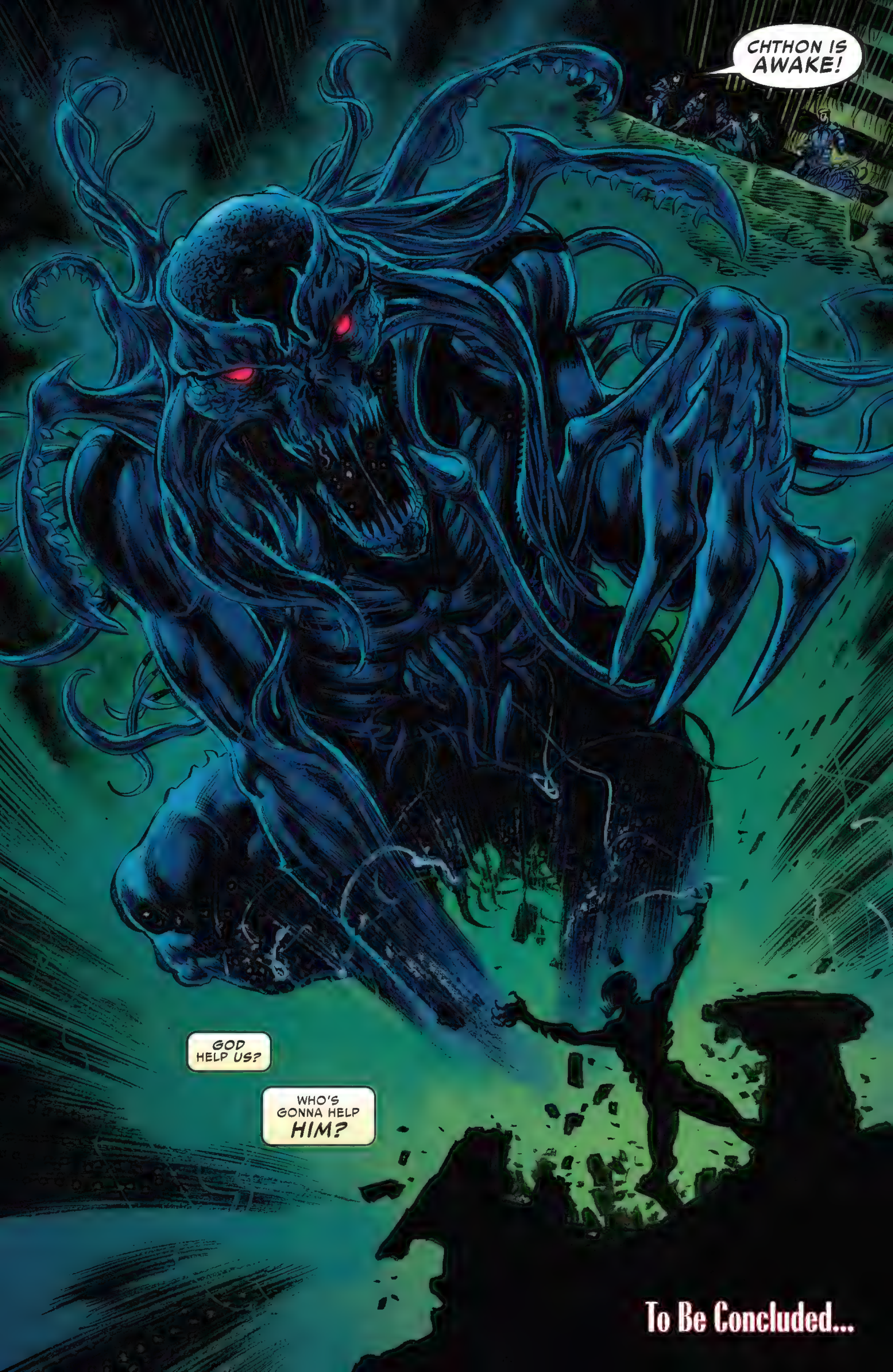

HEY!
ISN'T ANYBODY WORRIED ABOUT THE KID?
THE CLOSER SHE GETS, THE MORE SHE'S MERGING WITH KASADY.
THE SYMBIOTE HE LEFT INSIDE HER...IT'S TAKING OVER.
THE SYMBIOTE.
JUBULILE TOLD US THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HER SYMBIOTE AND THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE SEEMS TO BE TWO-WAY.
SHE SEES AND FEELS AND REMEMBERS WHAT KASADY SEES AND FEELS AND REMEMBERS.
AND IN TURN...
...HE FEELS AND SEES AND REMEMBERS WHAT SHE DOES.
SO WHAT?
RIGHT NOW THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS OVERWHELMING THE CONNECTION.
IF WE COULD AMPLIFY THE CONNECTION ON JUBULILE'S END...
NO.
I WON'T DO THAT TO HER.
SHE'S ALREADY GOT PART OF ONE SYMBIOTE INSIDE HER.
SYMBIOTES EVOLVED TO KILL EACH OTHER.
TWO SYMBIOTES IN ONE BODY?
IT COULD TEAR THE KID APART!
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE, MR. BROCK?


✱✱✱✱ IT.
THEY'RE HERE.
"JUBULILE IS OUR ONLY HOPE."
"WE NEED TO USE THE WEAPON WE HAVE."
SHOULDA KILLED JUJU-BEE RIGHT AWAY WHEN THE SPELL DIDN'T WORK BACK ON THAT BOAT.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS ✱✱✱✱✱.
RAZE.
WASTE 'EM.
UHHHH...
HEY!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?
WHATTAYA WAITING FOR?
KILL. THEM.
THAT'S THE TROUBLE NOWADAYS, O'BRIEN.
YOU JUST CAN'T GET GOOD HELP ANYMORE.
HEH.
WHERE WERE WE?
"CHTHON CF'TAGN...IA CHTHON CF'AYAK'VULGTMM, VUGTLAGLN VULGTMM..."


THERE'S GOTTA BE ANOTHER WAY.
AFTER ALL THE ROTTEN THINGS I'VE DONE IN MY LIFE, I CAN'T--
THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOUR GUILT.
WE'RE FACING THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL HUMANITY.
SHREEMAAN BROCK IS CORRECT, SVAMINEE.
HOW CAN WE SAVE HUMANITY IF WE SACRIFICE THE HUMANITY IN OURSELVES?
WE MUST--
AKK!
NO!


KRAK KRAK
KRAK
KPOW
TAKKATAKAK
IT'S CLAIRE DIXON--
--RAZE. THAT'S WHAT KASADY CALLS HER NOW.
WE NEVER GOT ALONG, HER AND ME, BUT THE WOMAN SHE WAS WASN'T A MURDERER.
WHEN A SYMBIOTE GRABS YOU, ALL BETS ARE OFF.
EDDIE.
VICTORIA'S RIGHT.
YOU HAVE TO GIVE ME THE SYMBIOTE.
WHAT?
KID, NO!
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'LL DO TO YOU.
IT WON'T MAKE ME A MONSTER, EDDIE.
I JUST HAVE TO FIND MY TRUE SELF.
LIKE YOU.


...
GOD HELP YOU, JUBULILE.
GOD HELP US ALL.
I WONDER IF JUBULILE WAS RIGHT, WHAT SHE SAID BEFORE.
I WONDER IF *HE* HEARD THAT PRAYER.
THEN I WONDER IF IT *MATTERS* ANYMORE.
NOG SGN'WAHL CHTHON SHUGG NOG SGN'WAHL CHTHON SHUGG
OH GOD, OH GOD, IT'S HAPPENED!
HE'S *HERE!*


CHTHON IS AWAKE!
GOD HELP US?
WHO'S GONNA HELP HIM?
To Be Concluded...

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
MARVEL
DON'T MISS CARNAGE #16

MARVEL

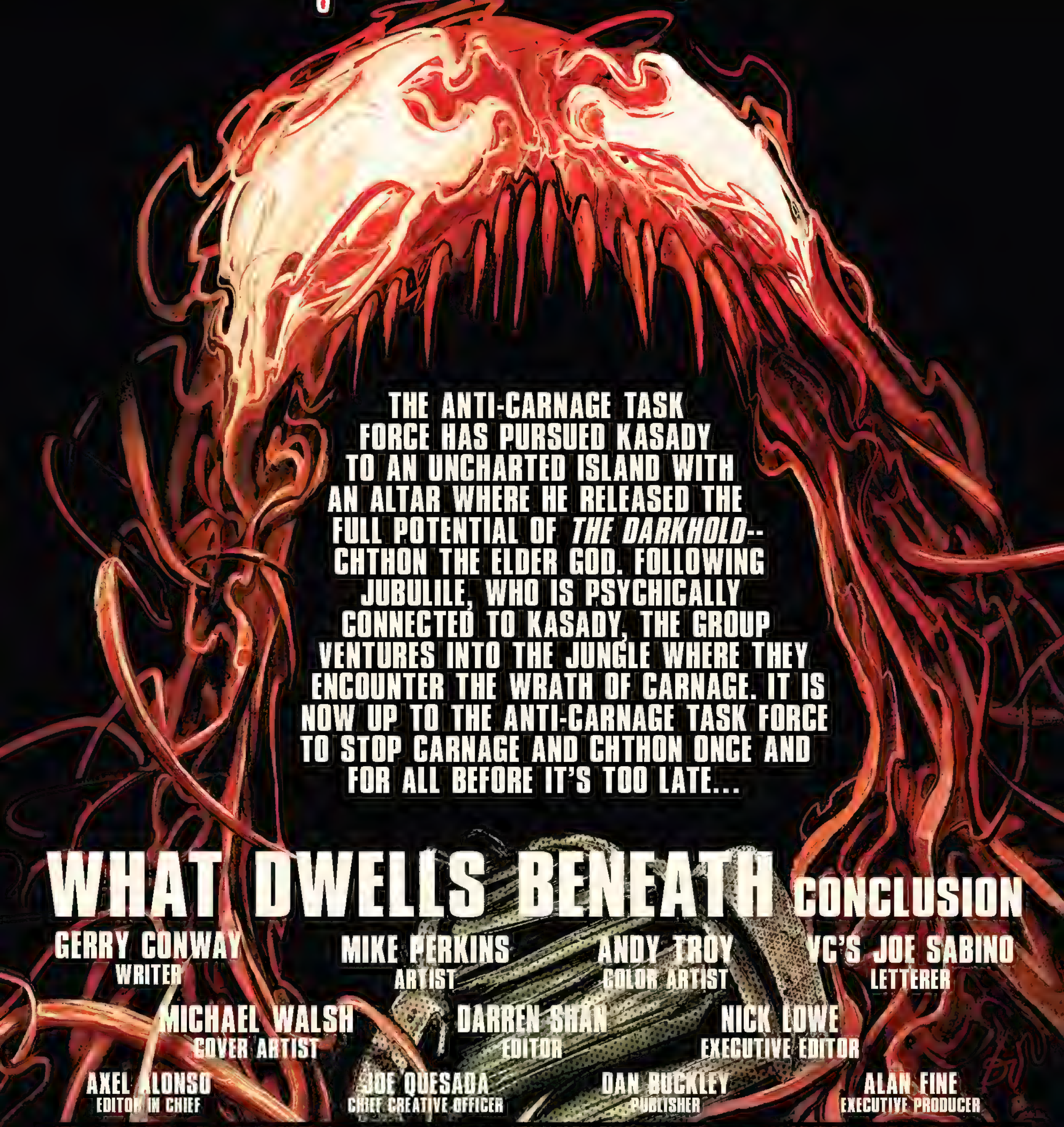
016

CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

CARNAGE®

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE



THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE HAS PURSUED KASADY TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND WITH AN ALTAR WHERE HE RELEASED THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*-- CHTHON THE ELDER GOD. FOLLOWING JUBULILE, WHO IS PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO KASADY, THE GROUP VENTURES INTO THE JUNGLE WHERE THEY ENCOUNTER THE WRATH OF CARNAGE. IT IS NOW UP TO THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE TO STOP CARNAGE AND CHTHON ONCE AND FOR ALL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

WHAT DWELLS BENEATH CONCLUSION

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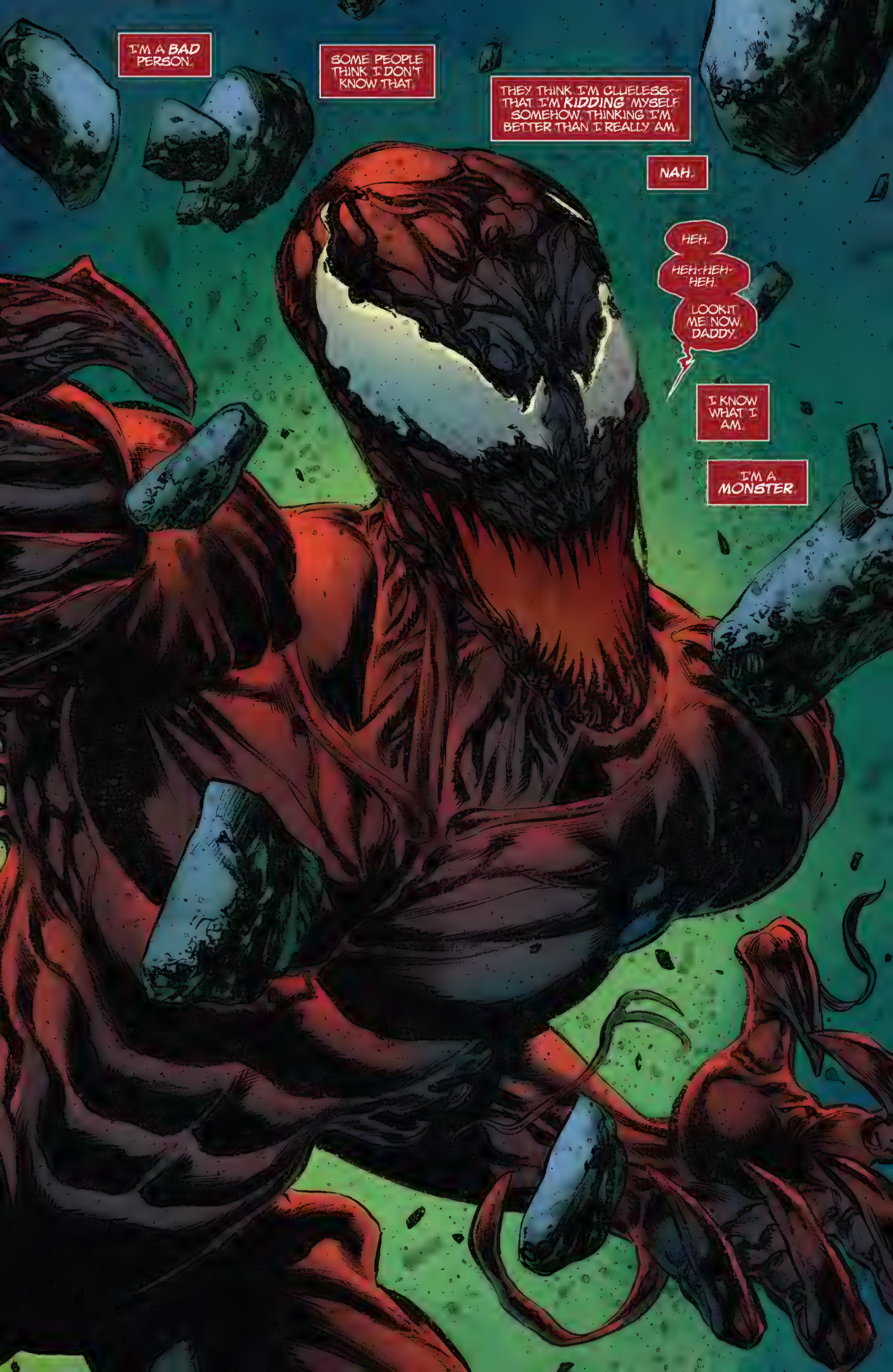
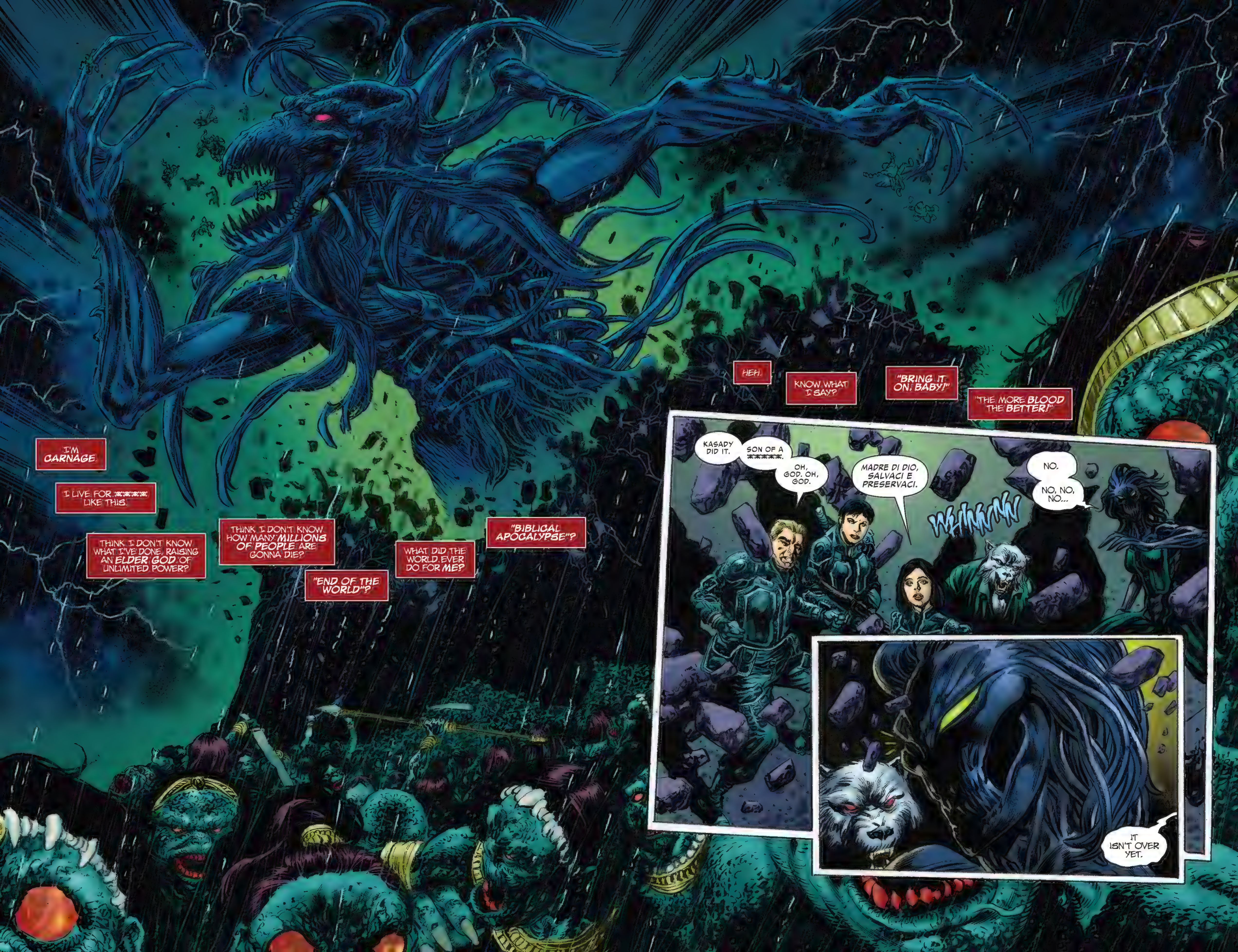
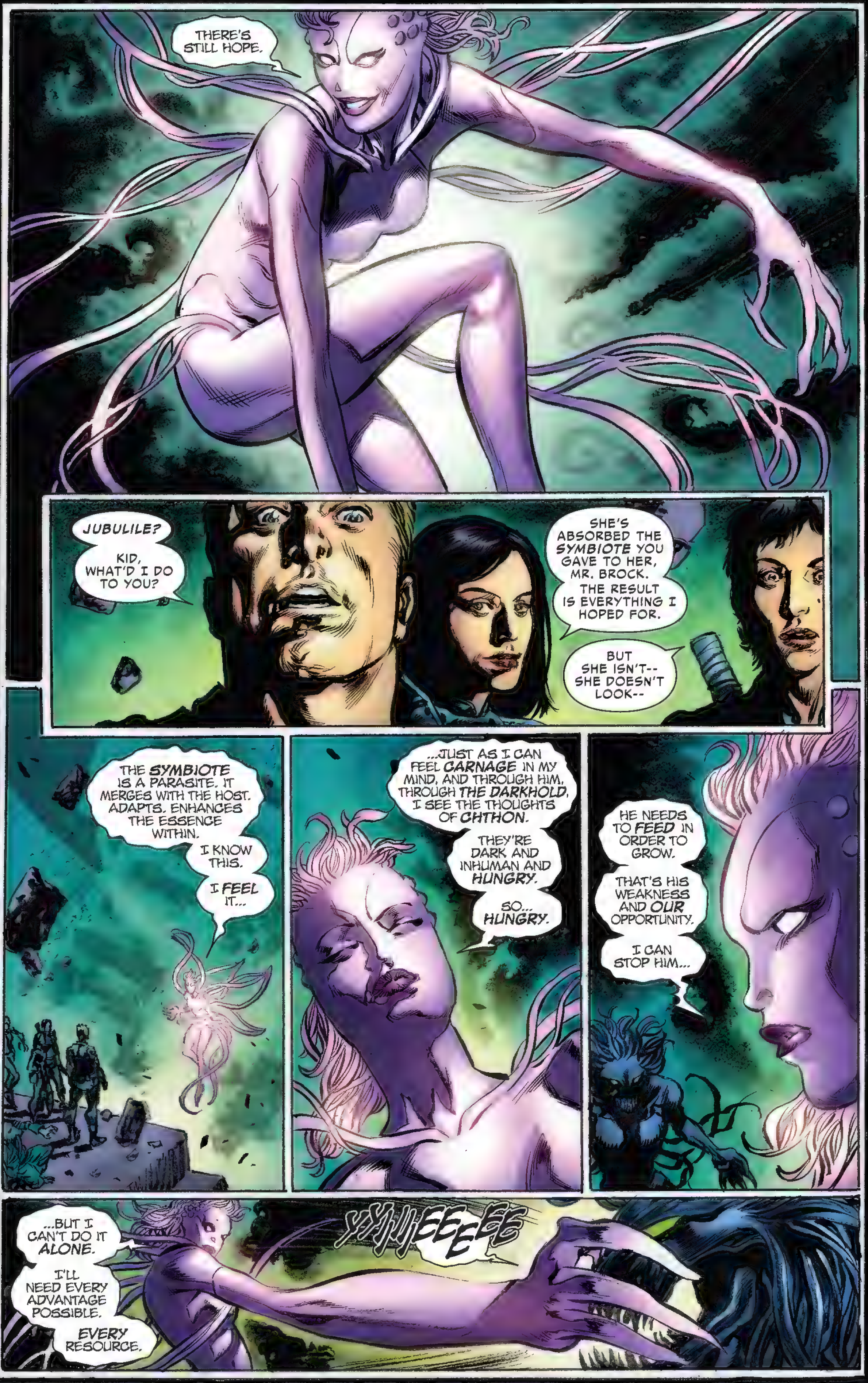
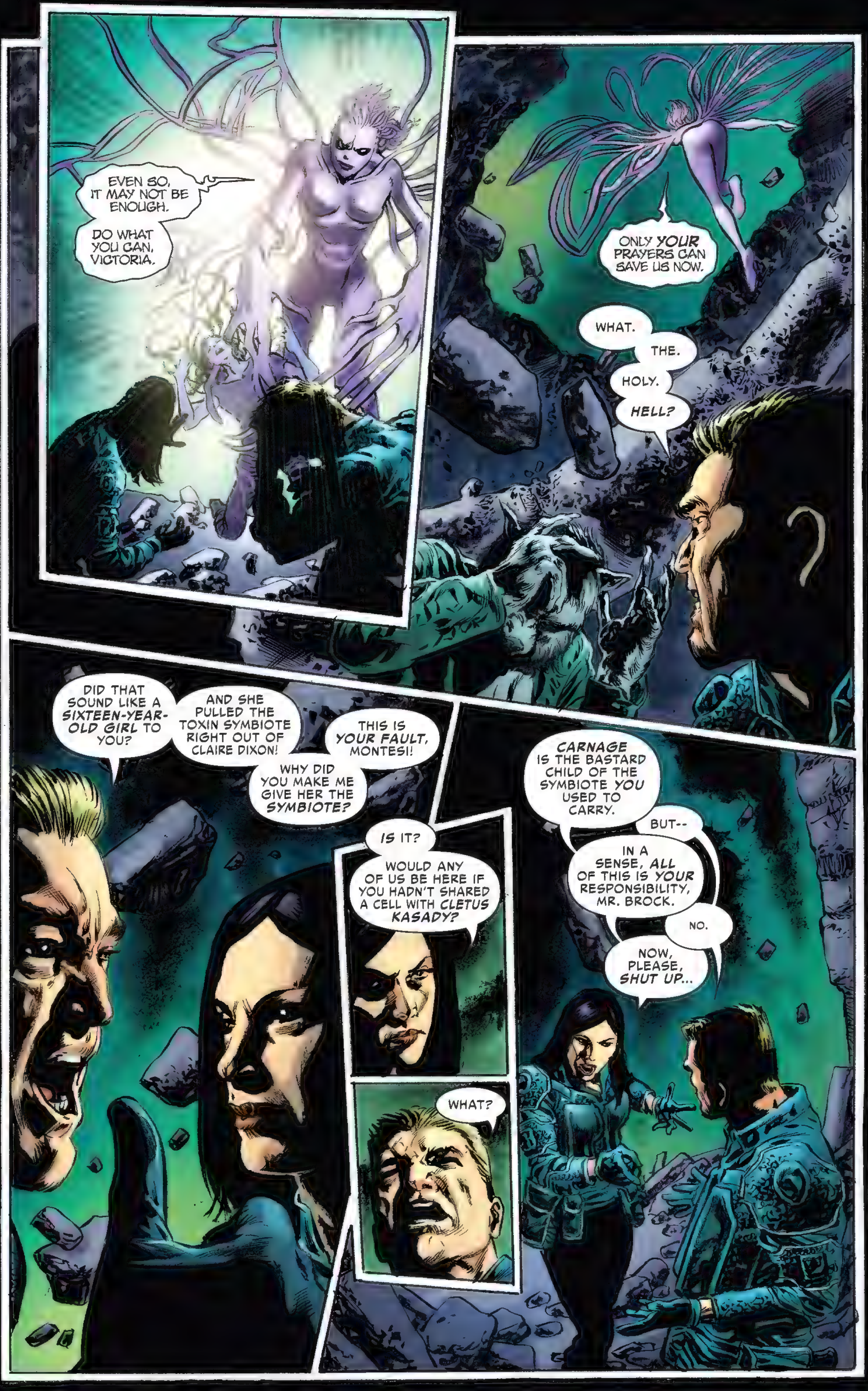
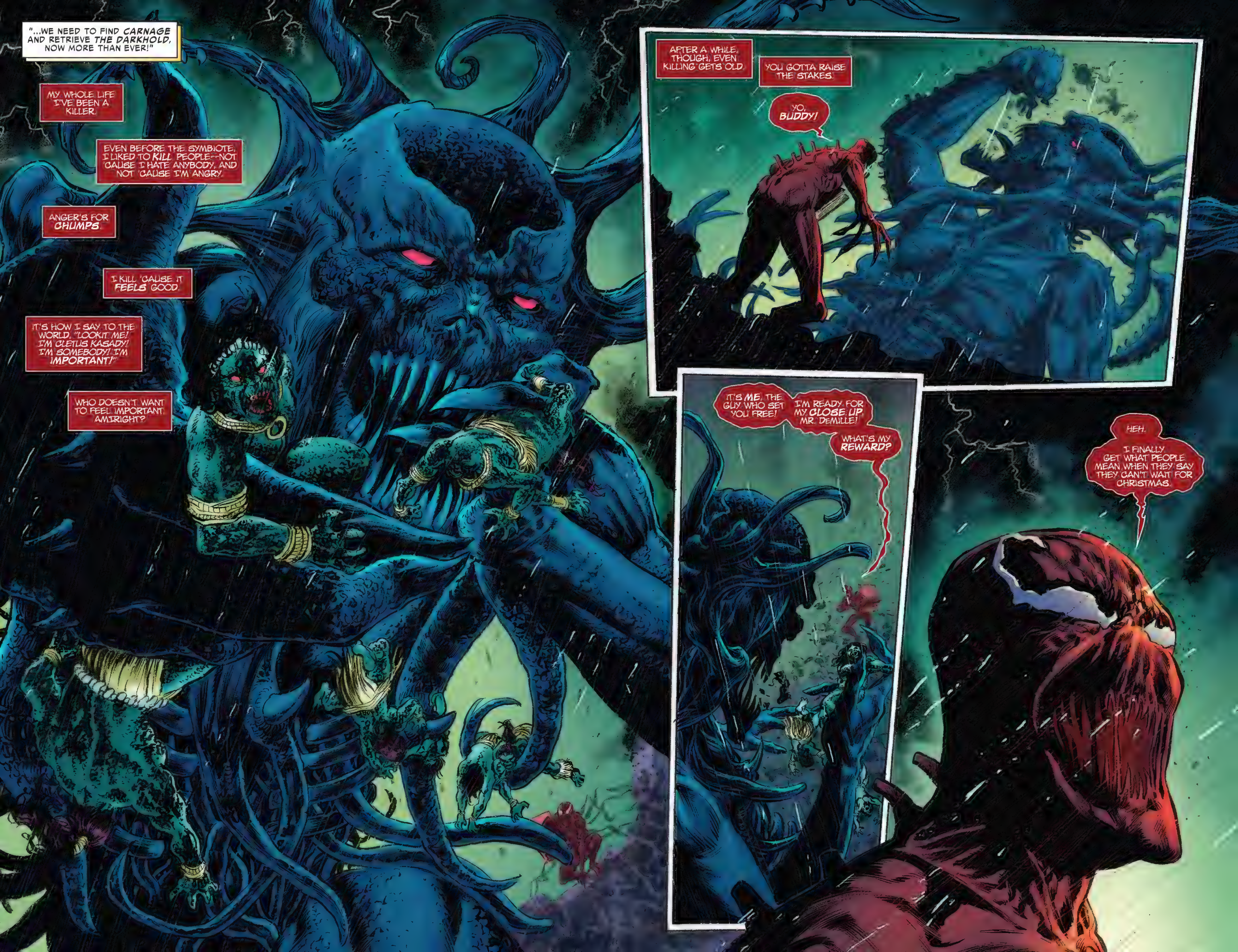
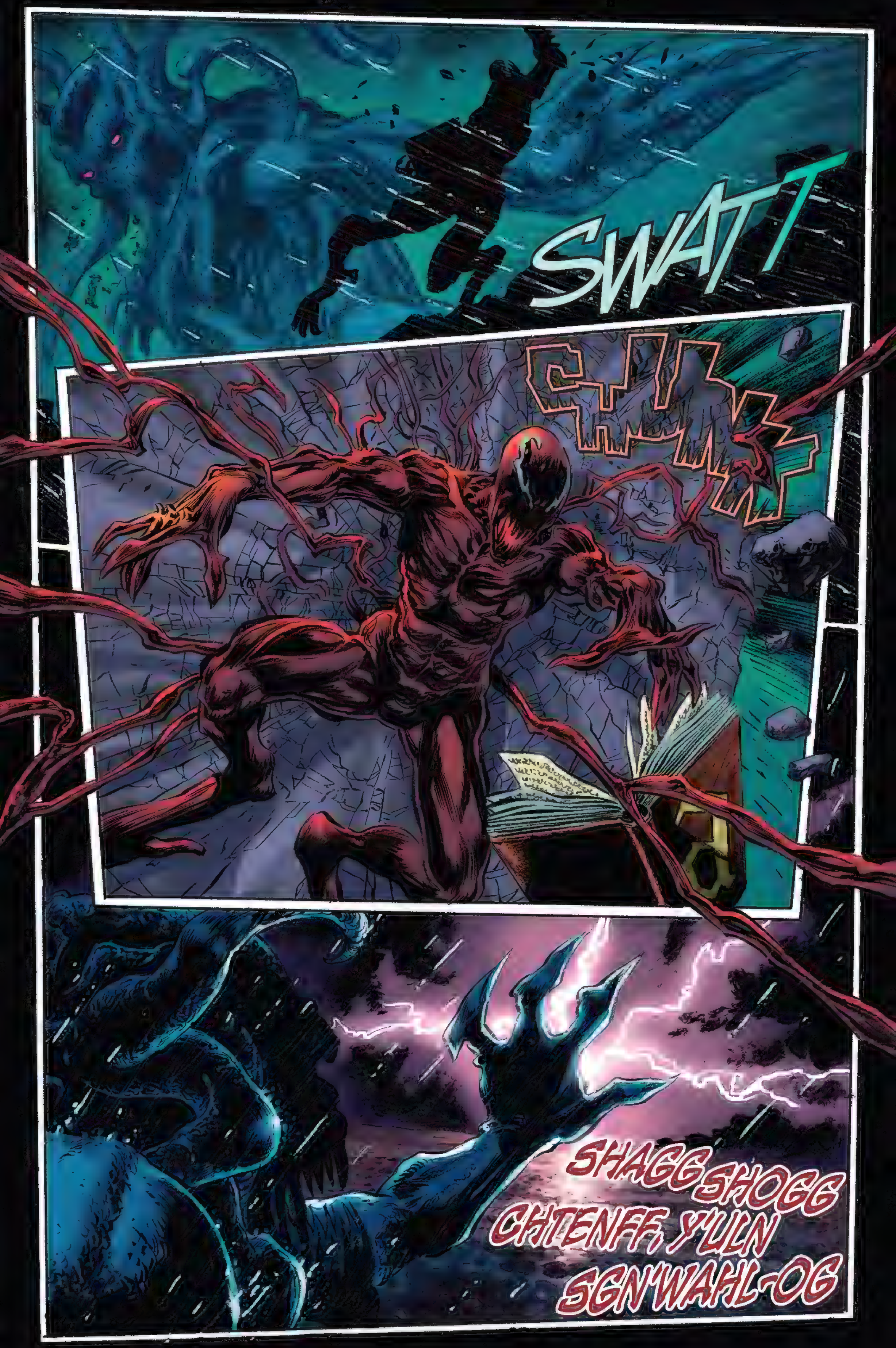

I'M A BAD PERSON.
SOME PEOPLE THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT.
THEY THINK I'M CLUELESS-- THAT I'M KIDDING MYSELF SOMEHOW, THINKING I'M BETTER THAN I REALLY AM.
NAH.
HEH.
HEH-HEH-HEH.
LOOKIT ME NOW, DADDY.
I KNOW WHAT I AM.
I'M A MONSTER.

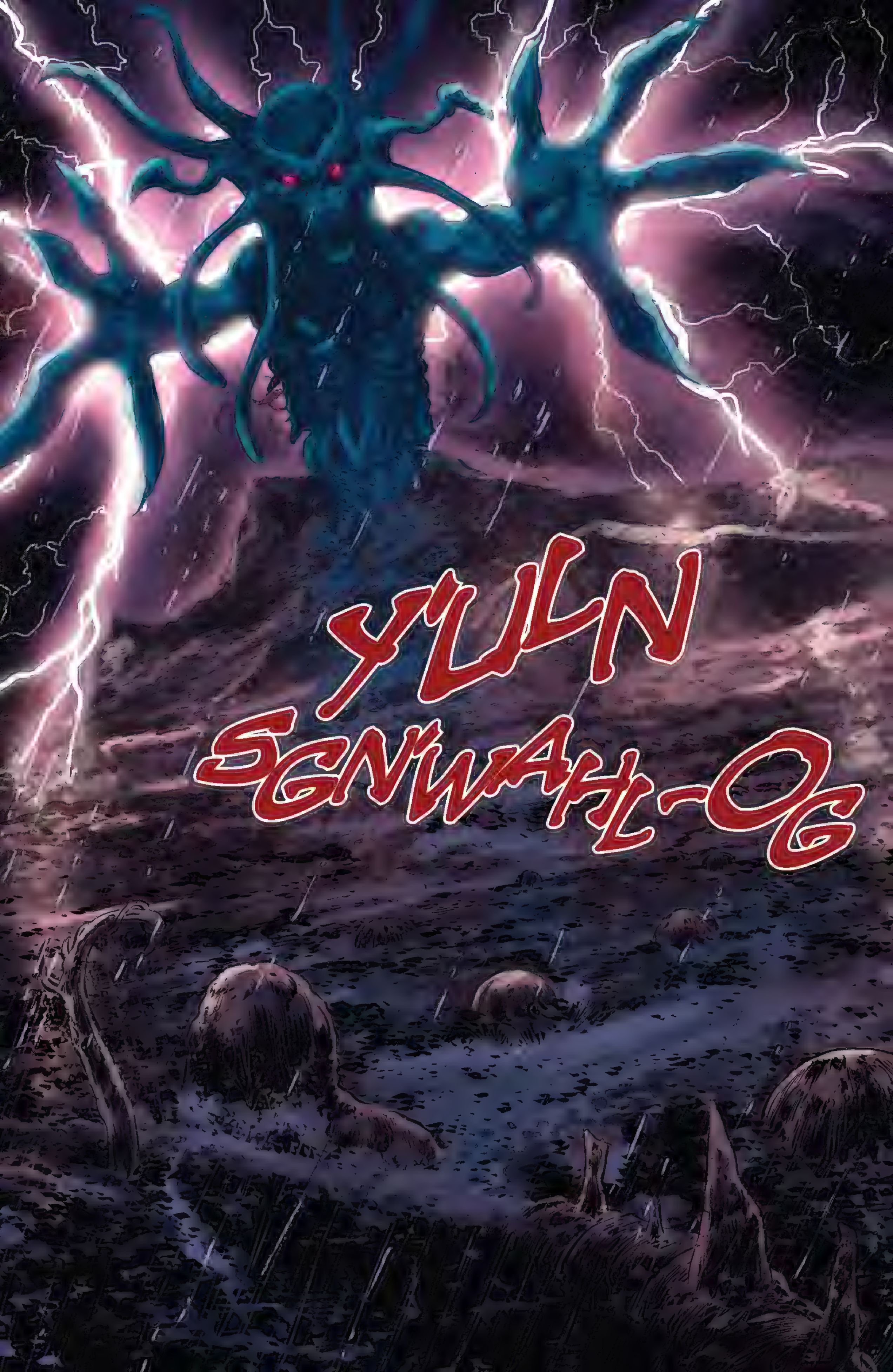

I'M CARNAGE.
I LIVE FOR ✱✱✱✱✱ LIKE THIS.
THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE, RAISING AN ELDER GOD OF UNLIMITED POWER?
THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE GONNA DIE?
"END OF THE WORLD"?
WHAT DID THE WORLD EVER DO FOR ME?
"BIBLICAL APOCALYPSE"?
HEH.
KNOW WHAT I SAY?
"BRING IT ON, BABY!"
"THE MORE BLOOD THE BETTER!"
KASADY DID IT.
SON OF A ✱✱✱✱✱.
OH, GOD. OH, GOD.
MADRE DI DIO, SALVACI E PRESERVACI.
WHNNNN
NO.
NO, NO, NO...
IT ISN'T OVER YET.

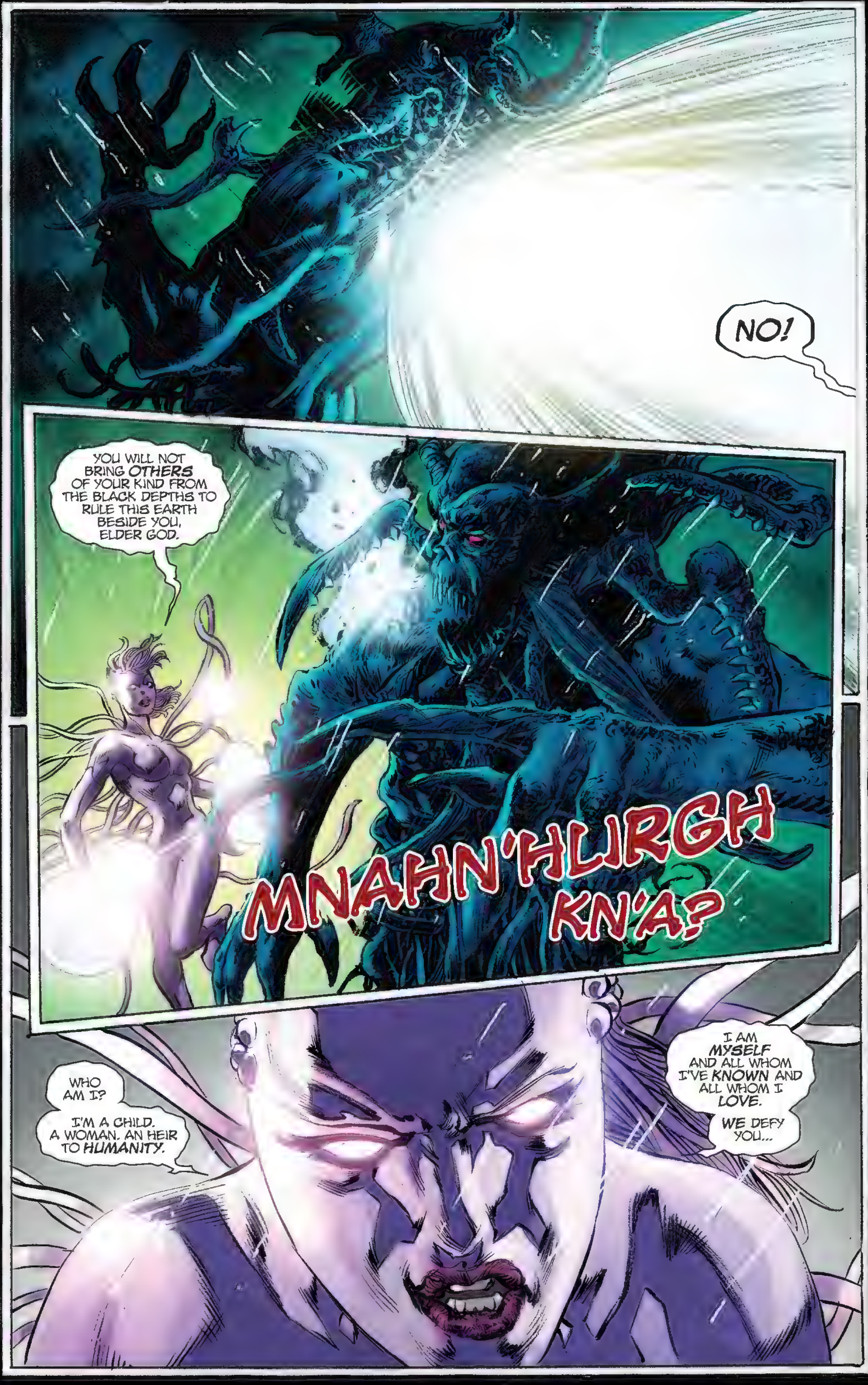

THERE'S STILL HOPE.
JUBULILE?
KID, WHAT'D I DO TO YOU?
SHE'S ABSORBED THE SYMBIOTE YOU GAVE TO HER, MR. BROCK.
THE RESULT IS EVERYTHING I HOPED FOR.
BUT SHE ISN'T-- SHE DOESN'T LOOK--
THE SYMBIOTE IS A PARASITE. IT MERGES WITH THE HOST. ADAPTS. ENHANCES THE ESSENCE WITHIN.
I KNOW THIS.
I FEEL IT...
...JUST AS I CAN FEEL CARNAGE IN MY MIND, AND THROUGH HIM, THROUGH THE DARKHOLD, I SEE THE THOUGHTS OF CHTHON.
THEY'RE DARK AND INHUMAN AND HUNGRY.
SO... HUNGRY.
HE NEEDS TO FEED IN ORDER TO GROW.
THAT'S HIS WEAKNESS AND OUR OPPORTUNITY.
I CAN STOP HIM...
...BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE.
I'LL NEED EVERY ADVANTAGE POSSIBLE.
EVERY RESOURCE.
YYYIIIEEEEEE

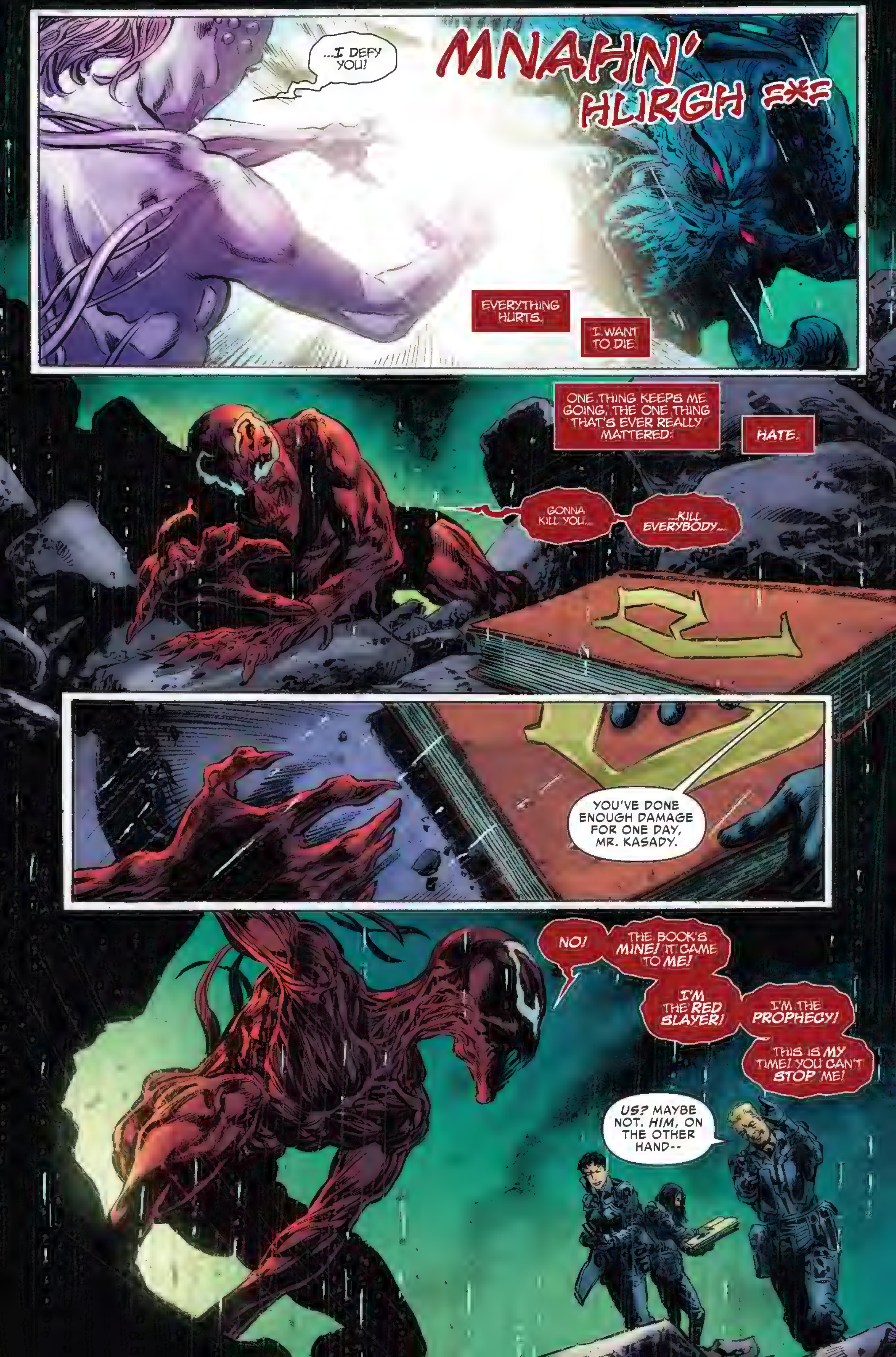

EVEN SO, IT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH.
DO WHAT YOU CAN, VICTORIA.
ONLY *YOUR* PRAYERS CAN SAVE US NOW.
WHAT.
THE.
HOLY.
HELL?
DID THAT SOUND LIKE A *SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL* TO YOU?
AND SHE PULLED THE TOXIN SYMBIOTE RIGHT OUT OF CLAIRE DIXON!
THIS IS *YOUR FAULT*, MONTESI!
WHY DID YOU MAKE ME GIVE HER THE *SYMBIOTE?*
IS IT?
WOULD ANY OF US BE HERE IF YOU HADN'T SHARED A CELL WITH *CLETUS KASADY?*
WHAT?
CARNAGE IS THE BASTARD CHILD OF THE SYMBIOTE *YOU* USED TO CARRY.
BUT--
IN A SENSE, *ALL* OF THIS IS *YOUR* RESPONSIBILITY, MR. BROCK.
NO.
NOW, PLEASE, *SHUT UP...*

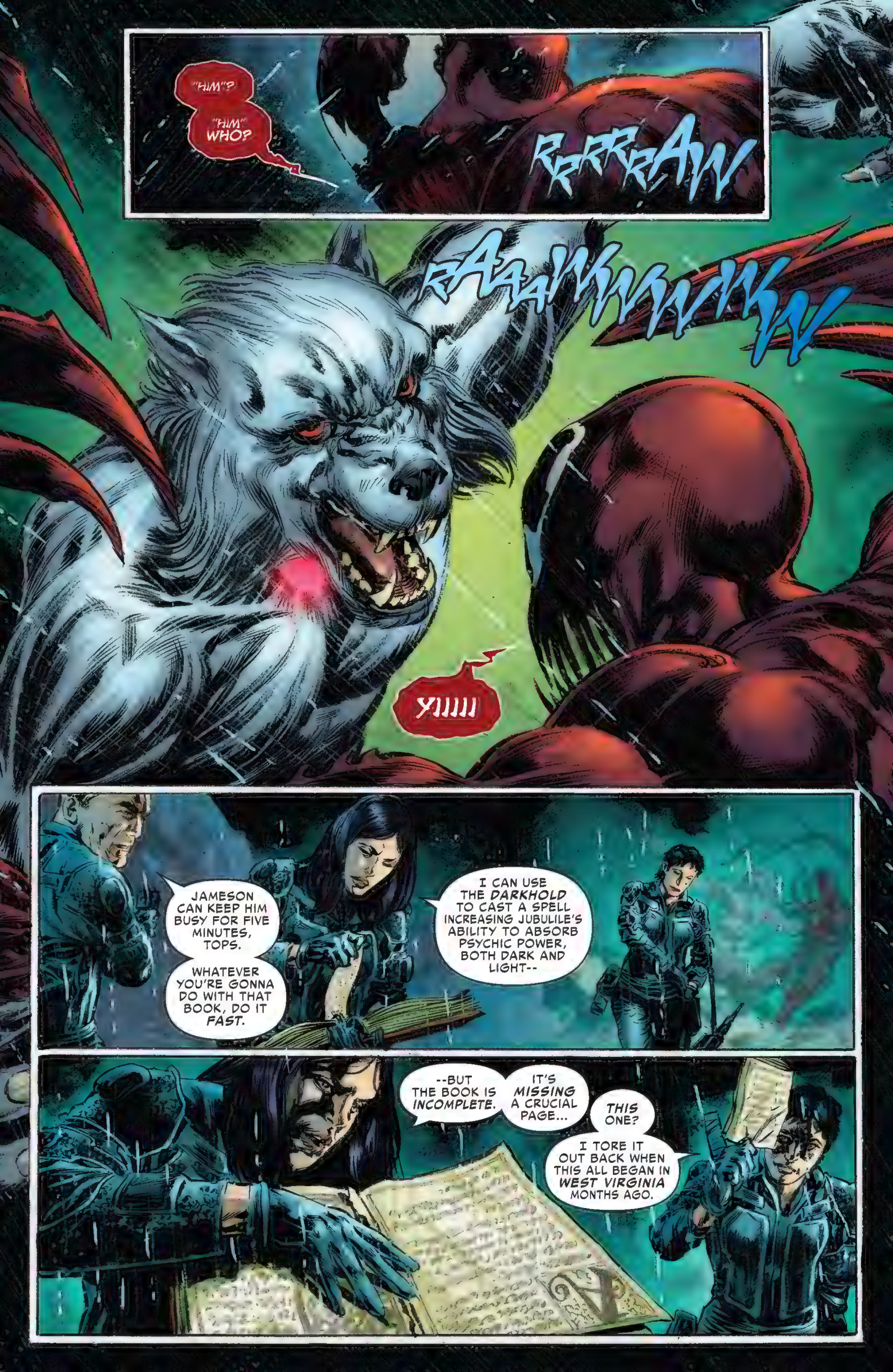

"...WE NEED TO FIND *CARNAGE* AND RETRIEVE *THE DARKHOLD*, NOW MORE THAN EVER!"
MY WHOLE LIFE I'VE BEEN A KILLER.
EVEN BEFORE THE SYMBIOTE, I LIKED TO ***KILL*** PEOPLE--NOT 'CAUSE I HATE ANYBODY, AND NOT 'CAUSE I'M ANGRY.
ANGER'S FOR ***CHUMPS***.
I KILL 'CAUSE IT ***FEELS*** GOOD.
IT'S HOW I SAY TO THE WORLD, "LOOKIT ME! I'M CLETUS KASADY! I'M SOMEBODY! I'M ***IMPORTANT!***"
WHO DOESN'T WANT TO FEEL IMPORTANT, AMIRIGHT?
AFTER A WHILE, THOUGH, EVEN KILLING GETS OLD.
YOU GOTTA RAISE THE STAKES.
YO, ***BUDDY!***
IT'S ***ME***, THE GUY WHO SET YOU FREE!
I'M READY FOR MY ***CLOSE UP***, MR. DEMILLE!
WHAT'S MY ***REWARD?***
HEH.
I FINALLY GET WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY SAY THEY CAN'T WAIT FOR CHRISTMAS.

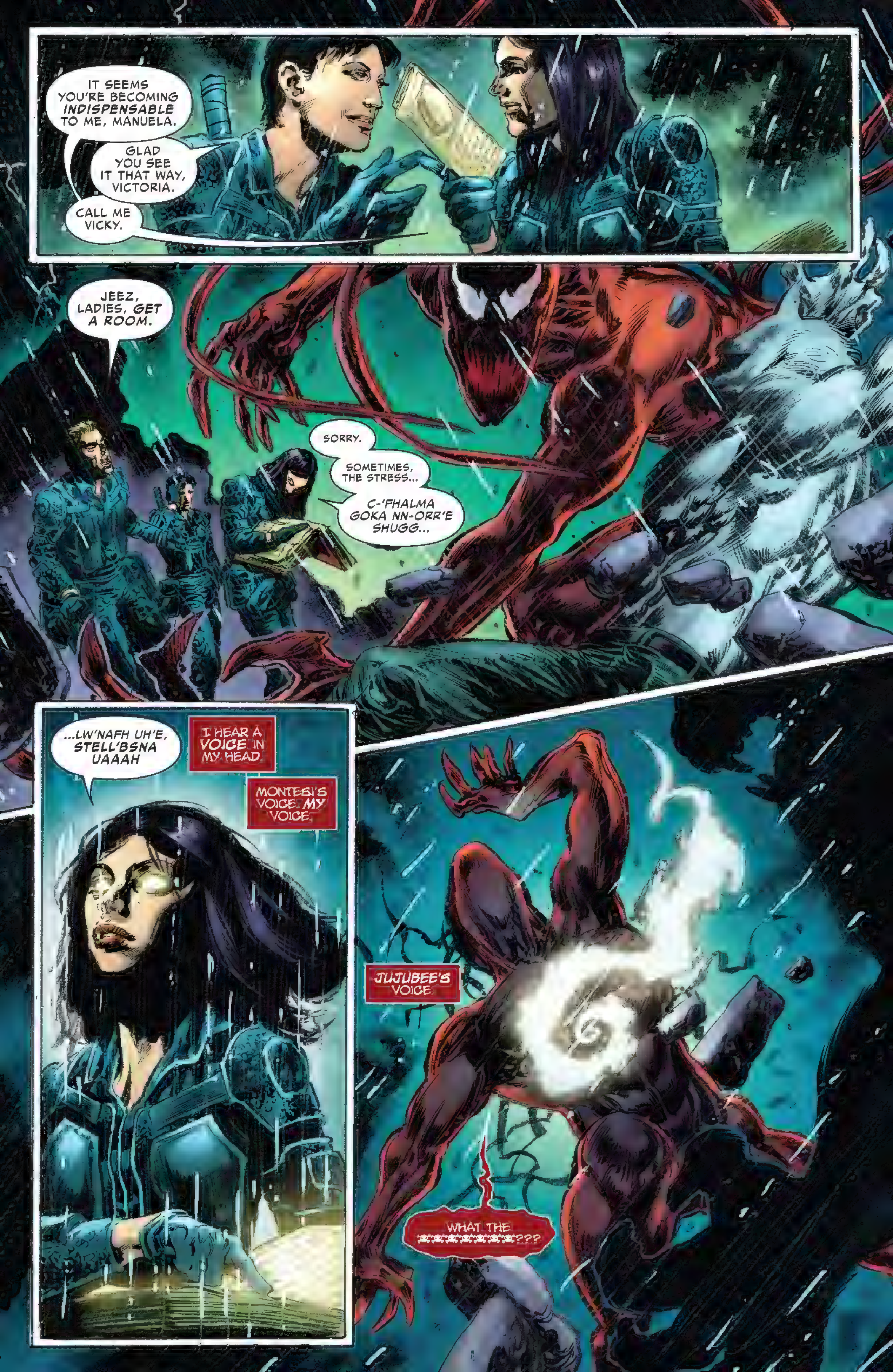

SWATT
CHUNK
SHAGG SHOGG
CHTENFF, Y'ULN
SGN'WAHL-OG

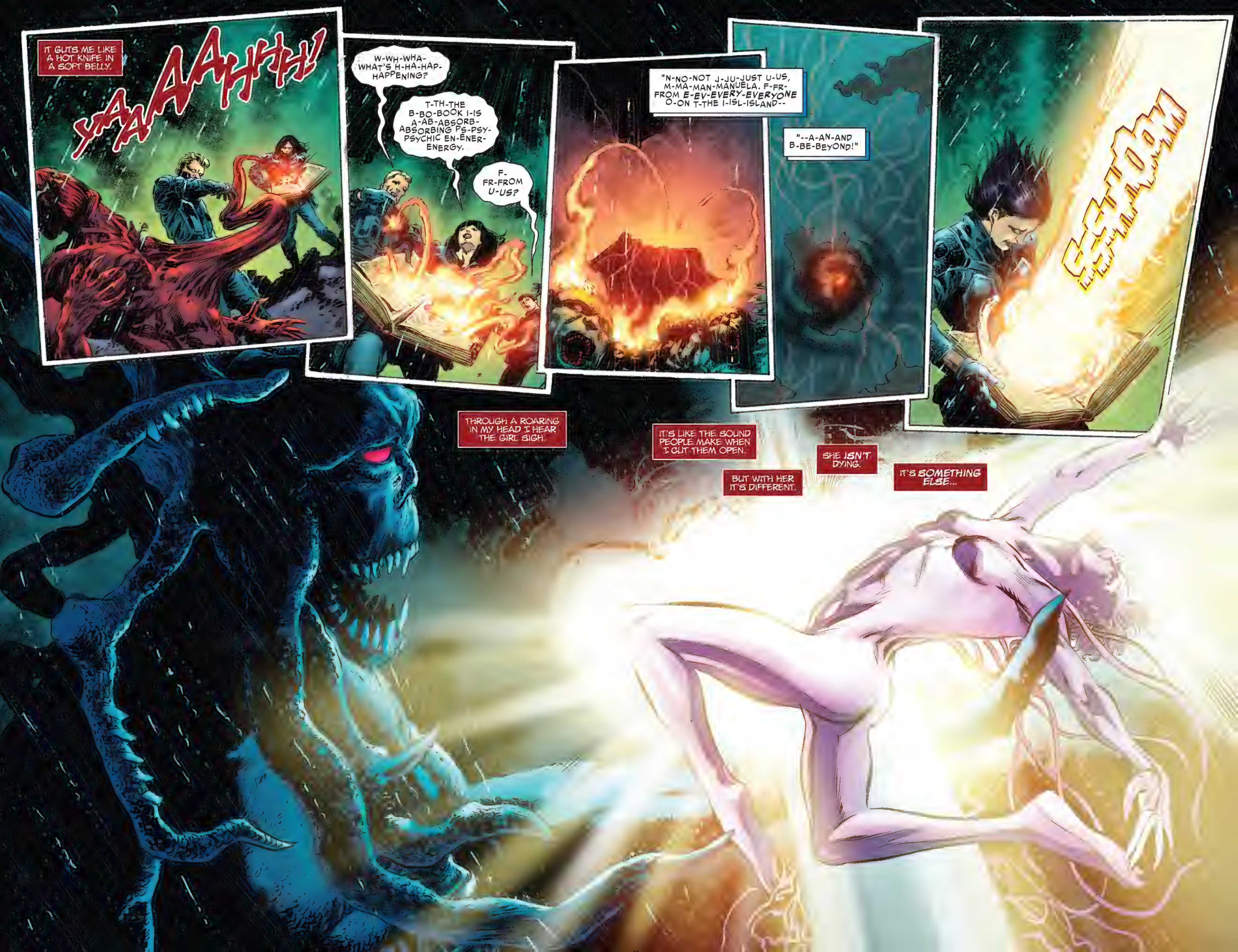

Y'ULN
SGN'WAHL-OG

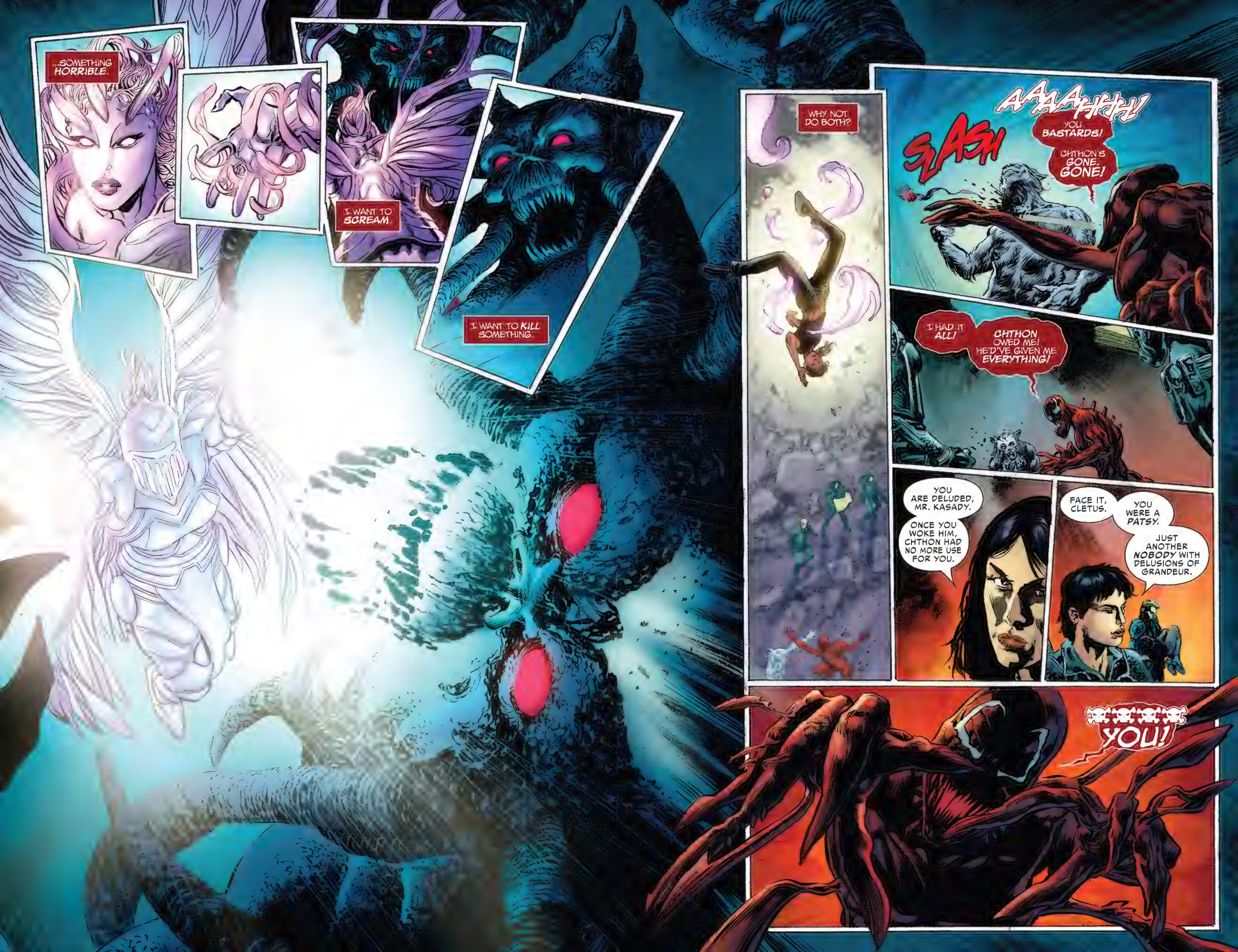

NO!
YOU WILL NOT BRING OTHERS OF YOUR KIND FROM THE BLACK DEPTHS TO RULE THIS EARTH BESIDE YOU, ELDER GOD.
MNAHN'HLIRGH KN'A?
WHO AM I?
I'M A CHILD. A WOMAN. AN HEIR TO HUMANITY.
I AM MYSELF AND ALL WHOM I'VE KNOWN AND ALL WHOM I LOVE.
WE DEFY YOU...

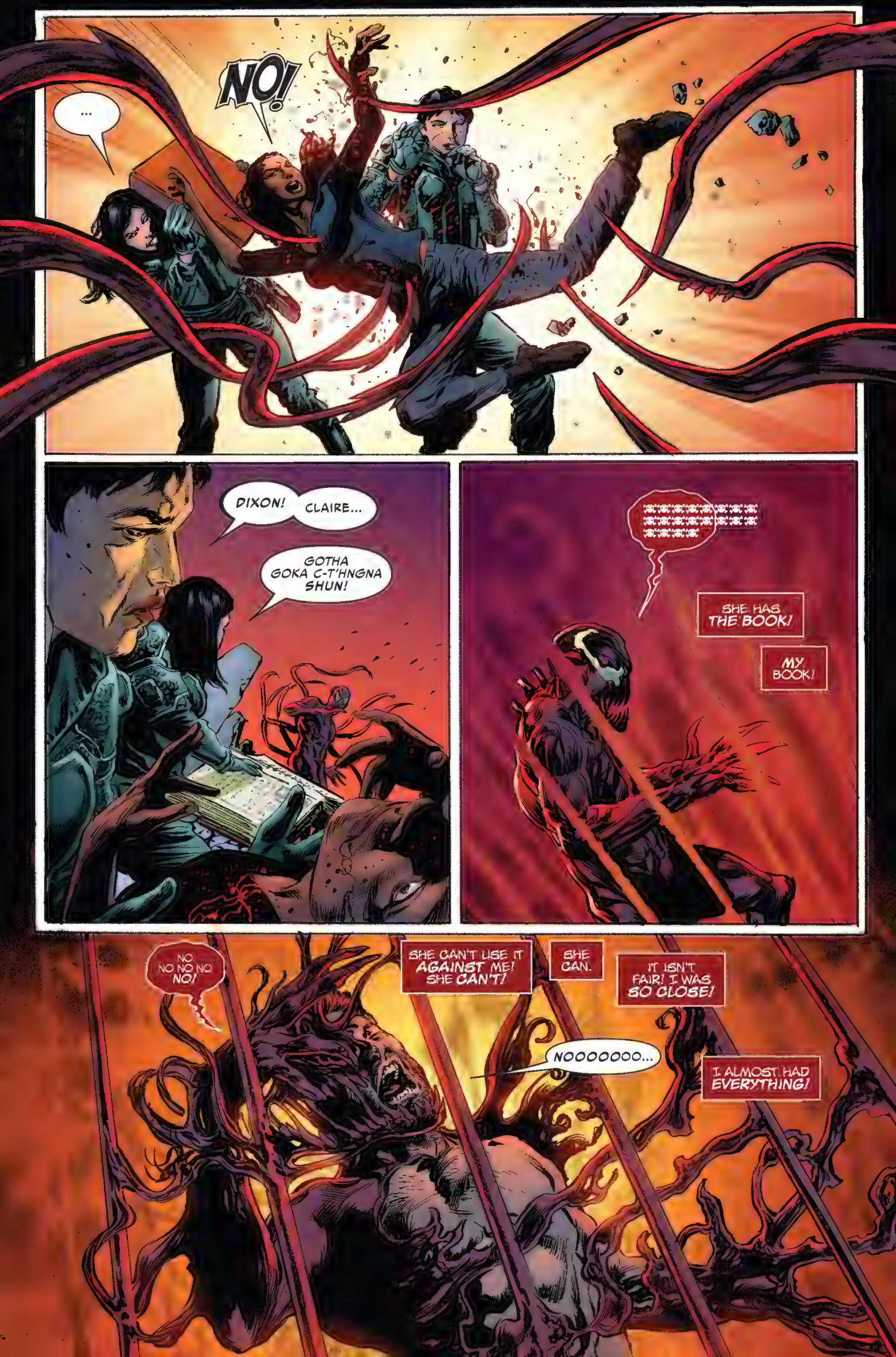

...I DEFY YOU!
MNAHN' HURGH =*=
EVERYTHING HURTS.
I WANT TO DIE
ONE THING KEEPS ME GOING, THE ONE THING THAT'S EVER REALLY MATTERED:
HATE.
GONNA KILL YOU...
...KILL EVERYBODY...
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY, MR. KASADY.
NO!
THE BOOK'S MINE! IT CAME TO ME!
I'M THE RED SLAYER!
I'M THE PROPHECY!
THIS IS MY TIME! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
US? MAYBE NOT. HIM, ON THE OTHER HAND--

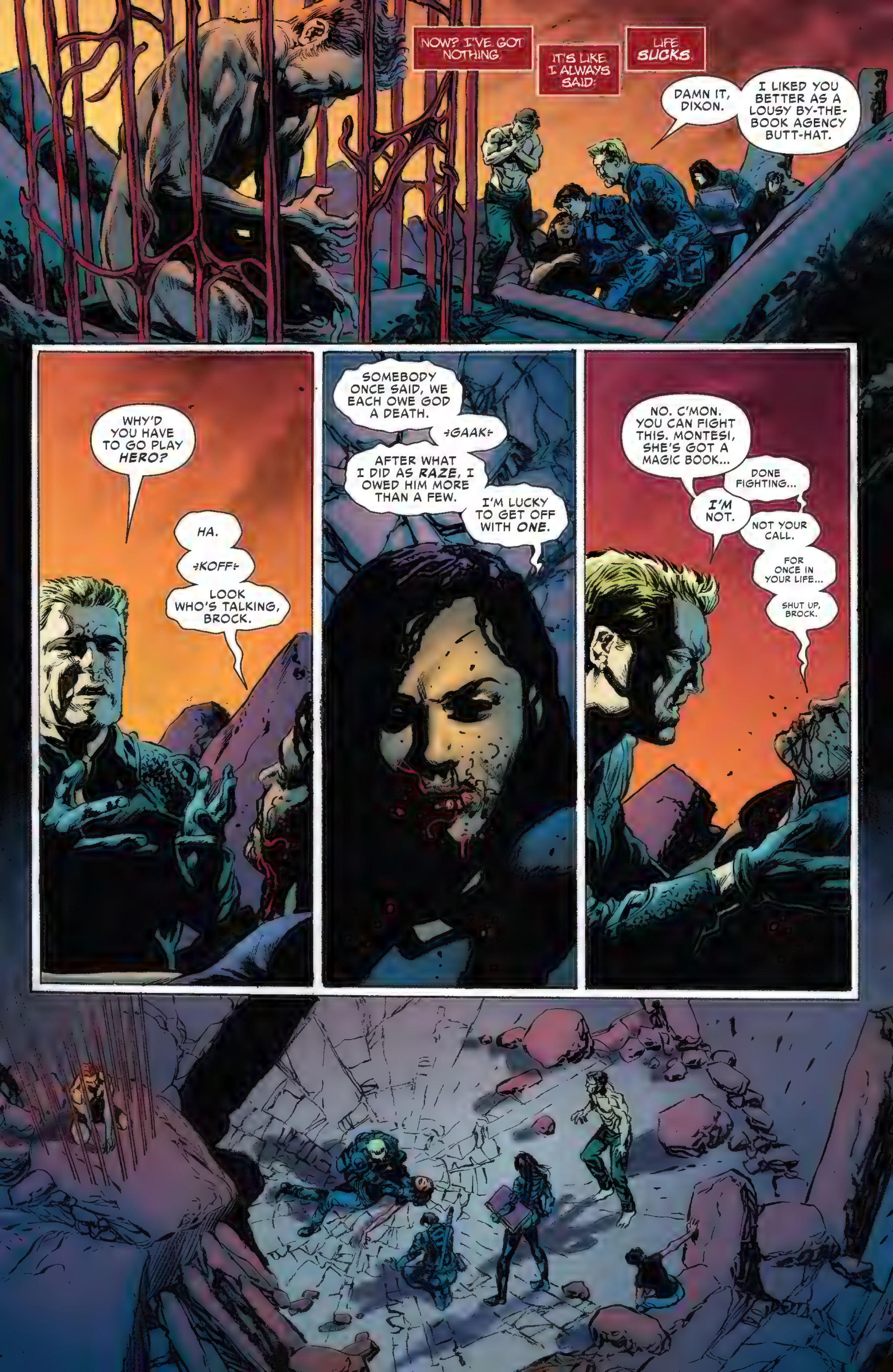

"HIM"?
"HIM" WHO?
RRRRRAW
RAAAWKWWWKW
YIIIII
JAMESON CAN KEEP HIM BUSY FOR FIVE MINUTES, TOPS.
WHATEVER YOU'RE GONNA DO WITH THAT BOOK, DO IT *FAST*.
I CAN USE THE *DARKHOLD* TO CAST A SPELL INCREASING JUBULILE'S ABILITY TO ABSORB PSYCHIC POWER, BOTH DARK AND LIGHT--
--BUT THE BOOK IS *INCOMPLETE*.
IT'S *MISSING* A CRUCIAL PAGE...
THIS ONE?
I TORE IT OUT BACK WHEN THIS ALL BEGAN IN *WEST VIRGINIA* MONTHS AGO.

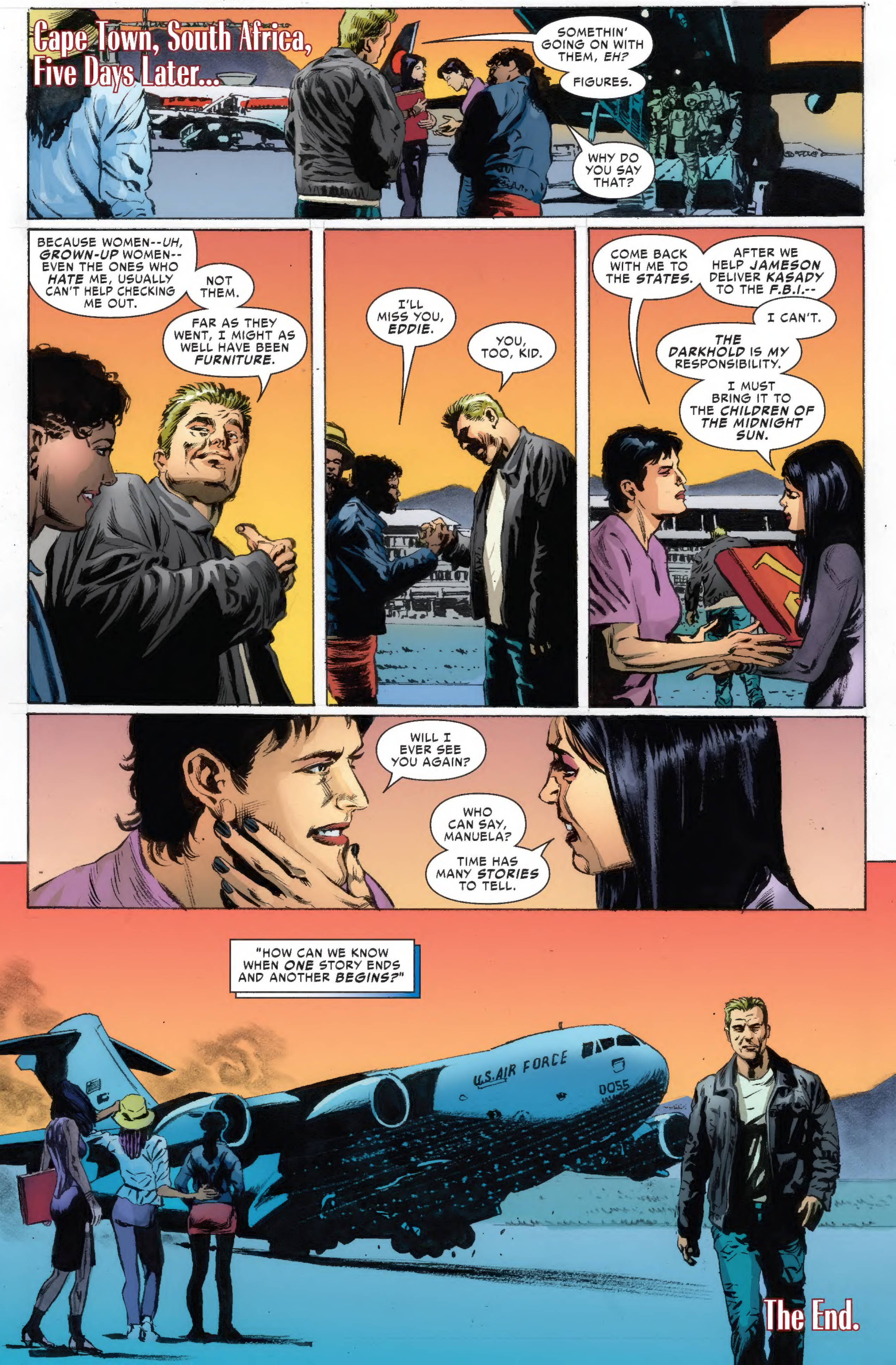

IT SEEMS YOU'RE BECOMING *INDISPENSABLE* TO ME, MANUELA.
GLAD YOU SEE IT THAT WAY, VICTORIA.
CALL ME VICKY.
JEEZ, LADIES, *GET A ROOM.*
SORRY.
SOMETIMES, THE STRESS...
C-'FHALMA GOKA NN-ORR'E SHUGG...
...LW'NAFH UH'E, **STELL'BSNA UAAAH**
I HEAR A *VOICE* IN MY HEAD.
MONTESI'S VOICE. *MY* VOICE.
JUJUBEE'S VOICE.
WHAT THE ✱✱✱✱✱✱✱???


IT GUTS ME LIKE A HOT KNIFE IN A SOFT BELLY.
YAAAAHHHH!
W-WH-WHA-WHAT'S H-HA-HAP-HAPPENING?
T-TH-THE B-BO-BOOK I-IS A-AB-ABSORB-ABSORBING PS-PSY-PSYCHIC EN-ENER-ENERGY.
F-FR-FROM U-US?
"N-NO-NOT J-JU-JUST U-US, M-MA-MAN-MANUELA. F-FR-FROM E-EV-EVERY-EVERYONE O-ON T-THE I-ISL-ISLAND--
"--A-AN-AND B-BE-BEYOND!"
SSHOOM
THROUGH A ROARING IN MY HEAD I HEAR THE GIRL SIGH.
IT'S LIKE THE SOUND PEOPLE MAKE WHEN I CUT THEM OPEN.
BUT WITH HER IT'S DIFFERENT.
SHE ISN'T DYING.
IT'S SOMETHING ELSE...


...SOMETHING HORRIBLE.
I WANT TO SCREAM.
I WANT TO KILL SOMETHING.
WHY NOT DO BOTH?
AAAAHHH!
SLASH
YOU BASTARDS!
CHTHON'S GONE. GONE!
I HAD IT ALL!
CHTHON OWED ME! HE'D'VE GIVEN ME EVERYTHING!
YOU ARE DELUDED, MR. KASADY.
ONCE YOU WOKE HIM, CHTHON HAD NO MORE USE FOR YOU.
FACE IT, CLETUS.
YOU WERE A PATSY.
JUST ANOTHER NOBODY WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.
☠☠☠☠ YOU!


...
NO!
DIXON!
CLAIRE...
GOTHA GOKA C-T'HNGNA SHUN!
SHE HAS THE BOOK!
MY BOOK!
NO NO NO NO NO!
SHE CAN'T USE IT AGAINST ME! SHE CAN'T!
SHE CAN.
IT ISN'T FAIR! I WAS SO CLOSE!
NOOOOOOO...
I ALMOST HAD EVERYTHING!


NOW? I'VE GOT NOTHING.
IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAID:
LIFE ***SUCKS.***
DAMN IT, DIXON.
I LIKED YOU BETTER AS A LOUSY BY-THE-BOOK AGENCY BUTT-HAT.
WHY'D YOU HAVE TO GO PLAY ***HERO?***
HA.
⊰KOFF⊱
LOOK WHO'S TALKING, BROCK.
SOMEBODY ONCE SAID, WE EACH OWE GOD A DEATH.
⊰GAAK⊱
AFTER WHAT I DID AS ***RAZE,*** I OWED HIM MORE THAN A FEW.
I'M LUCKY TO GET OFF WITH ***ONE.***
NO. C'MON. YOU CAN FIGHT THIS. MONTESI, SHE'S GOT A MAGIC BOOK...
DONE FIGHTING...
I'M NOT.
NOT YOUR CALL.
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE...
SHUT UP, BROCK.


Cape Town, South Africa, Five Days Later...
SOMETHIN' GOING ON WITH THEM, *EH?*
FIGURES.
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
BECAUSE WOMEN--*UH, GROWN-UP* WOMEN--EVEN THE ONES WHO *HATE* ME, USUALLY CAN'T HELP CHECKING ME OUT.
NOT THEM.
FAR AS THEY WENT, I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN *FURNITURE.*
I'LL MISS YOU, *EDDIE.*
YOU, TOO, KID.
COME BACK WITH ME TO THE *STATES.*
AFTER WE HELP *JAMESON* DELIVER *KASADY* TO THE *F.B.I.*--
I CAN'T.
THE DARKHOLD IS *MY* RESPONSIBILITY.
I MUST BRING IT TO THE *CHILDREN OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.*
WILL I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN?
WHO CAN SAY, MANUELA?
TIME HAS MANY *STORIES* TO TELL.
"HOW CAN WE KNOW WHEN *ONE* STORY ENDS AND ANOTHER *BEGINS?*"
U.S. AIR FORCE
0055
The End.

AFTERWORD

Confession time: When I was first asked to illustrate this **CARNAGE** series, I wasn't overly sure I was the right man for the job. At that point our man Cletus was not a character I felt I had an affinity for, but when Nick Lowe mentioned the direction they were taking I knew I was fully ready to take it on. That direction went something like this: "It's **TOMB OF DRACULA**...without the tomb and without Dracula... and Gerry Conway's writing it." That's all I needed.

To say I've been enthused, excited and inspired by the work Gerry and I have accomplished together would be a vast understatement. I would humbly consider this series to contain some of the most refined illustrations of my career thus far. Drawing a horror book has meant that I could fully embrace the shadows, textures and detail of that genre, bringing a whole sensibility to it with which I've been able to channel some of my earliest influences – there's a whole lot of (*2000 AD* artist) Massimo Belardinelli in the liquidity of Carnage himself. Truthfully, I'd love to see a collection of these 16 issues (plus prologue) in a single black-and-white volume...but that's not to belittle the stunning, and always excellent, coloring of Andy Troy.

He's been my colorist of choice on a fair few projects now, and he brings so much to the table that he's pretty much made himself indispensable in my eyes. He knows, instinctively, how much extra detail to put in and when to pull back and let the line work speak for itself. Wonderful.

It's been an honor and a privilege to work alongside Gerry Conway on this project and I would jump at the chance to do so again – the guy's a legend, deservedly so, not only from his tenure within the industry, but also because of the scripts he produces. They're an artist's dreams... sometimes a nightmare – but that's what horror is about! I recall, at one point, getting ready to meet Gerry for the first time over a meal and I was going to ask him if he could write a full-page splash for Man-Wolf. I didn't get the chance to ask him – he'd already written it before we met. The guy's a mind-reader. Should Marvel wish to get Gerry to continue with Montesi's story in a Children of the Midnight Sun series then, well, they know exactly where to find me (although I'll really have to insist on using Morbius next time around – we just couldn't shoe-horn him into this series).

Thank-yous would not be complete without nods of immense gratitude in the direction of Joe Sabino – our letterer who, somehow, managed to fit everything in seamlessly...even when that lettering was white on red. To cover artists Mike Del Mundo (the design sense on all these covers was simply remarkable), Michael Walsh (who nimbly stepped in without missing a beat) and Alexander Lozano (who, although unforgivably **NOT** called Mike – or any derivation of that perfect name – provided one of my favorite covers of the series...and that's an amazing accomplishment when surrounded by all the brilliance on display). Then there's my ever-patient and all-seeing editorial team. Starting with Nick Lowe and Devin Lewis, with Darren Shan ably picking up the baton for the vast majority of the series, I couldn't ask for better hands in getting everything squared away and off to press. If I could elicit a little gasp from them every now and again after sending pages in, then I consider that payment enough...although the payment itself is more practical in the long run.

Thanks to you, our readers, for following us on this crazy, wild and very bloody rollercoaster ride. I think this run will be remembered fondly by all of you as well as those who may discover it for the first time at a later date. If we managed to disrupt your sleep patterns just a little bit...then our job is done.

-Mike Perkins

What a strange and wonderful ride it's been.

I don't know if it was Nick Lowe or Devin Lewis or some unsung genius who came up with the pitch, "**TOMB OF DRACULA** with Carnage as Dracula," but if ever there was a story seed guaranteed to get my creative juices flowing, it was that one. So, kudos first to Nick and Devin for the premise that gave life to this series. A house is only as strong as its foundation, and **CARNAGE** had a terrific foundation.

Even though I didn't stay with the book (Marv Wolfman took it over and made it the remarkable success it became), as one of the originators, I always had a fond place in my heart for the setup of the **TOMB OF DRACULA** series. Following a team of hunters in pursuit of a creature whose monstrosity makes him/it almost a force of nature allows for a focus on characters who normally don't take center stage. Characters like Claire Dixon, Jubulile van Scotter, John Jameson, Victoria Montesi, Yuvraj Singh and Eddie Brock (who takes the floor more often than his alter ego, Toxin) are usually part of the supporting cast--the bystanders beside the traditional heroes. **CARNAGE** gave me an opportunity to tell a supernatural, big picture story from the viewpoint of characters normally relegated to the sidelines. It's a moonshot mission told from the POV of Mission Control.

It was also a chance for me to revisit some old friends and stories from waaaaay back at the beginning of my career at Marvel. The story structure of **TOMB OF DRACULA**, obviously. And, with the incorporation of *The Darkhold*, my tenure on **WEREWOLF BY NIGHT**, which, in a way, is the ultimate source for much of Marvel's "dark sorcery" mythology. (Mythology now being tapped, to my surprise, by Marvel's *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.* TV show!)

Since I returned to comics two and a half years ago, I've had the ridiculous good fortune to be teamed with several amazing artistic collaborators--each a perfect partner for the project we worked on. Mike Perkins, in particular, has been more than just a collaborator—he's an inspiration. The dramatic scope and visual intensity Mike brought to the first issue we did together inspired me to keep raising the stakes, leading up to the spectacular, epic visuals of these last few issues. Mike's style is so powerful and unique, it's impossible to describe in simple terms. Take one part Graham Ingels, one part Ditko, one part Kirby, one part Neal Adams, mix with Gene Colan and add a touch of nightmare--that doesn't begin to touch on what Mike has accomplished here. He's shown us how to combine super-heroics with horror.

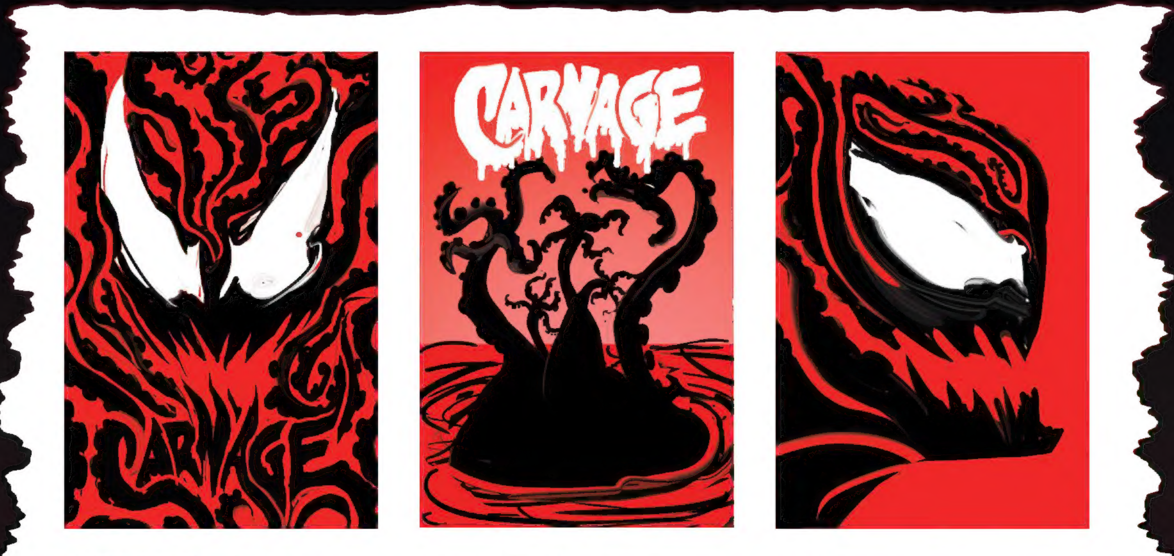
In his own afterword, Mike has acknowledged our debt to the rest of the team who brought you **CARNAGE**--Andy Troy, our colorist; Joe Sabino, our letterer; Mike Del Mundo, Michael Walsh, and Alexander Lozano, cover artists extraordinaire; and our ever-patient and supportive editors, Nick Lowe, Devin Lewis and Darren Shan. I can only add my thanks to his.

I'd also like to extend those thanks to you, the reader, who stayed with us on our heroes' journey from the mines of West Virginia to a hidden island in the Timor Sea.

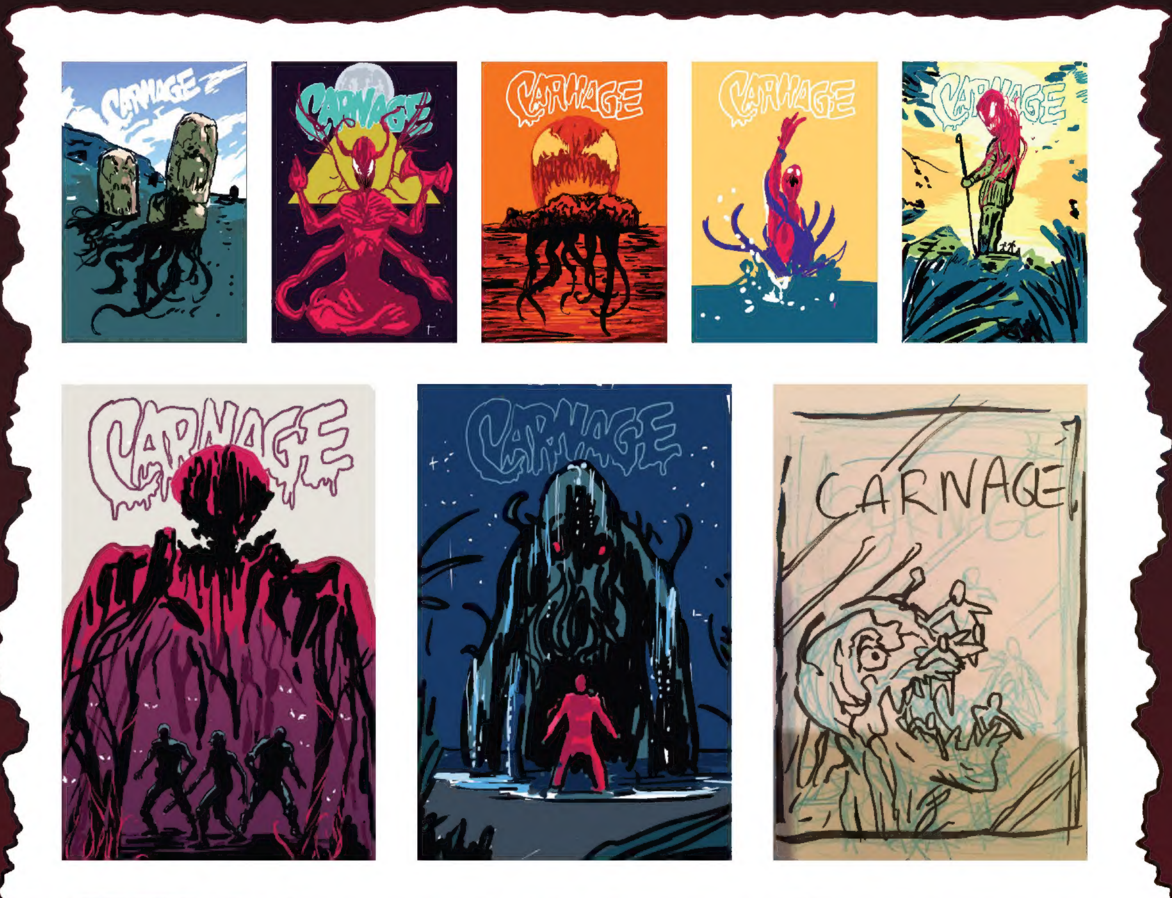
As Victoria Montesi reminds us, time has many stories to tell.

So, I suspect, do we.

-Gerry Conway


CARNAGE
CARNAGE

#11 COVER CONCEPTS BY *Mike del Mundo*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#12-15 COVER CONCEPTS BY *Michael Walsh*

MARVEL

> *"Conway has a handle on the character and is taking him places you wouldn't expect."* – ComicSpectrum.com

THE PROPHECY OF THE
PSYCHOTIC SYMBIOTE!

CARNAGE'S SEARCH FOR MORE POWER leads him to an enigmatic and secluded island. But who are the island's mysterious inhabitants – and what terrifying secrets do they hold? The members of the Anti-Carnage Task Force who've made it this far prepare to follow Carnage into this death trap – but they'll have to take drastic measures if they want to survive. Can they bring themselves to work together with their most hated enemy? Or will this be a one-way trip to Carnage Island? For months, Cletus Kasady believed the Darkhold would reveal his destiny, but now he'll learn the full, terrifying truth! The symbiotic serial killer is about to come face-to-face with true darkness! As a godly power rises, will anyone make it out alive?

COLLECTING *CARNAGE (2015) #11-16* –
BY GERRY CONWAY, MIKE PERKINS AND ANDY TROY.